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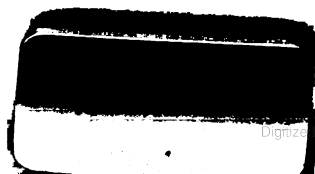
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# THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

OCTOBER, 1815.

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- ART. I. 1. *An Account of the Island of Ceylon, containing its History, Geography, Natural History, with the Manners and Customs of its various Inhabitants, &c.* By Captain Robert Perceval, of his Majesty's 18th or Royal Irish Regiment. 4to. London.
2. *A Description of Ceylon, containing an Account of the Country, Inhabitants, and Natural Productions; with Narratives of a Tour round the Island in 1800, the Campaign in Candy in 1803, and a Journey to Ramissoram in 1804.* By the Rev. James Cordiner, A. M. late Chaplain to the Garrison of Colombo. 2 vols. 4to. London.
3. *A Narrative of Events which have recently occurred in the Island of Ceylon.* Written by a Gentleman on the spot. 8vo. London. 1815.

THE first two of these performances were published before the commencement of our journal; and both, we believe, have long ere this been consigned to the common grave of departed works, a bookseller's garret; nor should we now have disturbed their ashes, had not recent events added a considerable degree of interest as well as importance to the island of which they treat, by its transfer to the sole and undivided sovereignty of the British crown. The third article, 'by a Gentleman on the spot,' is a paltry compilation from the London Gazette and the daily papers.

Of the intrinsic merit of either of the larger works we have little to offer in the way of praise. They contain, it is true, the substance of what preceding writers have said on Ceylon; and they are the latest which have been professedly written on the subject; these are our only reasons as well as our only apology for placing their titles at the head of this article. 'Considered as literary productions, they hold but an inferior rank among works of the same class; in their comparative merits, however, there is a considerable difference. Captain Perceval's volume is a mere compilation, and rather a clumsy one, from those 'abstract chronicles of the times'—collections of voyages and travels, encyclopedias, geographical grammars and gazetteers—without the aid of which, and Dr. Thunberg's account of the Natural History, with Robert Knox's de-

scription of the Candian dominions, there would scarcely be matter in it for what would have been a sixpenny pamphlet thirty years ago. Indeed, the last mentioned honest and intelligent writer, whose excellent book is now one hundred and thirty-five years old, has supplied all the information we are yet in possession of, as far as regards the interior parts of this interesting island. Of those parts, Captain Perceval knows nothing from personal observation; and his descriptions of what he did see are so overcharged as to become caricatures—always confused, generally inaccurate, and often absurd.

Mr. Cordiner had better opportunities, and appears to be somewhat better qualified than Captain Perceval for giving a just account of a portion of Ceylon. He made the tour of the whole sea-coast of the island, a journey of nearly 800 miles, in company with the governor; of course he saw much, and more of what he did see is put down than was necessary. We could have spared, for instance, the details of the dinners, dances and levees of Mr. North; the *lascareens*, the *tom toms*, and that eternal *bungalow* which figures in *italics* through almost every page. Mr. Cordiner states, however, many valuable facts; he had, besides, the great advantage of deriving authentic information from the seat of government; so that his two volumes, though somewhat heavy, tedious, and ill arranged, contain, on the whole, a great deal of curious matter. Of this we shall select such parts only as may serve to convey a very general and concise outline of this new jewel added to the British crown, from which some estimate may be formed as to its real value and importance to the mother-country, as well as of the benefits that are likely to result to its numerous inhabitants.

Any partition of an island not quite equal in extent to Ireland, between two sovereign powers, would necessarily produce a clashing of interests; but the way in which we found Ceylon divided between their High Mightinesses the States-General and the King of Candy, could not fail to be the source of perpetual hostility. The former possessed a belt of sea-coast round the whole island, broad in some parts and narrow in others, within which the latter was cooped up, as within an enchanted circle, which he could not pass. The King of Candy had areca nuts and ivory and honey, and a few other articles which were saleable among the various merchants and traders who lived under the protection of the Dutch, but none of the first necessity; while the latter had under their complete controul two articles that were almost indispensable to the subjects of the King of Candy—fish and salt. The Candians were therefore naturally desirous of obtaining an establishment on the sea-coast. The policy of the British, as well as of the Dutch government, was to exclude them from all approach to the

salt

salt waters. The seeds of war thus sown were easily brought into a state of activity, and this disposition towards hostility was not a little quickened by the unsettled state of the Candian government; it was such, in fact, as to make the campaign of 1803 inevitable. This war, it will be recollected, was reprobated at home as unjust, impolitic, and wholly unnecessary on our part—it was called, in derision, the areca-nut war; and its unfortunate issue was not calculated to remove the unmerited stigma. The more recent expedition, we rather think, had also been disapproved at home before the happy result of it was known. We are persuaded, however, that both the one and the other were not only unavoidable, but that it was highly expedient for the happiness of the whole population of the island, as well as the interests of Great Britain, that the Candian dominion should be dissolved.

We are aware that there are others who will profess to think differently; in fact, there is no monster in human shape, however atrocious, that will not find his advocates; and we doubt not that the Ex-emperor of Candy will have his defenders, as well as the Ex-emperor of Ellā. It may not therefore be uninteresting, at this moment, to take a brief retrospect of the cause and conduct of the war of 1803, of which, in fact, the war of 1814 was but a continuation and conclusion.

On the death of the legitimate King of Candy, in the year 1798, Pelemé Talavé, the chief adigar or prime minister, contrived to raise to the throne, in prejudice of the nearest relatives of the deceased king, a young Malabar of inferior extraction and of no talents. The queen and all the relations of the former king were thrown into prison; but the queen's brother, Mootoo Sawmy, escaped from Candy, and sought the protection of the British government. The second adigar, who was a man of integrity, was beheaded; and as the upstart king had been raised to the throne as a mere puppet to dazzle the eyes of the vulgar, Pelemé Talavé ruled with absolute sway. Six months had scarcely elapsed of the new reign, when this consummate villain made certain mysterious overtures to Mr. North, the whole scope of which he did not, at that time, clearly comprehend; but on a second interview, he had the audacity to submit a direct proposal for assistance to take away the life of the king, whom he had recently created, and to place himself on the throne: as the price of these infamous conditions, he offered to make the English masters of the country. It is unnecessary to add, that Mr. North received with horror and spurned with honest indignation a proposal so atrocious.

This man was not, however, deterred from renewing his infamous offer, the following year, to Mr. Boyd, the public secretary, making at the same time a declaration, that his sole motive in rais-



ing an ignorant and obscure youth to the throne had been that of rendering him detestable in the eyes of his people, and to bring about a revolution which should end in the extermination of this foreign family, and allow the Candians to be governed by the legitimate chiefs of the island.

The real intention, however, of this miscreant appeared to be that of drawing the British into a war with the Candians; of enticing their troops into the interior of the country; where, from the impassable defiles, mountain-torrents, thick forests, the total want of roads for carriages or even beasts of burthen, but, above all, from the extreme unhealthiness of the climate, added to the hostility of the natives, they would be doomed to an almost certain destruction.

His infamous overtures not succeeding, the next step was to shew that the Candians were making preparations for immediate war against the British; they assembled in force on the frontiers; they detained thirty or forty British subjects, who had repaired, as usual, to Candy, in the way of trade, and treated them in the most barbarous manner; they robbed some Moormen, also subjects of the British government, who had for time immemorial carried on a commerce with the Candians, of their cattle and areca nuts; an explanation was asked; but the first adigar refused to give any, and rejected every conciliatory proposition for the accommodation of subsisting differences. It was evident, indeed, that he courted war, as best suited to his own nefarious purposes. He calculated upon obtaining credit, if the English were vanquished and expelled from the island; or that, in the struggle, he might find an opportunity of dispatching his puppet-king, and then secure his own power by offering advantageous terms to the English.

In this state of treacherous plotting and open preparation for war, the governor felt it his duty to put the British troops in motion. The adigar made no secret of his opinion that the English would succeed in taking Candy; he seemed indeed to wish it; but he made himself sure that he could contrive either to starve or drown them afterwards. In fact, our troops, almost without firing a shot, found themselves in the middle of the capital of the Candian dominions; where, however, not a living creature was to be seen, excepting a few pariah dogs. One division of the army, from Colombo, had performed the march of one hundred and three miles, and the other division, from the opposite point of Trincomalee, a march of one hundred and forty-two miles, through one of the most difficult countries in the world; and both arrived nearly at the same time at the central city—but they found it a desert; it had been evacuated, and set fire to in many places; and the treasure and all the most valuable articles had been removed.

The king had fled to Hangeramketty, a royal palace, in a strong position,

position, two days march from Candy; and hitner the first adigar, still playing the villain, endeavoured to draw the British army, under a promise that he himself would assist in delivering his master into their hands. They were credulous enough to trust him, and marched a detachment of eight hundred men towards that quarter; many of whom were cut off by the enemy, posted every where in ambush. Parties of banditti hovered continually round the British out-posts; and whenever any stragglers fell into their hands, they were invariably put to death in the most barbarous and shocking manner.

The chief adigar now addressed letters to the Maha-Modeliar, the head Singalese servant of the British government, expressing his surprize that the governor should put himself to so much trouble and expense, instead of coming to some arrangement as to the deposition of the king and the establishment of his own (the adigar's) power. These letters were meant to be shewn at head-quarters; and an answer was given, that if the safety of the king's person were secured, by putting him into the hands of the English, the province of the *Wanny* yielded to Mootoo Sawmy, and the Seven Corles, with the road across the country to the British, peace should be restored.

Perhaps it might have been more proper to take no notice of these letters; but the garrison of Candy was already reduced to a very critical situation; the rains had commenced, and were soon expected to fall in torrents from the mountains; so that it became evident no further hostilities could be carried on until the ensuing dry season; and sickness had spread among the troops to a most alarming degree. On the arrival of the second adigar, in Candy, carrying a firelock and match wrapped up in white muslin, as an emblem of peace, it was agreed in the conference with General Macdowall and in the spirit of the chief adigar's letters—' that the fugitive king should be delivered over to the care of the British government; that Pelemé Talavé should be invested with supreme authority in Candy, under the title of *Ootoon Komaroyen*, the great prince; that he should pay annually the amount of thirty thousand rupees to Mootoo Sawmy, who would hold his court at Jaffnapatnam; that the road to Trincomalée and the province of the Seven Corles should be ceded to his Britannic Majesty; and that a cessation of arms should immediately take place between the contracting powers.'

On the faith of this treaty, which untoward circumstances alone could justify, a garrison was left in Candy, consisting of seven hundred Malays and three hundred Europeans of the 19th regiment and Bengal and Madras artillery, besides a considerable number of sick who could not then be safely removed.

The Candians now began to draw nearer to the capital. They attempted, by every means, to seduce the Malay soldiers from their allegiance. Their chief native officer, Captain Nouradeen, received a letter from his brother, a Malay prince in the Candian service, soliciting him to induce his countrymen to revolt, and assassinate the British soldiers, for which the king would reward them handsomely with lands and money. Nouradeen immediately made known this infamous proposal to Major Davie, who had been left in command, and used every exertion in his power to prevent desertion in his corps; but, in spite of his endeavours, a few of his men went over to the enemy, and the Europeans were dying at the rate of six men a day. The Candians were evidently making preparations; but Major Davie was ignorant whether they were intended as an infraction of the treaty, or to forward its execution. Mootoo Sawmy trembled at his situation, and would gladly have renounced all pretensions to the sceptre of Candy to be within the dominions of the British.

At length the Candians made their long threatened attack on the garrison, which, in its enfeebled state, was incapable of much resistance. The English hoisted the white flag, and the firing ceased. A parley was held with the first adigar, in which it was stipulated that Candy should be delivered up immediately; that all the British troops should march out of Candy with their arms, on the road leading to Trincomalée; that Mootoo Sawmy should be permitted to accompany them; and that the adigar should take charge of the sick and wounded, until such time as they could be removed to Trincomalée or Columbo. These articles were written on *olas*, signed and exchanged between Major Davie and the adigar, and passports given in the name of the king. The troops accordingly marched out of the town, except the sick, consisting of 14 European officers, 20 British soldiers, 250 Malays, 140 gun lascars, with prince Mootoo Sawmy and his attendants. At the distance of a mile and a half they were obliged to halt on the banks of the *Mahavilla-ganga* river, it not being fordable. Several armed Candians advanced, and among them were four headmen, who informed Major Davie that the king had been greatly enraged at the adigar for allowing the garrison to leave Candy; but that on delivering up Mootoo Sawmy, they should be supplied with boats to cross the river, and such assistance as might be necessary to enable them to reach Trincomalée. Major Davie referred them to the articles of the treaty, by which he said he meant to abide. Two hours after this, another party waited on the major, spoke to him in a mild and friendly manner, declared that the king was desirous to see and embrace Mootoo Sawmy, and that he wished to receive and protect him as a relation—but the Major, after consulting his brother officers,

cers, replied, that he could not part with Mootoo Sawmy without orders from Columbo. They then went away, but presently returning, declared that if Mootoo Sawmy was not given up, the king would send his whole force to seize him, and prevent the British troops from crossing the river. On this, Major Davie, addressing himself to the unfortunate prince, told him he had not sufficient force to detain him longer, but that the king had pledged himself to receive him kindly. Mootoo Sawmy then exclaimed, 'My God! is it possible that the triumphant arms of England can be so humbled as to fear the menaces of such cowards as the Candians?' The English officers felt for the unfortunate prince, but felt also that resistance would be in vain, and only tend to involve them in destruction—he was delivered up to the chiefs, and with his relations and servants conducted to Candy. The king, after upbraiding him for his attempt to deprive him of the crown, delivered him and two of his relations to the executioner, who struck off their heads. Eight of his servants were deprived of their noses and ears, in which mutilated condition they arrived six weeks afterwards at Trincomalée.

Presently about one hundred Candian Malays, nearly as many Caffrees, with a crowd of undisciplined Candians, posted themselves within a hundred paces of the British troops. A dessavé, or headman, then approached Major Davie, and told him it was the king's order they should all return to Candy unarmed; and in case of refusal, they would immediately be surrounded, and put to death. The officers, after a short consultation, abandoned themselves to the mercy of the Candians, by delivering up their arms, and the troops were ordered to ground theirs. They were then marched towards the town. Such of the Malays as could be prevailed upon to enter into the service of the king were separated from the rest, the others were handed over to the Candian troops.

'The English officers were then separated from the private soldiers, and all led out, two by two, at a distance from one another, when the Caffrees, by order of the chief adigar, perpetrated one of the most barbarous massacres which history records. The only Englishmen selected for preservation were Major Davie and Captain Rumley of the Malay regiment, who were carried to Candy after the massacre was completed. Previous to this massacre, all the sick in Candy, to the number of one hundred and twenty men, of the 19th regiment of foot, had been murdered in cold blood, as they lay incapable of any resistance in the hospital.'—(*Cordiner*, vol. ii. p. 214.)

The infamous adigar closed this day of blood by collecting together the effects of the murdered officers and soldiers, and by firing a royal salute in celebration of his diabolical triumph.

During the confusion occasioned by the perpetration of this atrocious

cious act, Captain Humphreys, laying hold of the arm of an assistant surgeon of the Malay regiment, rolled down with him from a height to a hollow into which the dead bodies were thrown. They contrived to conceal themselves for several days; the latter finally escaped to Columbo; the former was taken, and died, or was murdered, in Candy. George Barnsley, a corporal of the 19th regiment, left for dead in the general slaughter, found means to make his escape, and was the first to communicate the horrible story at Fort Macdowall.

A trait of heroic devotion and fidelity was displayed on this melancholy occasion which well deserves to be mentioned. Captain Nouradeen and his brother, native Malay officers, were ordered to prostrate themselves before the king, which they refused to do, as an act of humiliation derogatory to the royal blood from which they sprung, their grandfather having been an independent sovereign. He then asked them to enter his service, and command his Malay troops. Nouradeen replied, that in accepting such a proposal he should disgrace himself; that he had sworn allegiance to the king of England, and that he would live and die in his service. They were then thrown into prison, and after six weeks brought again before the king, when he asked them whether they preferred death or his service. They both answered they were ready to die in the service of the illustrious king of England. The king, turning from them in a rage, ordered them to be immediately put to death; a servant, who had attended Nouradeen, shared the same fate; their bodies were dragged into the woods, and left to be devoured by the beasts of prey.

Such was the melancholy result of the capture of Candy by the British arms in 1803. From that period the mind of the usurper seemed to feel an impression of superiority; he insolently rejected all advances on our part towards a friendly understanding, which he was pleased to consider as indications of weakness; refused to listen to any terms on which the unfortunate officers, so treacherously detained, might be released, and took every occasion of evincing the most rooted and implacable animosity against the subjects of the British government. Among the numerous objects of brutal insolence may be mentioned the ten innocent traders of the province of Columbo whom he caused to be seized and carried to the capital, where, without the imputation of crime, or the form of trial, they were all mutilated in the most barbarous manner; seven died on the spot, and the remaining three were sent to Columbo, by way of defiance, with their amputated limbs, arms, noses, and ears, suspended round their necks.

About this time the savage character of this foreign usurper was displayed in another instance which, as General Brownrigg observes, 'includes

‘ includes every thing which is barbarous and unprincipled in public rule, and portrays the last stage of individual depravity and wickedness, the obliteration of every trace of conscience, and the complete extinction of human feeling.’ It was this : in the month of March, 1814, Eheylapola, the first adigar, or prime minister, chief of the province of Saffragan, was summoned to Candy to answer for some supposed offence ; he knew too well the fate that awaited him, where suspicion was a crime, and prepared to resist any attempt to force him ; the whole population flocked to his standard ; he offered to surrender his province to the British government, but the British governor rejected his proposal ; he deemed it prudent, however, to send a small detachment to the limits, in order to protect the integrity of our own territory, and the natives of his own government, from having their fields and villages made the scene of warfare between the two parties. The family of the adigar, who, conformably with the customs of many of the eastern courts, had been detained as hostages, were instantly singled out by the savage usurper to be exhibited as the victims of his fury and revenge. The mother and her four children, the youngest an infant at the breast, were dragged into the market-place ; the infant was first torn from the arms of its mother, its head severed from the body, cast into a mortar, in which the mother, with her own hands, was compelled to pound it ; the rest were murdered in succession in her presence ; and this wanton and savage butchery of innocent children was crowned by an act of unintentional mercy—the murder of the distracted mother—she, with three other females, was cast into a lake, and drowned.

With such a monster of depravity, who could select for his victims helpless females, uncharged with any offence, and infants incapable of crimes, it was quite impossible to establish, as General Brownrigg observes, any civilized relations, either of peace or war ; humanity, as well as sound policy, called on him to accede to the wishes of the chiefs and people of the Candian provinces, that the dominion of them should be vested in the sovereign of the British empire. This wish manifested itself in all ranks of people from the moment that the British troops entered the king’s territories. The desertion of his nearest friends gave rise to additional acts of tyranny and barbarity. One messenger brought him intelligence of the British troops having crossed the frontiers—he ordered his head to be instantly struck off ; another acquainted him of the defection of his army—he directed that he should be impaled alive. The defection of his prime minister concluded the general revolt. The king quitted Candy, and our troops marched to the capital without firing a shot.

The first and most striking objects that presented themselves confirmed

confirmed all that had been heard and known of the savage character of the fugitive king—they were the mutilated remains of fourteen wretches, stuck upon stakes before the town.

Scarcely had our advanced troops occupied the city when a living object presented itself before the commanding officer, with a face meagre and sallow, a beard long and matted, clothing ragged, scanty, and of the same kind as that worn by the Singhalese. He spoke the English language: his name, he said, was Thoen; he had been a private in the Bengal artillery; had accompanied the expedition to Candy in 1803, and had survived the massacre of Major Davie's corps, having been one of the sick in the hospital, felled by a blow from the butt-end of a musket, and thrown out among the dead. Being discovered the following morning crawling towards an excavation in the ground, he was seized, hung by the neck on the branch of a tree, and once more left to his fate; the rope broke, and he fell; he was again observed to be alive, a second time hung up, and a second time the rope gave way. After some time, recovering a little strength, he began to set a higher value upon life. By great efforts he reached a deserted hut, where he remained for ten days, without any other sustenance than the grass which grew around it, and the rain that fell through the roof. An old Candian, looking by accident into the hut, and seeing this wretched tenant, fled with apparent terror, but shortly returning, slipped in a plate of rice, and instantly disappeared.

That monster who had never felt the 'quality of mercy,'—on being told the tale of Thoen, yielded to the terrors of superstition, and spared his life; but regarded him as an object of suspicion, and made his existence as miserable as possible. Thoen once attempted to send a message to Major Davie, by a woman, who, being discovered in this act of humanity, was instantly put to death. The poor man at length got safe to Columbo, where he has been encouraged to draw up a narrative of his sufferings. It is a singular coincidence that, like his countryman, Robert Knox, he obtained possession of a fragment of an English Bible, from which he derived the greatest consolation in his long confinement, and no small relief to his affliction.\*

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\* There is no incident in Robinson Crusoe told in language more natural and affecting than Knox's discovery of a Bible in the midst of the Candian dominions. His previous despondency from the death of his father, his only friend and companion, whose grave he had but just dug with his own hands, being now, as he says, 'left desolate, sick, and in captivity,' his agitation, joy, and terror, on meeting with a book he had for such a length of time not seen, nor hoped to see—his anxiety lest he should fail to procure it—and the comfort it afforded him in his affliction—are told in such a strain of true piety and genuine simplicity, as cannot fail to interest and affect every reader of sensibility.—(*Knox*, pp 125—128.) We are rather surprised that this excellent, and now very scarce, book has not been reprinted in a cheap octavo form.

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The capture of the fugitive monarch was accomplished by the friends of Eheylapola, whose wife and children had been so inhumanly butchered; and from these, in the most abject manner, he implored mercy for himself and his wives; his life was spared; but he shared the indignation and contempt of his subjects, who bound and dragged him like a felon to the next village, where with difficulty he was rescued from the vengeance of those over whom he had so recently tyrannized. Of the accomplished villain Pelemé Talavé we hear not a word; *his* head, too, has most likely been pounded in a mortar long since. Two such wretches as himself and his master could not long move in the same sphere; and we sincerely hope that good care will be taken that the latter be prevented from committing further atrocities. He was marched, with his two wives, down to Columbo, where his conduct corresponded with his character; and here we shall leave him, to take a glance at those possessions from which he has been so justly driven.

The ancient names of Ceylon, as they occur in their own books and those of the Hindoos, are Lanka, Laka-diva, Singhala, and Tambraparni; from the last of which Ptolemy, Pliny, and other writers of Greece and Rome, took, most probably, the name of Taprobana. That of Ceylon is doubtless of more modern origin, and is evidently derived from the Serendib, Selendib, Seilan-dev, or Seilan-island of the Arabs, and other writers of the middle age. Its common appellation by the natives is Singhala, which means *the blood of the lion*. According to tradition, Vijeja Rajah, the son of Sinbaha, *the lion-begotten*, first peopled the island from the peninsula of Hindostan with seven hundred giants: and having slain his *lion-father*, and driven out all the devils, (the original inhabitants,) or drowned them in a lake, (for the story is not very clear,) except one which the King of Candy kept in the woods for his own use, and which was still very noisy in the time of Knox, established his posterity in quiet possession of the country.

The votaries of Brahm and of Budh have long been at issue as to the priority of the establishment of their respective creeds in Ceylon. While one party maintains that the antiquities of the island furnish irrefragable proof that the religion of the Brahmins prevailed till supplanted by Budhists, others affirm, that Budh was the prevailing religion over all the eastern nations, and the northern parts of Europe, long before the existence of the Vedas. In our opinion, the matter is not worth a contest. It is of the smallest possible importance by which of these artful institutions the infatuated multitude have been made the victims of a vile and pernicious system, which degrades and brutalizes the human species a thousand different ways, and in none more than fixing irrevocably the destiny of generations yet unborn, for all ages to come. The  
Budhists,



Budhists, however, of the two, are less tenacious of cast; and the Singhalese are all Budhists. No one can doubt of their Hindostanee origin, unless it be Captain Perceval, who says something of Ceylon being peopled from the Maldivé islands; which is just as if a Ceylonese should tell his countrymen, that the people of Great Britain resemble those of the Scilly islands, and that the former must therefore have derived their origin from the latter.

The Dutch writers, in their homely and ‘flesh-pot’ way, have imagined the form of this island, when drawn on the chart, to resemble that of a plover’s egg, a leg of mutton, or a Westphalia ham; and they have named a projecting point not far from Jaffnapatnam, from some fancied resemblance, the *ham’s knuckle*: by this knuckle and a rocky chain it would seem to be appended to the peninsula of India, ‘like a rich jewel in an Ethiop’s ear.’ Nothing can be more delightful than the appearance of Ceylon from the sea, especially the eastern, southern, and western shores.

‘From Trincomalée to Negumbo,’ (says the editor of Hugh Boyd’s works,) ‘the face of the country exhibits to the eye of taste a variety of landscapes, at once beautiful and grand. With a good telescope you distinctly perceive the land, in some parts rising gradually, in others abruptly, from the shore; every where clothed in verdure, interspersed with villages, shaded by stately trees, divided into corn-fields, in many places inclosed by quickset hedges. Farther back in the country, you behold plantations of coffee, and whole woods of cinnamon, and various other aromatics, frequently overtopped by the lofty tamarind and the palm; occasionally giving way to the majestic banyan, and intermixed throughout with trees bearing their blossoms and fruit together. The eye at length loses sight of these woods on the acclivities of the stupendous mountains, whose broken precipices, tufted with old trees, overlook the plains, and whose shaggy tops tower above the clouds. It is scarce possible for the imagination to picture scenery more magnificent and delightful.’—(*Cordiner*, vol. ii. p. 26.)

Nor is the traveller on shore at all disappointed or deceived by mere distant appearances, as, from the perpetual verdure of the tropical region, is too often the case. We shall extract that part of Mr. Cordiner’s journal which describes his route from Negumbo towards the English capital of the island.

‘The road commences through a deeply-shaded avenue, equal in beauty and elegance to any combination which the vegetable kingdom is capable of exhibiting, and the whole country displays the most magnificent and most luxuriant garden which a fertile imagination can picture. The jack, the bread-fruit, the jamboo, and the cashew-tree weave their spreading branches in an agreeable shade; amidst the stems of the areka and cocoa-nut. The black pepper and betel plants creep up the sides of the lofty trunks; coffee, cinnamon, and an immense variety of flowering shrubs, fill the intermediate spaces; and the mass

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of charming foliage is blended together, with a degree of richness, that beggars the powers of description. All the beautiful productions of the island are here concentrated in one exuberant spot; and as Ceylon has been termed the garden of India, this province (Negumbo) may be styled the herbarium of Ceylon.—(vol. i. p. 345.)

‘The road’ (he continues) ‘from Jaelle to Columbo presents the same luxuriant aspect as the former stage; cocoas, intermixed with other trees, appear flourishing in great perfection and abundance all the way. The country becomes populous: neat houses, with white walls and tiled tops, are frequently seen on each side, surrounded by numerous groups of children. The jack-fruit, a principal article of the food of the inhabitants, is said to possess an extremely nourishing and prolific quality. While nature seems here to have exerted all her powers to satisfy abundantly the wants of a savage life, she has at the same time poured forth a richness of scenery, capable of affording exquisite delight to the most cultivated mind.’—(p. 346.)

We must bear in mind, however, that most of what the European voyagers by sea, and travellers by land, have seen and described, are those parts only, which for centuries have been under the protection and controul of European governments. Let them once pass the boundary line of the enchanted circle, the face of the country, though still beautiful and increasing in grandeur, will have no charms for the European resident, or even the traveller. Taking for the guide of his judgment the criterion of the amiable and enlightened author of *Voyage d'un Philosophe*, he will soon be convinced of the truth of this writer's conclusion, that, ‘when a nation is to be sought out in the midst of forests and thickets and stagnant pools which cover the land—when one is forced to travel many leagues to discover an ill-cultivated field—when, arriving at length at a village, one finds nothing but a few execrable roots in the public market, we need not hesitate to conclude, that we are come among a wretched people, either uncivilized or oppressed, and that the population cannot be considerable.’ From all that we know, and it is but little, of the condition of the Singhalese, under the Candian government, this description is but too applicable to the central part of Ceylon. When Mr. Boyd proceeded on an embassy from Lord Macartney to the king of that country, he saw but half a dozen small villages in the whole of his route from Trincomalée to Candy, and few of these exceeded ten or a dozen miserable huts; the inhabitants, unaccustomed to strangers, fled into the woods. A very small portion of the ground was under cultivation, the greater part of the surface being covered with impenetrable forests, or large tracts of jungle, or swampy ground, overgrown with thickets of brushwood.

That such a country, in such a climate, should be unhealthy every one must be prepared to expect. Of this fatal truth, among  
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the disasters that befel the expedition of 1803, we had a melancholy proof. In the month of April of that year, after the evacuation of the Candian territories, the strength of the European troops, in Ceylon, was 1633; of these, 774 had been in the hospital, of whom 218 were cured; 146 died; 42 were transferred to regimental surgeons; and 368 remained sick in the hospital at the end of the month. Of the native or Indian troops, in the same month, the superintendant of hospitals makes the following report:

‘The strength of the native troops in the island, during April, appears to have been about 3414. Out of which number 1521 have been sick: of these, 726 have been cured; 21 are dead; and 773 remained in the hospital at the end of the month. It would, therefore, appear that, in the course of the month of April, nearly one half of the troops, serving in the island, had been in hospital. The proportion of sick remaining, at the end of the month, is as 1 to  $4\frac{1}{2}$  in health; and that of deaths, as 1 to 14 cases in hospital, or 1 to 30 effective men. The diseases, occasioning this very remarkable mortality, were almost all contracted in the Candian territory, or on the frontiers.’

The surgeon of the 51st regiment, which, in the same month, lost by deaths 87 men, fully explains, in his report, the cause and the nature of the disease. The town of Candy, he says, is situate on a small plain, surrounded on every side by high mountains, almost entirely covered with trees, brushwood, and jungle; the climate he describes as humid, and the temperature very variable; the thermometer varying frequently, in the course of 24 hours, from  $69^{\circ}$  to  $95^{\circ}$ ; so that hot, sultry days were often succeeded by cold, chilly nights, and heavy morning fogs; the variation was still more remarkable on the banks of the two great rivers, Kaymellé and Maha-villa-ganga; and exposure of a few hours to the noxious atmosphere produced a disease of deep malignancy. The symptoms of the disease are thus described.

‘The fever, from which the troops from Candy have suffered so dreadfully, as it has equalled in its ravages the yellow fever of the West Indies, has also, in its symptoms, closely resembled that exterminating malady, as it has been described by different authors. We have here had the same excessive depression of spirits and strength, restlessness, anxiety, oppression, delirium, coma, distressing bilious and even black vomiting; and above all, the same extreme yellowness of the skin and eyes, which has given the name to the disease in the West Indies.’

Every point of the sea-coast of Ceylon that is cleared of wood, drained, and cultivated, is perfectly healthy. Columbo, and its neighbourhood, being the best cultivated, are particularly so. It is now indeed well known, that healthiness of climate does not depend on the situation of places, as to their parallels of latitude; and that a healthy state of the human constitution is not incompatible with

with the most intense heat of the sun ; on the contrary, that it is more adapted to an equatorial than a polar climate, provided the atmosphere be not overcharged with humidity. Batavia has afforded a remarkable case in point. This equinoctial Amsterdam, the grave of nine-tenths of those who were doomed to reside in it, and the terror of all who but casually visited it, has been perfectly healthy since the destruction of its evergreen avenues, its canals, and its sluices ; and since the inhabitants and garrisons have shifted their abode from the level swamps, on which it was erected, to the dry, open, and elevated plain, which rises immediately above it.

Ceylon has besides the advantage of a more powerful monsoon than Java, and the regular land and sea-breezes cool the heat of the day to a pleasing temperature without chilling the air. There are few places along the coast where the medium temperature exceeds 80° of Fahrenheit, and where it exceeds at any time 86°. The only stormy weather happens about the setting in of the two monsoons, the north-east commencing in November, and continuing to April ; the south-west blowing for the remainder of the year :—in general it enjoys a serene atmosphere and an unclouded sky. The effect of the monsoons on the interior mountainous ridge that divides the island from north to south is well described by Knox. In the N. E. monsoon, the rains prevail on the eastern side of the island, and dry weather and harvest prevail on the west side ; in the S. W. monsoon, the western side has its rainy season, and the eastern parts their harvest. ‘These rains and this dry weather do part themselves about the middle of the land, as oftentimes I have seen, being, on the one side of a mountain called *Cauragashing*, rainy and wet weather, and as soon as I came on the other, dry, and so exceeding hot, that I could scarcely walk on the ground, being, as the manner there is, barefoot.’ The rains are more frequent and heavy in the high and central parts of the island than on the lowlands round the coast ; and the extreme unhealthiness of these parts is consequently owing to the waters being suffered to stagnate on the plains and vallies that every where abound. Yet a little industry, properly applied, would easily drain the present extensive marshes. In the centre of the broadest part of the island, and at the distance of about one-third of its length from the southern extremity, is a high peaked hill, which Knox says the Singhalese call Hamalell,\* ‘sharp like a sugar loaf, and on the top a flat stone with the print of a foot, like a man’s, on it, but far bigger, being about two foot long.’ This print was left by Boudh when he ascended into heaven, but the Mahomedans converted it into that of Adam, and the peak is still called by Europeans Adam’s peak ; it is described as so high

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\* Probably Hemaleh, ‘the abode of snow.’

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that, Mr. Cordiner says, it may be seen from the sea at the distance of fifty leagues, which would make its height more than 15,000 feet; but we doubt the fact: it has never been measured—we were about to say it has never been visited—by any European, when we learned, from the Ceylon Gazette of May last, that a Lieutenant Malcolm, with a serjeant and four Malay soldiers, had scrambled to the top of it. Having ascended three distinct mountains, they arrived at the foot of the Peak, the face of which appeared to be quite perpendicular; yet they observed a number of pilgrims climbing up the precipice by means of iron chains fixed into the rock for that purpose. By great exertions they also succeeded in reaching the summit, though the head priest had exhausted all his eloquence to dissuade them from the attempt, assuring the lieutenant that no white man ever had, or ever could, ascend the peak. The summit formed an area of 72 feet by 54, surrounded by a parapet wall 5 feet high. The sacred footstep, which requires some stretch of imagination to trace out the resemblance, is impressed on the surface of a large rock of *iron stone*, (quere?) in the middle of the area, covered over with a small wooden building, 12 feet long, 9 wide, and  $4\frac{1}{2}$  high; it is enclosed with a frame of copper, fitted to its shape, and ornamented with four rows of precious stones—or, more probably, coloured glass beads, which are just as good for the purpose of levying a tax on credulity. The priest warned them of approaching rain, and they accordingly scrambled down again; without obtaining any further information than what we have stated. They saw in the course of their journey about 200 pilgrims on their way to and from the sacred mountain.

From the neighbourhood of this mountain, rivers flow in every direction down to the coast; the principal of which is the Maba-vil-la-ganga; which runs close to the city of Candy, and continuing its course to the N. E. falls into the magnificent bay of Trincomalée. Some of these rivers are navigable from twenty or thirty miles from the sea; but their beds are generally too rocky, and their streams too rapid, to admit of a more extended navigation. The principal harbours or ports for shipping are Columbo, Point de Galle, and Trincomalée; the two former are but indifferent, and safe only in the N. E. monsoon; the latter is one of the finest and most extensive harbours in the world, and perfectly secure at all seasons of the year. The surrounding scenery is so grand and beautiful, that Mrs. Graham compares this magnificent basin to Loch Catrine on a gigantic scale.

The cities and towns of the interior recently under the dominion of the King of Candy are not worth mentioning; the largest, according to Knox, not exceeding forty or fifty houses; on the coast, those of Columbo, Negumbo, Chilou, Jaffnapatnam, Trincomalée,

lée, Batticoloe, Point de Galle, Caltura, and Matura, are the principal, of which Columbo is the first in rank. According to Cordiner; we may set down its population at 50,000 inhabitants. The part inhabited by the principal Europeans is surrounded with a regular fortification, one side resting on the sea, the other on an inland lake; the streets are at right angles, shaded by rows of trees, chiefly the shewy and elegant portia, or tulip-tree, the *Hibiscus tiliaceus* of Thunberg; the houses are low, but neat, fronted with verandas and Venetian blinds before the windows. Without the fort is the Pettah, or black town, and the bazar, or market. Here people of all nations, languages, manners, and religions are blended together,—Dutch, Portugeuze, and English; Singhalese, Malabars, and Moors of every class; Hindoos, Gentoos, Persees, Arabs, Malays, Chinese, Javanese, Buganese, Caffres, half-casts, and mongrel breeds of every shade and tint of colour, from the sickly white of the European to the jet black of the African.

Every body is delighted with Columbo: the variety of hill and dale, of wood and water; the orchards and gardens and groves of cocoa and Palmyra trees, the pleasant villas scattered along the margin of an extensive lake, the beautiful rides, the cinnamon gardens, and above all, the temperate and healthy climate, unite in imparting a charm to this town which is not felt in any other part of the eastern world. The mercury in Farenheit's thermometer is said seldom to range more than  $5^{\circ}$  in the day, and only  $13^{\circ}$  throughout the year;  $86^{\circ}$  being the highest and  $73^{\circ}$  the lowest points in the scale at which it has in any season been observed. The markets are uncommonly well supplied with fowl, fish, grain, fruit, and vegetables; in short, with every luxury as well as necessary of life.

The total population of the island is stated by Cordiner, on what authority we know not, at 1,500,000 souls; of which the Singhalese, the Candians, (who are also Singhalese,) and the Malabars each constitute 500,000: 'the first,' he says, 'occupy the coasts of the southern half of the island, from Dondrahead to the confines of Batticoloe on the east, and to the river of Chelau on the west; the second are shut up in the heart of the country; and the Malabars occupy the northern parts of the coast.' This is but a vague and, on the face of it, an incorrect statement. The Singhalese inhabit every part of the island, the Malabars are found in numbers on most parts; Malays are scattered over the whole face of the country; a half-cast race, of Portugeuze origin and mixture, abound along the coast; the Dutch, and their half-cast descendants, with their slaves from various parts of the world, the Hindoos, Arabs, Armenians, Persees, and Chinese amount to no inconsiderable proportion of the population.

We have the testimony of all writers on Ceylon, that the Singhalese are a mild, timid, harmless, and indolent race of men; exceedingly civil to strangers, studious to oblige, and delighting in acts of hospitality; their stature is described as rather below the middle size; their limbs slender, but well shaped, and in good proportion; their features more resembling those of Europeans than any other people of Asia; their colour as various as the tints of bronze, but less deep on the whole than that of the Hindoos. Their eyes dark, their hair long, smooth, and jet black, which they turn up and fix with a tortoise-shell comb on the top of the head. A piece of calico or muslin wrapped round the waist is the only clothing worn by nine-tenths of the population. The addition of short jackets, waistcoats, ruffles, ear-rings, caps, swords, &c. is regulated by that oppressive system of casts which, with the exception of China and Japan, appears to have pervaded all those countries where the doctrines of Boudh and Brahm have found or forced their way.

Modern writers talk of the Singhalese and Candians as if they were two distinct races of people. Placed under different circumstances, their character may have assumed different shapes; and yet it has not materially altered. Knox, who knew them well, thus describes them.

‘In courage and behaviour they are very grave and stately, like unto the Portugals; in understanding quick and apprehensive, in design subtle and crafty, in discourse courteous, but full of flatteries; naturally inclined to temperance both in meat and drink, but not to chastity, neat and provident in their families, commending good husbandry. In their dispositions not passionate, neither hard to be reconciled again when angry. In their promises very unfaithful, approving lying in themselves, but disliking it in others; delighting in sloth; deferring labour till urgent necessity constrain them; neat in apparel, nice in eating, and not given to much sleep.

‘The natures of the inhabitants of the mountains and lowlands are very different. They of the lowlands are kind, pitiful, helpful, honest, and plain, compassionating strangers, which we found by our own experience among them. They of the uplands are ill-natured, false, unkind, though outwardly fair, and seemingly courteous, and of more complaisant carriage, speech, and better behaviour than the lowlanders.’—(pp. 64, 65.)

They are all extremely poor, and appear to be content with very little; their dwellings are mud huts; their furniture scanty; fruit and rice are the principal articles of their food, and water is almost the only beverage, which, like the Spaniards of Valencia, they pour from a spout at a considerable distance from their mouths, that the vessel may not be defiled by touching the lips. Their chief luxury, which is in universal use, from the sovereign to the poorest peasant

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sant, is the betel leaf, areca nut, and chunam. To present betel is throughout the east the symbol of friendship—it is the calumet of peace.

The men labour but little; the women rather more, but not much. Rice, millet and pulse are the principal articles that cost them any pains in the raising, and of these they do not cultivate much; for the rest they depend on the natural productions of the soil. ‘The possessor of a garden,’ says Cordiner, ‘which contains twelve cocoa-nut trees, and two jack trees, finds no call for any exertion. He reclines all day in the open air, literally doing nothing; feels no wish for active employment, and never complains of the languor of existence.’

Thousands of Candians are stated to live in the crevices of the rocks, and sometimes to perch themselves in trees, to avoid the attacks of wild beasts, or poisonous reptiles, and to secure themselves from sudden inundations: a talipot leaf is frequently the only tent or cover which even those in the service of the king possess, to screen themselves from the intense heat of the sun, or the drenching rains; —‘a marvellous mercy,’ says Knox, ‘which Almighty God hath bestowed upon this poor and naked people in this rainy country.’

The mild and passive character of the natives is singularly at variance with the unlimited and savage despotism of the government. The same kind of moustier, in human shape, ruled over this poor people during Knox’s captivity, as he whom we have been describing; and there is every reason to believe that the tyranny arises out of the character of the government, and is not solely dependent on that of the individual monarch. From the scenes which occurred in 1803, and from more recent events, we have very little doubt that the following description is applicable to all the Malabar race of kings.

‘He (the Rajah Singa) seems to be naturally disposed to cruelty; for he sheds a great deal of blood and gives no reason for it. His cruelty appears both in the tortures and painful death he inflicts, and in the extent of his punishments, namely, upon whole families, for the miscarriage of one of them. For when the king is displeased with any, he does not always command to kill them outright, but first to torment them, which is done by cutting and pulling away their flesh by pincers, burning them with hot irons clapped to them to make them confess of their confederates; and this they do to rid themselves of their torments, confessing far more than ever they saw or knew. After their confession sometimes he commands to hang their two hands about their necks, and to make them eat their own flesh, and their own mothers to eat their own children; and so to lead them through the city, in public view, to terrify all, unto the place of execution, the dogs following to eat them; for they are so accustomed to it, that they, seeing a prisoner led away, follow after. At the place of execution there are



always some sticking upon poles, others hanging up in quarters upon trees; besides what lyes killed by elephants on the ground, or by other ways. 'This place is always in the greatest highway, that all may see and stand in awe.'—(*Knox*, p. 39.)

We may easily conceive how little respect is paid to the lives and properties of the mass of the people, when the adigars and dessaves, the governors of provinces, and the generals of the army, approach this monster in the most degrading and abject postures, and with the most humiliating expressions of their own baseness. We have a taste of this in Mr. Boyd's Journal of his Embassy to one of these monarchs.

'The removal of the curtain,' he says, 'was the signal for our obeisances. Mine, by stipulation, was to be only kneeling—my companions immediately began the performance of theirs, which were in the most perfect degree of eastern humiliation. They almost literally licked the dust, prostrating themselves with their faces close to the stone floor, and throwing out their legs and arms, as in the attitude of swimming; then rising to their knees by a sudden spring from the breast, like what is called the salmon-leap by tumblers, they repeated, in a very loud voice, 'That the head of the king of kings might reach beyond the sun!—that he might live a hundred thousand years,' &c. But this was nothing to the scene which followed. Something happened that made it necessary for the minister to come to the lower end of the hall. I did not observe him set out; but turning my head by accident, I cannot express my surprize when I saw him, a venerable grey-headed old man, come trotting down one of the aisles like a dog—on all-fours! He returned in the same manner to the foot of the throne.'—(vol. ii. p. 214, 215.)

The tradition which Baldæus relates to exist among the Singhalese, and which Knox also says he heard from a Portugeze, that a Chinese vessel being wrecked on the eastern coast, the people elected her commander for their king, strikes us as not altogether improbable; since a resemblance may be traced in almost all the manners and customs of the court, and the moral character of the two nations—in the gravity and ceremoniousness of their deportment—in their religious ceremonies and superstitions—in their duplicity—in their marriage-contracts, forms, and presents—in their feasts and festivals, and solitary amusements—in their veneration for, and attachment to, astrology—in their nocturnal reception of ambassadors—in their frivolous negociation for settling the ceremony—in their anxiety to ascertain the nature and extent of the presents for the sovereign—in the custom of entertaining all ambassadors at free cost—and in their attempts to starve them into complaisance with their degrading demands—in all which the Singhalese are so completely Chinese, that the journals of Hugh Boyd and General Macdowall on their respective missions to Candy, might, by

by a simple change of names, serve for an embassy to China. When Lord Macartney presented the elegant carriages made by Hatchett, at the palace of Yuen-ming-yuen, the mandarins inquired where the emperor was to sit, and on being told in the inside, and that the coach-box, with its hammercloth ornamented with festoons of roses, was the seat of the coachman, they sneeringly asked if the English supposed their *Ta-whang-tie*, their mighty emperor, would suffer any man to sit higher than himself, or to turn his back upon him? It appears also that height is sublimity, without a metaphor, with the Singhalese. An ambassador, accompanied by two nobles, came from Candy to Columbo; their public entry was made in three old Dutch carriages borrowed for the occasion. It was with no little difficulty they were prevailed on to get into them: both doors were taken away that they might not appear like prisoners in a cage; but they could never be entirely convinced that by placing the driver above them, and with his back towards them, it was not meant to degrade them.

The fact, at any rate, is pretty certain, that both nations have taken the main features of their government and religion from the same source—the doctrine of Boudh, who united the office of sovereign and high priest in his own person; two characters, if we may judge from the practice of his successors, that are quite incompatible:—for while, in the latter capacity, benevolence is preached, and the leading precept is ‘to kill no living creature’—in the former, nothing is to be found but tyranny, inhumanity, and oppression, accompanied by a wanton delight in the shedding of human blood.

There is, however, among the original Singhalese, a race known by the name of Baddas or Vaddas, who have never acknowledged the sovereign of Candy, but live in a free and independent state, chiefly in the inaccessible mountains and forests of Bintane, behind Batticoloe. They are still but little known to Europeans, though mentioned by Knox, who describes them as a set of beings in the rudest stage of social life. They seek their food in the deep forests abounding with elephants, buffaloes, leopards, wild hogs, elks, and antelopes. They cautiously abstain from all connection with the rest of the islanders, except in bartering with the borderers of their forests, ivory, deer-skins, dried flesh, honey, &c. for salt, arrows, cloth, and a few other articles, and this but to a very limited extent. They are represented as a robust and hardy race, courageous and resolute, but very treacherous. Their language is a dialect of the Singhalese, and the faint notions which they have of religion approach nearer to Brahmanism than to Boudhism. Their only places of worship are under the shade of the Banyan tree. The chieftain of each family is generally the strongest and most

active, and the most expert huntsman is the greatest favourite with the women.

‘Secured in their independence by their situation and their poverty, and supplied from their woods with all the necessaries of life that the climate requires, they look down from their rugged precipices on the cultivated vales of their neighbours with the most frigid indifference. The clothing and rich trappings, the comfortable dwellings and fruitful fields, the seats and luxuries of the Singhalese, excite no feelings of surprise, no sentiments of admiration, no desire of imitation, not even any emotions of envy in the sluggish bosoms of the naked and harmless Vaddahs—in whose stubborn minds no love of industry takes root, no emulation quickens, nothing but the grossest passions grow.’—(*Boyd*, vol. ii. p. 51.)

The next class of inhabitants, which Mr. Cordiner reckoned to form one half of the population of the British possessions before the addition of the Candian dominions, are the Malabars—the same active, enterprising, crafty people, in their character of merchants, pedlars, jewellers, workers in metals, tailors, fishermen, jugglers, as we find them on the continent from which they came. They are easily distinguished by their long flowing calico or muslin gowns, their turbans, and their enormous ear-rings. The opulence and consequence of a Malabar being estimated by the size and weight of this useless appendage, the flap of the ear is sometimes drawn down to the shoulder, and the aperture made through it large enough to admit a man’s hand. The women throw their muslin dress in the most becoming and graceful manner over the left shoulder, across the breast, and down to the ankle, leaving the other shoulder and the opposite leg bare. The neck, the ears, the legs, the arms, the toes, and fingers are loaded with necklaces, rings, chains, and bracelets; and even the nose has sometimes its pendant jewel or drop of gold. About one half of these people are indifferent Mahomedans, the other half are worse Hindoos; they inhabit chiefly the district and city of Jaffnapatnam.

The Malays, who are found on almost every island in the Indian seas, are here pretty numerous; they are soldiers, sailors, fishermen, and artificers, many of whom were introduced by the Dutch in a state of slavery. The bad part of the character of this singular people, so unlike in all respects to the native islanders, and resembling more the people of Upper Tartary than of Hindostan, has, we think, been greatly exaggerated. With the exception of Mr. Marsden, in his excellent History of Sumatra, it has been drawn, mostly by passing visitors, from a slight acquaintance with those whom vice had driven to piracy and plunder, or misfortune thrown into a state of slavery.

‘The Malays,’ says M. de Poivre, ‘are a restless people, loving navigation

vigation, war, pillage, emigrations, colonies, rash enterprizes, adventures, feats of gallantry. They talk continually of honour, of courage, and, in fact, are accounted by those who frequent them the most treacherous and most ferocious people who exist upon earth; and what appears most singular is their speaking a language the most soft of any in all Asia. More attached to their stupid laws of pretended honour than to those of justice and humanity, one sees constantly among them the strong attacking the weak. Their treaties of peace and of friendship never continue beyond the interest which led to them. They are always armed and always at war among themselves, or occupied in pillaging their neighbours.

We have only to observe on this, that among the various nations who inhabit Ceylon, the Malays are the only people out of which we have been able to make good soldiers; and a more faithful, obedient, and orderly corps does not exist. Severely as they were put to the test in the unfortunate Candian campaign of 1803, very few, though then young troops, could be prevailed upon to quit their standard, and the greatest part of those who did, took the first opportunity of rejoining it. We have seen with what determined resolution the brave Nouradeen devoted himself to death; and Cordiner says that on this occasion 'the Malay princes settled at Columbo waited on the governor, assured him of their regret and indignation to hear that any of their countrymen had deserted, and professed their invariable attachment to the British government.' Their great failing is an excessive fondness for opium, which hurries them into extravagant acts. When this fails them, they have recourse to *bang*, which is equally powerful in its intoxicating qualities;—this *bang*, Captain Perceval is kind enough to inform us, 'is a small shrub with a leaf resembling tobacco,' &c. Very much!—if the common hemp resemble tobacco, for it is neither more nor less than an extract from that plant.

The Dutch inhabitants are caricatured by Mr. Perceval. There is, in fact, little difference between the Dutch of Ceylon and the Dutch of Batavia, or of any other of their eastern settlements: all rising early to drink a cup of coffee and smoke a pipe; all wearing velvet clothing, eating freely, and sleeping after dinner; and all so averse from walking, that it was a common saying that 'no Europeans but Englishmen and dogs ever *walked* in Batavia.' M. Keuneman, the old commandant of Chilau's, habits of life, as described by Mr. Cordiner, may be considered, generally, as those of the Dutch gentry of Ceylon.

'There a party of Dutch gentlemen were seated, enjoying the fumes of tobacco; and an inhabited mansion once more afforded us a seasonable refreshment. The commandant was a respectable old man, a native of Holland, who had resided forty-seven years in Ceylon; and twice visited the court of Candy in an official character. His style of living

living was to rise at four o'clock in the morning, smoke a pipe, and drink a cup of coffee, by candle-light; breakfast at seven, dine at noon, sup at seven in the evening, and retire to rest between eight and nine. —(vol. i. p. 339.)

The number of Dutch inhabitants on the island does not exceed nine hundred: far from indulging in that luxuriant, extravagant, and absurd mode of living described by Captain Perceval, Mr. Cordiner assures us, and, indeed, we know it to be a fact, that, excepting a very few families, they are reduced to circumstances of great indigence; that they practise the most rigid and meritorious economy; and that by this and their industrious habits, and by letting their houses, their only property, to the more wealthy English inhabitants, they are just able to maintain an appearance in the eyes of the world, if not affluent and gay, at least decent and respectable. They are, in truth, of all the numerous inhabitants, the only sufferers by our capture of the island.

Of the Portuguese who first opened the way to India, and played so conspicuous and splendid a part in the European history of that quarter of the world, little now remains but the ruins of their former grandeur. Their name, their language, their religion, and their numerous religious establishments, still, however, exist; but the Portuguese themselves have disappeared. The sun of Portugal may, in fact, be considered to have set in the east, and all that remains of its pristine splendour is a faint and gloomy twilight.

'There is still,' says Mr. Cordiner, 'a large body of inhabitants at Columbo and the other settlements in Ceylon, known by the name of Portuguese. They probably amount to the number of five thousand; they are, however, completely degenerated, and exhibit complexions of a blacker hue than any of the original natives. Yet they retain a considerable portion of the pride of their ancestors; wear the European dress; profess the religion of the Church of Rome; and think themselves far superior to the lower classes of the Cingalese.' They are, in fact, a spurious race of all mixtures. 'Any black fellow,' says Captain Perceval, 'who can procure a hat and shoes, with a vest and breeches, and who has acquired some little smattering of the Catholic religion, can aspire to the title of a Portuguese.'—(vol. i. p. 88.)

These are the principal constituent parts of the population of Ceylon; but there are others of all denominations, from various parts of the coast of Hindostan, and the Eastern islands. The contiguous island of Ramisseram is peopled with Brahmins, who feed upon the industry, and thrive by the folly and superstition of their ignorant countrymen. The natives of the two small islands called the *Two Brothers* are of a very different description, Mr. Cordiner says,

'They are the handsomest, finest-limbed, and most athletic of any Indians

Indians whom we have seen. The particulars in their persons worthy of notice are, very thick and neat ears, not fat, narrow haunches, open chests, broad shoulders, the distance from haunches to shoulders longer than common, legs rather slender but well proportioned, feet and hands beautifully made, bones remarkably strong, muscles large and distinctly seen, skin extremely black, all of one colour, perfectly smooth, teeth of the purest white, and most elegant formation, uncontaminated by the juice of betel. An artist who pointed out these distinguishing marks, never saw men in any other country who afforded so complete a model for academic painting. Their countenances presented an aspect of undisguised nature and rural innocence rarely to be seen. In their national character they are quiet, peaceable, harmless, contented, and strongly marked by habitual taciturnity. They are all nominally christians, professing the religion of the church of Rome; and possess no other form of worship.—(vol. i. p. 305.)

A mere catalogue of the valuable and useful productions of Ceylon would require more room than we have to spare. With some few exceptions, all that India and the Indian islands can boast are here to be met with; besides many others peculiar to itself. The Ceylonese are perhaps the only people in the east to whom rice is not the staff of life. Of this most useful grain they grow not nearly enough for their own consumption; not because they undervalue it, but because they have so many substitutes without any exertion of human labour. The tribe of palms, the most common, and at the same time the most magnificent and beautiful of eastern vegetation, may also be considered as the most generally useful to the Ceylonese. Among these the cocoa-nut tree holds unquestionably the first rank. It supplies the inhabitants with bread, and milk, and oil; it affords them a strong spirit, vinegar and yeast: its top is an excellent substitute for cabbage; it furnishes timber to build their huts, and thatch to cover them; the shell of its nut is no mean article in the scanty catalogue of their household utensils; and it supplies them with cloth and cordage. ‘I am assured,’ says Captain Perceval, ‘that the King of the Maldivé islands sent his ambassador to the Dutch governor of Columbo in a small ship, which was entirely built and rigged from the cocoa tree, while those employed in fitting it out were fed upon the nuts.’ We can assure him that the same story, but better told, was current some hundred years before a Dutch governor was ever heard of at Columbo. ‘There are,’ says Abu Zeid al Hasan, who visited China in the ninth century—‘there are people at Oman who cross over to the cocoa nut islands, and having felled the tree, with the bark spin a yarn, with which they sew the planks together, and so build a ship; of the same wood they cut and round away a mast; of the leaves they weave the sails, and the bark they convert into cordage; having thus completed their vessel, they load her with  
cocoa

cocoa nuts, which they carry back to sell at Oman.'—(*Travels of two Mahomedans, &c.*)

The next of the palms in point of utility is the Palmyra, the *Borassus flabelliformis* of botanists. It is applicable to most of the uses of the cocoa tree; and both the nuts and the pulp in which they are buried, and also the young shoots from the nuts, supply the inhabitants of the northern part of the island with no inconsiderable part of their food: these shoots are the *kellingo* mentioned by Thunberg, and the nut itself, with its covering, is the *panningai* of that writer. The milk of the nut, or *toddy*, yields better sugar, than the milk of the cocoa-nut, and arrack of a superior quality.

The palm next in importance, though not perhaps in real utility, is the areca catechu. All ranks, sexes and ages, from Cape Comorin to Thibet—from the Indus to the Bocca Tigris, and throughout the Indian Archipelago, indulge in the luxury of the *areca*-nut, the *betel*-leaf, (a species of pepper,) and *chunam* (the lime of burnt shells.) By a strange confusion of ideas, Captain Perceval talks of the *areca*-nut growing on the *betel*-tree. This nut is an article of export from Ceylon to the coast of India, and of internal traffic between the Candians and the lowlanders. One tree generally produces from 500 to 1000 nuts; and Knox says that they were so plentiful in his time, that 20,000 were sold for a dollar. The areca tree is tall, straight and elegant, its stem gradually tapering to the summit like the shaft of the Corinthian column.

The Sego palm, the *caryota urens*, ranks the next perhaps in utility. It is a beautiful tree, of a singular appearance, the top resembling the cocoa, with the addition of fine blossoms and clusters of fruit hanging in long perpendicular tassels all around the stem from the interior side of the leaves. The Sego is the pith dried and granulated; and the fruit produces sugar in such quantities that the natives call it the *jaggree*, or sugar tree.

But the most singular tree of the palm tribe is the talipot—the *licuala spinosa* of Thunberg, of which Captain Perceval has given as singular a description. 'The leaf,' says this precious compiler, 'is completely circular—the breadth of the diameter from three to four feet, and the length and thickness in proportion.'—Euclid certainly knew nothing of such a circle,—'it bears a *large* yellow flower, which when *ripe* bursts with a *large* noise.' Why will authors not content themselves with their own nonsense, instead of seeking to make nonsense of what others have written before them! Thunberg says, that 'the *sheath* which envelops the flower is very large, and, when it bursts, makes an explosion like the report of a cannon; after which it shoots forth branches on every side to the surprising height of thirty-six or forty feet.' Mr. Cordiner measured the trunk of a talipot tree, six feet and a half in circumference, and  
a hundred

a hundred feet high, growing perfectly perpendicular, 'firm in its position as the mainmast of a man of war.' Knox had said that the tree is 'as big and tall as a ship's mast;' and that 'a single leaf is so broad and large, that it will cover fifteen or twenty men, and keep them dry when it rains;' that 'the whole leaf spread out is round almost like a circle; but that it folds close like a lady's fan, and then it is no bigger than a man's arm, and extremely light;' and he adds, 'its yellow blossoms are most lovely to behold, but of a very strong smell.' Of the leaves are made fans and umbrellas and slips to write upon, superior to those of the palmyra; and the pith of its stem serves as a substitute for bread. The fruit is twice the size of a cocoa-nut, and the seeds that are buried in the pulpy substance are also used for food.

The bread-fruit tree, on the transplanting of which from the South Sea islands to the West Indies, such pains and expense were bestowed, is very common in Ceylon, and very little regarded; another species, the *artocarpus integrifolia*, usually called the jack-tree, is more esteemed, the fruit being a very common article of food in Ceylon. It grows immediately out of the branches and the stem, is as large as a man's body, covered with a scaly coat divided hexagonally like the pine-apple; full of seeds within, each inclosed in a fleshy substance of a yellow colour, of a disgusting smell, but a rich and delicious flavour; each seed is as large as the largest chestnut, and of the same farinaceous quality and taste. Thunberg had reckoned up fifteen different kinds of dishes that might be prepared from the jack fruit; but Captain Perceval, in copying him, mistakes the species, and treats his readers with the Swedish professor's fifteen dishes from the wrong plant.

Fruits of all kinds are plentiful and excellent. Pine-apples are every where common; as are shaddocks, oranges, lemons, limes, mangos, plantains, rose-apples, Ceylon almonds, (*terminalia catappa*,) tamarinds, cashew-nuts, guavas, papai, (*carica papaya*,) pomegranates, custard-apples, caramboles, (*averrhoa bilimbing*,) with many others which it would be tedious to enumerate.

Numerous other articles of commercial and domestic use are produced in Ceylon, as coffee, cotton, black pepper, tobacco, turmeric, ginger, cardamum, coriander; but that which the Dutch most esteemed, and of which they engrossed the monopoly, is the cinnamon. For some time this plant was suffered to remain in its native woods, where, we are told by Knox, 'it is much as plenty as hazel in England; in some places a great deal, in some little, and in some none at all,' till the Dutch governor Falck raised a plantation of young trees at Pass, near Columbo. Thunberg says that at first the plants all died, in consequence, as it was afterwards discovered, of a Singhalese having poured hot water on them,  
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in order that their cultivation might not deprive his countrymen of the profits arising from the barking of cinnamon in the woods—a story not very probable. The different sorts of cinnamon, the process of barking, tasting, stripping, &c. are all described by Thunberg, and repeated by Perceval and Cordiner, but we should recommend the curious reader to the original. We shall only observe that the office of taster is not so delightful as some might imagine, ‘because,’ says Thunberg, ‘the cinnamon deprives the tongue and lips of all the mucus with which they are covered, and causes afterwards an intolerable pain, which prevents one from going on any farther with the examination; so that one must perform this business with great caution, and at the same time eat a piece of bread and butter between whiles, which in some measure mitigates the pain. It is but seldom that one is able to hold out two or three days successively.’

The teak-tree, the terminalia, several species of diospyrus, or ebony, of which that called the calamander is most esteemed for its variegated and wavy streaks, are all fine and valuable trees; and the plains and forests abound with an endless variety of flowers and shrubs yet unknown to the botanists of Europe. To the knowledge of these Mr. Cordiner and Mr. Perceval have contributed nothing.

Ceylon is less rich in the animal than in the vegetable part of creation, if we except the birds, which are of infinite variety and beauty; but it boasts of the largest and finest elephants in the world. Mr. Cordiner, who with Mr. North was present at a regular *catch* of wild elephants, has given a very minute and elaborate description of this grand and singular scene, which agrees exactly with that of Baldæus and Valentyn and Thunberg. The proceeding is briefly this—When the government has fixed on the time of hunting elephants, the snare (which consists of an extensive piece of ground) is marked out with large stakes of wood in a triangular shape, having an open base towards the forests, and, at the apex, a narrow funnel like the cod of a fish net; the people of the district are then ordered to drive the herds towards the snare, employing for this purpose guns and drums and trumpets, torches and fire-works, or, in the words of a Dutch author, which are in themselves enough to frighten the stoutest elephant—‘*schietgeweer, flam-bawen en vuurstuckeryen, pypers en hoorenblaazers, trommels en tambolin-heros.*’ On the present occasion, this tremendous assemblage commenced its operations at the distance of thirty miles from the trap, advancing slowly in a chain of three thousand men, who were employed in this service two months. As the circle narrows, the fires and the noises approach each other; and when the elephants get within the gaping jaws of the trap, ‘the grand business of the campaign

campaign is considered as brought to a termination.' The governor and other spectators then resort to the scene of action; and the 'guns, drums, trumpets, blunderbuss and thunder,' once more rend the air, as their incessant din is judged necessary to terrify the animals, and prevent them from making a retrograde movement. The first compartment of the inclosure is about 1800 feet in circumference; the fold, with which it communicates by a single gate, is not more than 100 feet long and 40 broad; and this space is narrowed by a rivulet or canal five feet deep; beyond this the funnel gradually contracts into a straight passage five feet broad and one hundred feet long.

The governor and his party mounted the elevated *bungalow* at the close of day; it soon grew dark, and strict silence was necessary.

'The shouting of the hunters was incessant; muskets and rockets joined in the chorus, and the wild roaring of the elephants was heard at intervals, more distinctly warning us of their approach. At length the forest crashed, and the enormous herd pushed forward with fury, levelling instantaneously every tree which opposed their passage. The following up of the people with the lights and fireworks was truly grand.'

The next process was to drive the entrapped elephants into the *water-fold*.

'The people resumed their tumultuous noise, mingled with the din of trumpets, drums and arms. The affrighted herd, again annoyed with impending horrors, renewed their tremendous flight; and rushing like an agitated torrent, into the water-snare, experienced still greater sorrows.'

When about seventy of these huge creatures were admitted, the door was closed, and the greater part were so closely wedged together that many of them were motionless; more than a hundred still remained in the outer and larger portion of the snare.

'The huntsmen toiled all night. Their shouting and hallooing became more incessant. Now and then the hollow thunder of the elephants was heard. Sometimes a dead silence ensued, indicating that the business of the hunt was going on well, and that the persons employed were removing the elephants from the inclosure without loss of time.'—(vol. i. p. 213, &c.)

From the water-snare they are next driven into the long and narrow tube of the funnel just wide enough to admit one elephant at a time; and as they singly arrive at the farthest extremity, a huge beam is let down behind each, when, thus hemmed in, the hunters contrive to secure him by binding his legs with ropes. Two tame elephants are then brought to the gate, and the captive is passed between them; they feel his tusks, if he has any, and his proboscis; sometimes, seemingly, to sooth his anger and to reconcile him to his

new

new condition; and sometimes, if refractory, they batter him with their heads till they have reduced him to perfect submission. Thus is he marched to the 'garden of stalls,' where he is very soon completely trained. 'The marching off of this venerable trio,' says M. Cordiner, 'is a sight truly magnificent; and exhibits a noble specimen of the skill of man united with the sagacity of the elephant.'

The sagacity of this animal and its notions of modesty and delicacy are now known to have been greatly exaggerated; it must be allowed, however, to be capable of great docility; and though in its capture it betrays stupidity, yet it occasionally evinces no small degree of natural sagacity. The deliberate manner in which it will try, first by its proboscis, and then by the whole weight of its body, to throw down the largest cocoa-nut trees, in order to get at the leaves of the top, the scream of disappointment it usually sends forth on meeting with a tree, which is not often the case, too stubborn to yield to its efforts, would seem to indicate a consciousness of the limitation as well as extent of its powers.

'Their plaintive cries,' says Cordiner, 'have all the expressions of sorrow, rage, resentment and despair. Often, after they are bound to the trees and stakes, in the forest set apart for their reception, finding every effort ineffectual, even to disengage a single limb, their hollow eyes fill with tears, and their countenance wears an aspect of the deepest melancholy.'—(vol. i. p. 231.)

Among the woods and jungles of this luxuriant soil, the ferocious buffalo is found in abundance, differing in nothing from those of Sumatra and Java; they are tamed with difficulty: the animal most used for domestic purposes, is the diminutive Indian ox, with short horns and a hump between the shoulders. A species of elk, called by the Singhalese *gona*, is an inhabitant of the forests; it is gregarious, of a dark brown colour, branched horns and neck, clothed in long hair. A beautiful spotted stag, called *meusa*, is more common; and another, about the size of a hare, very numerous. The royal tiger is not known in Ceylon; but a spotted animal, called *cheta*, resembling the leopard, and two or three species of wild cats, are not uncommon. Jackalls and monkeys every where abound, as do several species of viverra, squirrels, rats, &c.

The forests swarm with innumerable species of the feathered tribe, many of which are very little known. The gaudy peacock is every where met with; and the untameable jungle fowls, with a great variety of the pheasant family, are plentiful in every part of the island. Birds of the most splendid and beautiful plumage enliven the woods and thickets—parrots, parroquets, pigeons, woodpeckers, fly-catchers, paddy birds, the tailor-bird, &c.

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It need scarcely be added, that all the noxious and disgusting classes of insects and reptiles are abundantly generated amid the heat and moisture of the rich vegetable soil of Ceylon. Venemous toads, scorpions, scolopendras and centipedes, spiders, cock-roaches, bugs and mosquitoes, red, black and white ants,—the most numerous, voracious and destructive of the whole insect tribe,—infest every house. Snakes too are not wanting, of the most poisonous kind. The cobra capella is an inhabitant of Ceylon; so is the boa constrictor. This is evidently the *pimberah* of Knox, ‘the body whereof is as big as a man’s middle, and the length proportionable;’ which will swallow a roe-buck whole, horns and all.’ But this is sometimes a fatal meal, the horns making their way through his belly. One of these *pimberahs*, he tells us, having seized a stag, a Singhalese fired at the latter, which gave such a jerk that he pulled the snake’s head off, his tail being coiled round the tree to hold the stag the better.

The pearl fishery has been so often described, and both Captain Perceval and Mr. Cordiner have drawn so largely from the old writers, and from Mr. Le Beck’s account of it, in the fifth volume of the Asiatic Researches, that we must content ourselves with referring to them. Mr. Cordiner is, on the whole, the most authentic and circumstantial.

The production of the pearl is one of those mysterious operations of nature which the ingenuity of man has not yet been able to unveil. The Arabs, with whom the pearl was an article of great traffic, entertained a notion, which they had from the Brahmins, that when it rained, the animal rose to the surface to catch the drops which turned into pearls. By some of the natives they are considered to be formed of certain mineral substances carried to the banks by the river which is opposite to them; by others, they are supposed to be formed from dew-drops in connection with sun-beams, which was pretty nearly the opinion entertained by Pliny and other ancient naturalists of Europe. Some have thought them to be an accretion within the body of the animal of the superabundant matter which coats over the inside of the shell, called mother-of-pearl, and to which it is very common to find little knobs adhering, precisely like pearls, but not of a clear water. Others again, among whom is Reaumur, consider them as the effect of disease or injury, like bezoars and other stones found in various animals, pearls being generally composed of lamellæ or coats, formed round a foreign nucleus. In the early ages of the Christian era, it would appear that the people, who lived on the borders of the Red Sea, were acquainted with the method of forcing certain shell-fish to produce pearls, as the Chinese, at present, do the *Mytilus Cygneus*, the swan muscle, by throwing into the shell, when it opens, five or six minute mother-

mother-of-pearl beads, strung on a thread. In the course of a year these are found covered with a pearly crust, which perfectly resembles the real pearl. It is supposed that if sharp pointed wires be thrust through the shells of certain species of muscles and oysters, the animal protects itself from being injured and galled, by throwing off a substance which coats them over with little round knobs, resembling pearls. Beckmann \* tells us that 'Linnæus once shewed him among his collection of shells, a small box filled with pearls, and said—" *Hos uniones confeci artificio meo; sunt tantum quinque annorum, et tamen tam magni.*" They were deposited,' the Professor adds, 'near the *Maja Margaritifera*, from which most of the Swedish pearls are procured; the son, who was not, however, acquainted with his father's secret, said the experiments were made only on this kind of muscle, though Linnæus himself assured me that they would succeed on all kinds.' Dr. Stover, in his Life of Linnæus, informs us, that the manuscript containing this valuable secret is in the possession of Dr. J. E. Smith, president of the Linnean society of London. We do not believe that this gentleman has yet enriched himself by a forced breed of pearls. The formation of the real pearl is still, we suspect, a profound mystery, and the wisest of us must be content, after all, to say, with Hussan, the Mahomedan traveller, 'that God alone knoweth how this matter is.'

From an island so fertile in all the productions of nature, it might be supposed that a revenue might easily be drawn, sufficient, at least, to defray the expenditure—no such thing. There is regularly an annual vote of parliament in aid of the expenses incurred by the government. This ought not to be; but put, as it were, under a state of perpetual quarantine, by the vexatious impediments of the East India Company, it can neither import nor export without alarming their jealousy. Still it might, one would think, raise a revenue equal to all the charges of maintenance. Mr. Cordiner, however, states, from authentic documents, that while the annual receipts do not exceed 226,600*l.* the expenditure amounts to 330,000*l.* occasioning thus a yearly charge on his majesty's treasury of 103,400*l.* In this statement, every source of revenue is included; the average sum derived from the pearl fishery being set down at 40,000*l.* and that paid by the East India Company for cinnamon at 60,000*l.* The custom-house receipts were about 20,000*l.*, of which 12,000*l.* were levied on the exportation of areca nuts: the rest was made up from taxes on markets and fisheries, on Moors and Chitties, arrack-shops, gambling, cock-fighting, and wearing of jewels. The land-tax, which ought to be

\* In his 'History of Inventions,' (an excellent book, which we hope soon to notice.)

the most productive, and which is in fact the most legitimate source of taxation, amounts to little or nothing. This was precisely the case at the island of Java, when it came into our possession. It was found that the Dutch had not established any system of internal management. Regardless of the interests of the people whom they had subdued, they sacrificed every consideration to the despicable system of commercial monopoly;—it was nothing in their estimation whether millions were reduced to beggary by stopping the fisheries, eradicating spice trees, and destroying the valuable products of the soil, so that pearls and nutmegs bore a high price in Amsterdam. But by a commutation of the indefinite exactions on the people, of forced services without pay, and the forced delivery of produce without an equivalent, for a moderate land rent equitably arranged, the revenues of Java, which in 1808 had been brought down by General Daendels to 818,128 rupees, were raised by Governor Raffles in 1814, to 5,368,085 rupees, or more than six times their former amount; and this land revenue was acceded to with universal satisfaction, and paid with the utmost alacrity. If so much has been done for the people and the government in Java, which we are about to abandon to its former masters, it is to be hoped that we shall not continue the vicious system of the Dutch in Ceylon, which we are to keep. It is but fair that the mother country should be relieved from the expense of maintaining a colony out of her own taxes, which, by a little management, might not only support itself, but afford a surplus for the treasury at home.

We would not, however, be supposed to estimate the value of Ceylon from its pearls, its elephants, its cinnamon, nor even its territorial revenue: it possesses a higher importance. The king of Portugal, says Naverette, was so careful of preserving the island of Ceylon, that he caused in all his instructions a clause to be inserted, ‘Let all India be lost, so that Ceylon be saved;’—and if his admirals and generals had acted as wisely as he had judged rightly, the island of Ceylon might still have remained a bright jewel in the crown of the king of Portugal; but their bigotry, their intrigues, and their bad faith, facilitated the conquest of their possessions by the Dutch, more even than the avarice and rapacity of the latter tended to throw the same possessions into the hands of the English, who, it is to be hoped, will avoid those shoals on which the two former were fatally wrecked.

To England, the importance of Ceylon must be estimated, in the first place, from its commanding military position; and, secondly, from its magnificent harbour of Trincomallée; the value of both which is considerably enhanced by the fertility of its soil in all the products necessary for the sustenance of man.

Ceylon commands, by its position, the two coasts of Malabar  
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and Coromandel so effectually, and is so well placed for obtaining early intelligence from them, that the attempt of any European power to obtain possession of either would be next to a hopeless enterprise. Should any disturbances arise on the Peninsula, troops can be thrown upon any point, and in either monsoon, at the shortest notice. It is in fact the master-key to Hindostan; and while it affords a safe retreat in the event of disastrous circumstances, it will be found the most convenient stepping-stone to recover a footing there. Without anticipating any such event, we may at least admit it to be within the scope of possibility. To hold a country containing a population of sixty millions by military possession, is holding it by a single thread, which may be, and indeed has been more than once stretched to its utmost bearing; it is a tenure which depends solely on opinion; and whenever that shall be lost, India is no longer ours: the task was not an easy one to conquer this country, but far more easy than it will be found to retain it. If then it should so happen, that we are compelled to abandon our possessions on the continent, and sink from our lofty state of sovereignty to that out of which we arose, there is no spot in the whole Indian ocean so well adapted for a general depôt of eastern commerce as Ceylon, from which there is no danger of our being forced.

There are those who are of opinion that the nation would be a gainer by the loss of India. It is at least certain that, since its conquest, the commerce of India has never been an advantageous commerce. When mercantile men are obliged to erect forts for their protection, and engage in hostilities, the profits on trade are speedily absorbed by the expenses of war. Commerce, to be valuable and permanent, requires not the bayonet so much as good faith and good conduct on the part of those engaged in it. In China we have not an inch of territory, nor a single soldier—scarcely an European domestic; and yet the privation of the China trade would prove a more severe calamity to Great Britain than the loss of all India and its seventeen millions of revenue. We know not yet what effect the late war with Nepaul may have on the Chinese; with whose empire it is conterminous; but if we are rightly informed, the Gorkhala Rajah, previously to the signing of the treaty, threw himself under the protection of the Emperor of China, and voluntarily offered himself as a tributary of the empire.—If this be so, the Nepaul war may yet remain to be settled at Pekin. Suppose, however, the worst to happen, that we should be expelled from Canton, the China trade might still be drawn to Ceylon, were it once established as the general entrepot of Indian commerce.

Leaving, however, out of the present question, the loss of India and the China trade, or considering them as remote contingencies,

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the harbour of Trincomallée must alone stamp a value on the possession of Ceylon, and give to it a great political preponderance over all the islands of the east. It is the first and most important naval station in the Indian seas, and one of the finest harbours in the world, containing, within its winding shores, coves and minor harbours in which the whole navy of England might find accommodation. It is so situated that, in either monsoon, ships can arrive at or depart from it, and make their passage good from or to any part of the eastern world; and whole fleets may remain within it, at every season of the year, in perfect security. Its importance in this respect is greatly enhanced by the total want of harbours along the two extensive coasts of Coromandel and Malabar. Had Trincomallée been in our possession, when the dreadful famine ravaged Madras during Lord Macartney's government, and the fleet of Sir Edward Hughes was obliged to flee for shelter to Bombay, while the French frigates insulted the coast of Coromandel and obstructed the provision ships intended for its relief, Madras might have escaped the horrible evils to which its unhappy inhabitants were subjected. Measures, we understand, have been already taken for removing the naval station from Madras to Trincomallée; and Chinese husbandmen have been encouraged to settle in the neighbourhood, to clear away the jungle and bring the ground under cultivation. This is a wise proceeding; wherever this industrious people have met with proper encouragement, success has never failed to attend their efforts; but they must be allowed to go to work after their own way, and for their own emolument; as hired servants, or day labourers, they will do little or nothing; but give them a waste to cultivate for their own advantage, and they will very soon convert it into a garden. Their labour and skill have afforded ample proof of this in the vicinity of Columbo and Point de Galle.

Much, however, is required to be done before Ceylon can become an independent naval and military station. The first step will obviously be that of opening good roads of communication—from Columbo through Candy to Trincomallée—from Point de Galle through Candy to Jafnapatnam—and from place to place in every part of the island—to establish military posts in healthy situations along all these roads of communication—to clear away the jungles and thickets, and to drain the marshes, the great sources of the disease and mortality which now prevail—to take an accurate survey of the island—to divide it into districts, and class the land according to its quality—to fix an equitable rent on each class, payable either in money or produce, as may best suit the occupier—to abolish all forced service, forced deliveries, and vexatious imposts—and in short to eradicate every vestige of that oppressive and impolitic system



system of feudality and extortion pursued by the Dutch in all their settlements in the east.

Nor should we stop here: as the benefit we contemplate to the mother country from the colony of Ceylon rests not on the sordid basis of commercial profit, the moral improvement of the natives will necessarily become one of the principal objects of a liberal government. The establishment of national schools is the first step towards this state of improvement, from whence none of the numerous peoples, sects, or religions should be excluded. The universal adoption of the English language in the courts of judicature, in all legal instruments and official documents, and in all the transactions between the departments of government and individuals; the appointment of all classes, and all religions, without distinction, to the inferior situations in the public service, would induce the natives the more readily (and there is no reluctance even now) to send their children to the schools; the reading of English books would give them new ideas and gradually wean them from those besotted and senseless prejudices which disgrace the doctrines of Budh and Brahma, and open their eyes to the more rational doctrines of Christianity. The state of religion is here widely different from that on the peninsula of India; it has no national establishment; it has no funds for the support of a priesthood; its ancient forms, from long neglect, are nearly forgotten and worn out; and the people, having wandered so long in total darkness, are glad, as Mr. Cordiner expresses himself, 'to follow the least glimmering of light.' In fact the Portuguese and Dutch made both Singhalese and Malabars a sort of half Christians; the Dutch in particular had the merit of establishing and providing funds for the maintenance of public schools in every parish; and they caused the New Testament and a great part of the Old to be translated and printed in the Singhalese and Malabar languages. In the several school-houses divine service was performed on Sundays, and always well attended. To every ten schools was a superintending master who made his monthly visitations. Nine established clergymen presided over as many districts and made their annual visitations of the schools.

These religious and scholastic establishments were neglected and fell into decay on the capture of the island by us in 1796. The clergymen, the catechists, and the schoolmasters, lost their pittance of salary; the duties of the one were feebly discharged, and the laborious employment of the other entirely ceased. Mr. North on his arrival re-established the schools and settled what he thought to be reasonable salaries on the clergy, the schoolmasters, and the catechists. 'Christianity,' says Mr. Cordiner, 'once more began to wear a flourishing aspect. The inhabitants were fully sensible of the

the attention which the governor paid both to their spiritual and temporal interests, and every countenance denoted happiness and contentment.' He further tells us that in 1801 the number of parish schools amounted to one hundred and twenty; that the number of Protestant Christians exceeded 342,000; and that those of the Church of Rome were supposed to be still more numerous. We should have doubted this statement if we did not consider it to be derived from official documents. It proves to us most clearly how very trifling would be the expense and exertion to bring the whole island within the pale of Christianity. That the temporal condition of those who have already embraced the truths of the gospel is much ameliorated, we have the testimony, among many others, of Mrs. Graham, whom we consider as no mean authority. When once initiated by baptism, and eligible to certain offices under the government, they become, she tells us, ambitious and industrious, build better houses, eat better food, and wear better clothes than their ancestors did, or those of the present race do who remain uneducated.

Unfortunately, however, the plans pursued by the colonial government did not seem to meet the views of the king's ministers at home. The system of economy which followed the peace of Amiens extended itself to the schools of Ceylon, the expense of which was to be limited to fifteen hundred pounds: the saving to the nation was about the price of a good elephant; and the schools once more fell into decay. We believe, however, that this mistake has been corrected, and that religion and education are again in a flourishing state. Missionaries too have, since that period, been sent to the island, from whom a people so tractable as the Singhalese may derive great benefit; but what we most strongly recommend is the extension, as far as possible, of schools, and schools in which the English language shall be principally taught. We are the more anxious on this head, not only for the advantages which the rising generation would derive from an attention to religious principles and moral education, but also from the possibility of its becoming at some period or other, perhaps less remote than we may be aware, the central point of the British power in the east. In such an event the advantages are incalculable of having a population of probably a million and a half speaking the English language, governed by English laws, and professing in its purity the Christian religion.

But what, after all, must the natives think of their English masters' regard for religion, when they observe such indifference to its concerns as to have no suitable temple dedicated to the service of the Divine Author of that which they profess? The Roman Catholics have a handsome church built by the Portuguese and kept in

good repair—the Dutch have a church ; but the English church in the fort is without a roof and little more than a heap of ruins. The great hall in the government house is used for the performance of divine service, and certainly it will not increase the veneration of the natives for christianity on seeing the same room appropriated for its most solemn and serious duties, and for the most gay and festive amusements—for prayers, levees, dinners, and dancing—all on the same day. There is scarcely a town on the coast that has not a Dutch church, and every village almost is ornamented with the remains of a Portuguese church or chapel ; no fewer than thirty-two of which are still visible in Jaffnapatnam.

Some may think that it would be better to instruct the natives in the useful arts, and train them to habits of industry ; because, being naturally of an idle turn and glad to find an excuse for indulging it by frequenting churches and schools, the latter would encourage that disposition. We do not know that knowledge leads to idleness, but rather the contrary ; nor are we by any means convinced that the Singhalese are naturally of an indolent disposition. It is true Knox has said, and his account has been copied by later writers, that ‘ they are naturally a people given to sloth and laziness ; that they abhor work ; and that they would not work at all if it was not to get food and raiment.’ But Knox was too sensible and observant a man not to perceive that their indolence was not without a cause, ‘ yet in this,’ says he, ‘ I must a little vindicate them ; for what indeed should they do with more than food and raiment, seeing as their estates increase, so do their taxes also ? and although the people be generally covetous, spending but little, scraping together what they can, yet such is the government they are under, that they are afraid to be known to have any thing, lest it be taken away from them. Neither have they any encouragement to industry, having no vend by traffic and commerce for what they have got.’ Our conduct ought to be, and we dare say will be, just the reverse ; we shall endeavour to fix the stability of our conquest on the affections of the natives, by instilling into the minds of the rising generation the true principles of morality and religion ; and to give to the natives at large that encouragement which has succeeded so well with the Javanese, and which, in the words of Governor Raffles, we would earnestly recommend to the government of Ceylon—‘ to promote extensive industry and consequent improvement, by giving the people an interest in the soil, and by instituting amongst them an acknowledged claim to the possession of the lands, that they may be thus induced to labour for their own profit and advantage.’

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ART. II. *A Charge delivered to the Clergy of the Diocese of London, at the primary Visitation of that Diocese, in the Year 1814.* By William, Lord Bishop of London. London. Payne. Rivington.

2. *Letters addressed to the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of London, in Vindication of the Unitarians, from the Allegations of his Lordship in the Charge delivered to the Clergy of the Diocese of London, at his Lordship's primary Visitation.* By Thomas Belsham, Minister of the Chapel in Essex-street. London. 1815. Hunter: St. Paul's Church-yard.

A VISITATION charge, being for the most part conversant about matters of detail as to the duties and discipline of the Church, does not, under ordinary circumstances, come within critical notice: in the present instance, however, we feel ourselves induced, on many accounts, to claim for it a share of public attention. The character of the author, for erudition and judgment, as well as for many valuable qualities in private life, had some time ago placed him in the divinity chair of the University of Oxford; and has recently, by an advance in the Church, unprecedented in any late period, raised him to the Bishopric of London, a station distinguished no less by its rank, than by the high responsibility which attaches to it. The Charge before us, delivered at his primary visitation, whether we consider the merit of the composition, or the judicious manner in which the topics are selected and discussed, has not been often excelled by productions of this description: and we have an additional reason for noticing it in the necessity of bestowing some animadversions on the letters which Mr. Belsham, a well known Unitarian minister, has thought proper to address to the bishop 'in vindication,' as he states, 'of the Unitarians from the allegations of his lordship.'

The charge opens with a handsome tribute to the merits and character of his lordship's predecessor in the offices both of Regius Professor, and of Bishop of London, the late Dr. John Randolph; to his acquirements as a theologian and a scholar, and his practical habits of business. Respecting his own competence to the duties which his new station imposes upon him, Dr. Howley speaks in a way, which shews that his opinion of himself is widely different from that of the world.

'On a subject of greater delicacy I had almost determined to take refuge in silence from the danger of incurring, on one hand, the charge of presumption, and on the other, of affected humility. Thus far, however, I may venture, in speaking of myself to say, that profoundly conscious of my own unworthiness, I look up with humble reliance to

the source of all power and wisdom, whose spirit is strength to the feeble, and light to the blind, for support and direction in the administration of the arduous charge to which I have been called by Providence. Of the awful responsibility attached to the station I am well aware. But the anxiety which naturally presses on my mind when I compare the difficulties of the situation with my humble ability, has been materially relieved by increasing acquaintance with the character of a clergy, respected and respectable as a body, for piety, for learning, and conscientious attention to their pastoral care, and abounding with members distinguished, in an eminent degree, by all the qualifications which bestow lustre or dignity on intrinsic worth.'—*Charge*, p. 8.

Having discussed some topics relating to the more particular concerns of the clergy, he proceeds to considerations bearing on the general interests of Christianity and the welfare of our established Church. The renewal of our connections with the continent by the restoration of peace, he considers as pregnant with considerable danger to the interests of virtue and religion amongst us. And certainly the view which more recent events have afforded us of the total want of moral principle in a large portion of the French nation, cannot tend to diminish our alarm. The charge was delivered soon after the conclusion of the peace; and in reference to it the bishop expresses himself as follows.

'At so momentous a crisis, which I would willingly consider as the commencement of a happier age, in which righteousness and truth shall flourish, it will not be amiss to reflect on the mischiefs which lurk in the bosom of peace, and which may eventually poison the sources of our national prosperity and grandeur. Of these, the most obvious, though perhaps the least formidable in reality, is the infection of vice and infidelity from the renewal of intercourse with the continent. On this head I conceive we have little to apprehend for the sound, or even the reclaimable part of our population. There is indeed but too much reason to fear, that the state of religion and morals in a neighbouring country is by no means satisfactory to the friends of piety and virtue. The French Revolution was not an accidental explosion, a burst of momentary passion or phrenzy, but a deliberate and premeditated rebellion against authority human and divine. It was the struggle of desperate wickedness to shake off the salutary restraints imposed by religion and law on the worst passions of human nature. The conception, and still more, the successful accomplishment, of a project thus singular in atrocity, bespeaks an unexampled inveteracy of corruption diffused through the vitals of the community; and it is not unnatural to infer, that the evil has derived an accession of extent and malignity from the systematic encouragement of licentiousness by a despotic government; from the destruction of churches; the neglect of public worship; and above all, from the abolition of the Sabbath, and the blasting influence of an unchristian education on the minds of youth.'—p. 17—19.

In proceeding to consider the dangers which threaten the true interests

interests of Christianity, the bishop remarks, that there are two opposite extremes, of defect, or excess, of religious belief and feeling, prevailing among us to an alarming extent; and that the partizans of these errors, disjoined in all other respects, are disposed to unite in offensive alliance against the object of their common aversion, the Established Church. To the former class belong the whole tribe of unbelievers and sceptics, carried through all the different degrees from atheism to unitarianism; and under the latter are contained the various descriptions of enthusiastic sectaries whose efforts are employed in every way to seduce members from attachment to the national church.

In considering the different descriptions of infidels, he observes that deism has been long ago so completely unmasked, so irrefragably demonstrated to be no less intolerable to the feelings of men, than at variance with their reason, and repugnant to the true interests of society, that the very name has become a name of reproach. Accordingly, he expresses the opinion that, in later times, the deists have taken shelter under the title of unitarians, and that 'a considerable portion of those who are styled unitarians at the present day, have no other title to the name than their rejection of the principal doctrines which distinguish the revelation of the gospel from natural religion.'

'In this statement,' he adds, 'it is not my intention to wound the feelings of the conscientious unitarian, who, while he rejects its peculiar dogmas, admits the general truth of Christianity. The charge of infidelity, indeed, attaches in a certain degree to all who refuse their assent to any material doctrine deducible by the established laws of interpretation from Scripture; and great must be the force of that prejudice, which can overlook the inconsistency of arbitrarily imposing a meaning unwarranted by the usages of language, on a book to which all parties appeal as the standard and rule of faith. But I do not hesitate to aver my conviction, that the profession of unitarian tenets affords a convenient shelter to many, who would be more properly termed deists, and who by the boldness of their interpolations, omissions, and perversions, by the indecency of their insinuations against the veracity of the inspired writers, by their familiar levity on the awful mysteries of religion, and their disrespectful reflections on the person and actions of their Saviour, are distinguished from real unitarians, and betray the true secret of the flimsy disguise which they have assumed as a cover from the odium of avowed infidelity. Their position, it must be confessed, has been not unskillfully chosen: little ground has been lost in their retreat: the line of separation between the contiguous systems is often indiscernible, or, at the most, faintly marked: and, in return for the sacrifice of a name, they have obtained a facility of diffusing their pernicious principles with less suspicion. The unitarian system, it is true, having little to captivate the affections, and disgusting the reason of unprejudiced believers by its obvious contradiction to Scripture, has been  
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hitherto regarded with cool indifference by the mass of the community. Its influence has generally been confined to men of some education, whose thoughts have been little employed on the subject of religion ; or who, loving rather to question than learn, have approached the oracles of divine truth, without that humble docility, that prostration of the understanding and will, which are indispensable to proficiency in Christian instruction. On this account the general advancement in knowledge, which ordinarily checks the growth of error, may be considered as favourable to the progress of this sect, which, inspirited and encouraged by opportunity, has long been straining every nerve to increase the number of its proselytes.—pp. 22, 23.

He proceeds to remark on the danger to be apprehended from an opposite quarter ; from the intemperate effervescence of undisciplined zeal, and ‘ from that promiscuous multitude of confederated sectaries, who, in the prosecution of hostility against the established faith, forget their individual attachments to their own particular creeds.’ He adds,

‘ The views of this dangerous faction are unintentionally seconded by a far more respectable description of men, who rightly conceiving that sound faith and sincere piety are the essentials of pure religion, entertain an indifference to ordinances and forms ; overlooking the necessity of permanent fences for the protection of the flock, of regular channels for the distribution of the living waters ; and forgetting that a well constituted establishment, though it necessarily partakes of human imperfection, affords the best security, which can be devised by the wisdom of man, against the vicissitudes of events, the alternations of zeal, and the fluctuations of opinion.’—pp. 25, 26.

The bishop concludes with some excellent admonitions to the clergy, recommending to them activity, discretion, piety and charity in the discharge of their professional duties. He particularly impresses upon them the necessity of attending to the religious and moral instruction of the poorer classes. We insert his observations on this subject, because we wish to give them as wide a circulation as we can, and because we are convinced that the extension of the Madras system of education, on the principles of the National Society, must furnish the most powerful means of improving the civil, moral, and religious condition of the lower classes of society, and of preserving them from the taint of evil principles of every description.

‘ The zeal, the ability, the discretion of the clergy, will be exhausted in vain endeavours to direct the current of popular opinion and practice, without due care to provide for the religious education of the infant poor, to emancipate their understandings from the yoke of ignorance, and to secure their morals from the taint of vice. The minds of all orders of men have been deeply impressed with conviction of this truth : and the public sense of its importance to the general weal has  
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been nobly expressed, in the establishment almost simultaneous, of national schools, from the center to the extremities of the empire. In promoting this measure of enlarged and enlightened beneficence, the liberality of the metropolis has born a proportion to her preponderance in wealth and population; and under the sanction of your late prelate, the call of the National Society has been generally, if not universally, answered by corresponding exertions through the whole extent of the diocese. This great work is still in progress: and I cherish the hope that the splendid examples of zeal and munificence already exhibited, will kindle extensively the flame of emulation, will stimulate the indolent to activity, and animate the movements of the dilatory and slow. But let those who hesitate, remember, that irreparable mischief may result from procrastination; that the season of action passes rapidly away, and that opportunity once slighted may possibly never be retrieved. The facilities of communicating instruction supplied by the admirable invention, on which we build our hopes, are common to all parties. This engine, so powerful in operation as the ally of religion and virtue, may become an irresistible instrument of delusion in the hands of infidelity or fanaticism. Our security from danger will, in a great measure, depend on the promptness of our exertions. In the mean while every populous village, unprovided with a national school, must be regarded as a strong hold abandoned to the occupation of the enemy.'

'It would, however, be a fatal mistake to imagine that even complete success in the establishment of schools would supersede all further necessity of vigilance and labour. The conduct of these institutions, so intimately connected with national welfare and the stability of our establishments, political, civil, and religious, requires the unremitted inspection of the wisdom which presided at their original formation.

'In abandoning the direction of a system, which, if neglected, will cease to be useful, if perverted, will be injurious to the community, but maintained in vigorous action on its true principles, is pregnant with incalculable blessings, we should incur the just imputation of treachery to that sacred cause, which the clergy, beyond any other description of men, by all the obligations of duty, by all the inducements of charity, are engaged to promote and cherish.'—pp. 29—31.

We now arrive at Mr. Belsham, who either has felt himself called upon to defend the unitarians from the allegations of the Bishop of London, or who wished to raise himself into some little notice, by appearing before the public as the opponent of a person of his high character and station. Mr. Belsham seems to be as deeply infected as any man, with the itch for writing. Seldom a year passes without his sending forth two or three treatises. What degree of circulation these may obtain among his partizans, we have no means of knowing; but certainly, as to the public at large, they fall nearly still-born from the press. The Bishop of London had not only abstained from any harsh animadversions on the unitarians, but has spoken of those among them who are conscientious in



in the belief of their tenets, in peculiarly mild terms. In fact, the whole allusion to them occupies not more than two pages, and seldom does there appear a publication by a person adverse to their opinions, in which they do not experience severer animadversions. Still, in reply to his *allegations*, Mr. Belsham, instead of confining himself to the topics before him, has taken a wide range through all that concerns the question between the unitarians and their opponents: he has stated at length all that unitarians believe, and all that they do not believe; in short, he has most fully shewn that the allegations of the Bishop of London formed a very small part of the motives which induced him to write his pamphlet.

Mr. Belsham begins by saying, 'It has grown of late into a fashion among the clergy, I know not why, both in their discourses and publications, to declaim against the unitarians.' Grown of *late* into a *fashion*! What Mr. Belsham's ideas may be of the *lateness* of any fashion, we are unable to say; but to this particular one of which he speaks, we are certain that a tolerably ancient origin may be assigned; unquestionably we should date it from about the first century of the Christian æra; and we conceive St. John the Evangelist was the person with whom it originated. Mr. Belsham says he knows not why it has prevailed among the clergy; we venture to inform him that the reason *may be*, because the clergy feel it to be peculiarly their duty to oppose all corruptions and perversions of Christian truth.

Mr. Belsham proceeds to state, that the unitarians are a very unoffending set of people, who content themselves with plainly exhibiting their principles, and calmly stating their arguments. Perhaps the public may not consent to consider his testimony to the character and conduct of that body, as quite impartial. For our selves, we by no means consider them as deserving the character which he gives them; on the contrary, we have often lamented to perceive a very unfair course adopted by them in maintaining their opinions, and to find them directing much indecent ribaldry, and many offensive epithets against the doctrine which they oppose, and those who believe in it. We would ask whether their proceeding as to the 'improved version of the New Testament' was merely a fair statement of their arguments; and whether it was consistent with even common honesty to send forth such a version, associating in its title-page the name of a distinguished prelate of our church with a work in which the opinions maintained by that prelate and the church to which he belongs are directly opposed? We believe, and hope, that the practice of so scandalous a deception is of rare occurrence in religious controversy. Mr. Belsham asserts further, we observe, that the late repeal of the penalties subsisting in the statute books against the unitarians, is a proof that the government

vernment of the country are satisfied with their conduct. We purpose, at the close of this article, to make a few observations on that repeal; in the mean time, we can confidently assure Mr. Belsham, that of all the motives which he could have thought of, none had so little influence in producing it, as an approbation of the principles or conduct of the unitarians.

Mr. Belsham's first topic of complaint is the passage already extracted, where the bishop affirms, that the opposite extremes of defect or excess in religious belief and feeling are often made to unite, for the purpose of carrying on a common hostility against the established church. By this he rightly understands it to be meant, that the unitarians and the methodists, the coldest and the hottest Christians, are always ready to go hand in hand, whenever a common advantage is to be pursued against the church; and he argues at some length, that it is impossible the unitarians can be hostile to the church; that they have no reason to wish for its downfall, &c. We should be the more disposed to allow some weight to this reasoning, if we did not see it quite contradicted by facts. It is notorious that, whenever a question has arisen between the dissenting interests and those of the church, dissenters of all descriptions, (certainly without any exception of the unitarians,) though more widely separated in doctrine from each other than from the church, have suspended at once their own differences, and come to a cordial agreement, in order to further their common purpose. If a particular instance should be desired, we would refer to the circumstances which took place in regard to Lord Sidmouth's bill for placing dissenting teachers under certain regulations. No sooner was this bill construed to have an unfavourable bearing on the dissenters as a body, than an amalgamation of the most discordant materials took place with astonishing rapidity; all, from the unitarian to the methodist, moved together as one man, and shook hands as if they had never differed in opinion, for the sole purpose of carrying what they deemed a point of advantage against the church.

Another allegation in the bishop's Charge, which Mr. Belsham professes to feel a necessity of repelling, is, that under the name of unitarians are at present included many deists and infidels, who have taken shelter under this denomination, as less invidious and unpopular than the real title which they should bear. Now whether this be the case or not, must be matter of inference and conjecture: it can admit of no proof, because if the deist assumes the name of unitarian for the purpose of disguise, he will, of course, never avow what he really is. Mr. Belsham denies the fact, but supports his denial by a very insufficient mode of reasoning. To what purpose, he asks, should the deist rank himself with the unitarians who have neither honours nor emoluments to bestow? The an-

swer

swer is very plain. The deist who believes *nothing* of Christianity will, if he be disposed to range himself under any sect, naturally unite himself to that which believes *very little* of Christianity: and, unquestionably, the unitarian sect is that which in this sense approaches nearest to the deist. Mr. Belsham further asserts that many able defenders of Christianity have appeared among the unitarians. But this is only to assert that *some* unitarians have been conscientious believers in the divinity of Christ's mission, a fact which was never disputed.

But, whether it be true or not that many self-called unitarians are really deists, it is, we think, undeniable that the unitarians are the best allies which the deists have; for the reasonings which they adopt, and the principles on which they proceed, are precisely those which, with a very little variation in the mode of applying them, will destroy the grounds of all Christianity. The unitarian and the deist both fall into their errors from a certain pride of understanding which makes them unwilling to submit their reason to revelation. In the one, this leads to the rejection of the essential doctrines of Christianity; in the other, to the total disbelief of that religion, as a religion sent from God. The unitarian cuts off, without scruple, from the book of revelation any part which happens to oppose his views of what a revelation ought to contain; as appears in the late notable instance of his arbitrary rejection of the narratives of the miraculous conception in the gospels of St. Matthew and St. Luke; and as has formerly appeared in the attempt to reject as spurious the exordium of St. John's Gospel. The deist must relish beyond measure such a proceeding, for he cannot fail to observe that there are just as good grounds for rejecting the *whole* of the New Testament, as these particular parts of it. When Dr. Priestley was once pressed by the clear sense of a scriptural text which was too stubborn to bend to his schemes, he declared, that sooner than admit the received sense, he would suppose the whole verse to be an interpolation, or the amanuensis of the Apostle to have committed an error in taking down his words!—a very useful hint for the deist who has only to extend the same principle, and his purpose is accomplished. The unitarian considers the language of Scripture, on every occasion when its literal sense opposes his opinions, to be figurative. Thus, on consulting a recent work by Mr. Belsham, entitled, 'A calm Inquiry into the Person of Christ,' we find that our Saviour is said in Scripture to have created all things, *by a figure!* he is now exalted to the government of the world *by a figure*; he made atonement for the sins of mankind *by a figure*: according to his ideas, Satan is a personification of the evil principle; and angels, good and bad, are merely symbolical persons, added to preserve the costume of the picture.

*picture*.—p. 196. If it be possible that he or any unitarians can be in earnest when they reason in this manner; they must allow that, precisely on the same principle, any one may contend that Jesus is only a symbolical character, perhaps a personification of the good principle; that his twelve apostles are only added to preserve the costume of the picture; that he is related to have risen from the dead by a figure, and so on. In fact, we have no hesitation in affirming that, although the unitarian professes to receive as a divine revelation those scriptures which the deist rejects, yet the principles on which he proceeds are precisely those which must lead to deism; and, as far as can be judged from appearances, many of those who are called unitarians have at least advanced half way towards the rejection and disbelief of all Christianity.

Such, then, are the two principal allegations of the Bishop of London, in refutation of which Mr. Belsham thought it expedient to write a pamphlet. He has shewn, as is customary with him, some adroitness in misunderstanding and perverting expressions. The reader may take the following as a specimen. The Bishop of London had said of the unitarians that, 'loving to question rather than to learn, they approached the oracles of divine truth without that humble docility, that prostration of the understanding and will, which are indispensable to proficiency in Christian instruction.' Mr. Belsham affects to understand the words 'prostration of the understanding' as if the bishop meant that all exercise of the understanding ought to be precluded in matters of religion; and accordingly he bursts forth into the following rhapsody—p. 75.

'Prostration of the understanding! God forbid! No, my lord; if any one had charged us with admitting as a revealed truth, as an oracle of God, as a doctrine of Jesus, a proposition which, previously to its reception, required a prostration of the understanding, we should have regarded it as a calumny more absurd and injurious than any which the ingenuity and malignity of our bitterest adversaries have ever yet invented.'

We suppose there are persons with whom such rhapsodies have their effect; otherwise Mr. Belsham would not employ them. Still it appears impossible he should not be aware that the Bishop meant by the expression a humble disposition to submit the understanding to revealed truth, to form no preconceived opinions of what a revelation ought to contain, but seriously to inquire into, and readily to embrace, those truths which are contained in the revelation we possess. If Mr. Belsham would, in this sense of the word, endeavour to acquire 'prostration of understanding,' we suspect that he would soon shake off those opinions which we believe to be so very erroneous.

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We think it right to enter our protest against one species of bold assertion, which is not unfrequent with Mr. Belsham; we mean that of claiming, without due authority, the names of respectable persons, as maintainers of unitarian tenets. Among others, Mr. Belsham says that ‘the opinions of Shipley, late Bishop of St. Asaph, and Law, late Bishop of Carlisle, on this subject were well known;’—evidently insinuating that they were unitarians in doctrine. We *believe* his insinuation in regard to both of these prelates to be false; we *are confident* that he had no sufficient authority which could warrant him in thus publicly advancing it. It is quite new to us that Bishop Shipley was ever suspected of unitarian principles. Of Bishop Law we have heard the assertion made before; but we could never learn that there was any other authority for it than the natural desire of the unitarians to connect the name of so eminent a prelate with their cause, and the fact of his having maintained, in one of his publications, a very singular opinion respecting the sleep of the soul. This opinion is possibly the same which unitarians hold on that subject, for they have a constant partiality for every thing new and singular in theology: but it has not the most remote connection with any doctrine respecting the person of Christ, and may as well be held by a trinitarian as by an unitarian. On the subject of the Trinity we have the recorded opinion of this prelate in his subscription to the Articles, solemnly declaring that he believed the doctrine; we have no record whatever of his having disbelieved it; and therefore it is palpably unjust to make such assertions respecting him after his decease.

We have expressed the intention of making a few observations respecting the late repeal of the penalties against the unitarians. We are the more disposed to take advantage of the present opportunity for doing this, because we have reason to believe that, in many quarters, the motives from which consent was given to that repeal, have not been distinctly understood; and because we know that, in *some* quarters, those motives have been industriously misrepresented. In saying that they have been industriously misrepresented, we allude to the language which the unitarian party have held on the subject, in boldly and unblushingly insinuating, what we hold it to be morally impossible they should not know to be false, that the repeal of these laws carried with it a decision of the legislature in favour of their opinions, and that an inference is to be drawn from the consent to the repeal, that our government and church are now less firm, than heretofore, in maintaining the doctrine of the Trinity, as an essential doctrine of Christianity. Mr. Belsham, we observe, has been amongst the foremost to hail the period of this repeal as a most brilliant era. He says, in a sermon published on the occasion, that he considers the event as ‘an important

portant move in the progress of civilization; 'as an important triumph of religious freedom;' 'as an auspicious prelude to that happy day, when an invidious and limited toleration shall give way to universal religious liberty.' Now we have no hesitation in saying that, if we considered the repeal in question to imply any favourable disposition towards the unitarians, or any want of firmness in resisting their opinions; or, if we considered it to have the remotest tendency to bring on Mr. Belsham's *happy day*—a day, when the essential truths of the Gospel are to be surrendered, and heresy and deism to ride triumphant over the ruins of genuine Christianity—we should consider the measure as the most pernicious in its principle, and alarming in its tendency, that ever passed the British legislature. But, in truth, we view it in a very different light, and anticipate from it no such baneful results: we consider it to be nothing more than an extension to the unitarians, as a sect of professing Christians, of that legal toleration, which is an acknowledged principle of our constitution, which is freely granted to all other professing Christians, and the refusal of which, to this particular sect, was inconsistent with the general spirit of our laws. The only evil which we conceive to be connected with it, is the opportunity which it affords to the unitarian party of falsely assuming a triumphant tone, and of endeavouring to delude the unwary by vaunting the ascendancy of their cause, and misrepresenting the motives which led to the repeal.

The facts stood thus. Our practice, in regard to those dissenters who deny the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, was directly opposed by the enactments of our statute-book. In *practice*, those who deny the Trinity have experienced precisely the same toleration as all other dissenters: they have had their places of public worship licensed by the magistrate; they have been allowed their licensed teachers and preachers; and have been suffered, without molestation, to assert their doctrines both by writing and by discourse. On the other hand, in our *statutes*, very severe penalties were denounced against all persons, who, either in writing or in preaching, denied the doctrine of the Trinity. Such persons were, by a special clause, excluded from the benefits of the toleration act; and, by an act passed in the 9th and 10th of William and Mary, it was declared, that those who deny any one of the persons of the Holy Trinity to be God, shall, for the first offence, be rendered incapable of holding any office, civil, military, or ecclesiastical; and that, on the second conviction, they shall be disabled from suing or prosecuting in any court of law, from holding the office of guardian of a child, or administrator of a will, held 'not capable of any legacy or deed of gift,' and imprisoned for three years without bail.

Here, then, was a real disagreement between our practice and our laws. It is true, the disagreement was not very generally known, because, although all persons are well acquainted with the toleration actually allowed to unitarian dissenters, very few were aware of the existence of statutes prohibiting that toleration under such severe penalties. In fact, the statutes on the subject of the unitarians were a mere dead letter. So far as we are informed, no person professing unitarian tenets was ever convicted, or even proceeded against, on these statutes; and the penalties which they inflicted were of such extreme severity that we hold it to be probable that no court of justice would ever have put them in force.

In this state of things, we certainly think that the unitarians had no very serious ground of complaint, and might well have remained content. They enjoyed, in point of fact, the same liberty of publicly professing their tenets, which all other dissenters enjoy; and, though they were nominally subject to penalties, they knew, by long experience, that they were not in the smallest actual danger of suffering them. In truth, this body of people had sufficiently tried the patience of the public by their many bold and scurrilous attacks on the received doctrines of Christianity, to be perfectly convinced that the law was never likely to be employed against them; and after having escaped with impunity in their 'improved' edition of the New Testament, a work which not only conveyed as daring an attack on Scriptural truth as ever was made, but which also carried falsehood and fraud on the face of it, they were tolerably certain that no measures of hostility to which they could afterwards resort were likely to draw down upon them the vengeance of the law. They thought proper, however, not to be satisfied. They complained of the stigma which the penalties in the statute-book cast upon their party; they pretended to be under an apprehension that these penalties might be put in force against them!—in fact they were determined to exert themselves in endeavouring to procure a repeal of the statutes in question, for the purpose of gaining a point which might furnish them with a subject of public triumph and exultation.

When the subject was once pressed upon the attention of the legislature, it was obvious that something ought to be done towards removing the inconsistency which subsisted between our statutes and our practice. Either our practice, in tolerating that body of dissenters, was right, or it was wrong. If it was right, the statutes ought to be repealed: if it was wrong, the penalties against these persons ought to be put in execution. It appears that the feeling of the members of the legislature was very decided on the subject; for the measure passed without any opposition or discussion, or apparent difference of opinion. They determined that our practice in giving  
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a free toleration to the unitarians, as a body of professing Christians, was right; and that, therefore, the statutes which enact severe penalties against them for publicly professing their opinions, ought at once to be repealed.

We shall not be suspected of any undue partiality in favour of the unitarian sect, when we give our decided opinion that the legislature took, on this occasion, the only step which they could take, without departing from those great principles of toleration acknowledged by our constitution, and interwoven with its very frame. On some accounts we could have wished that the subject had not been pressed upon them; but, when this was once done, we see not how their determination could have been different from what it was.

The grounds of this opinion we will briefly state. We conceive that the legislature is bound, on principles of equity, to act in an uniform manner towards all dissenting Christians, that is, towards all Christians who receive, in common with us, the Holy Scriptures as of divine authority, and admit them as a rule of faith, but differ from us as to their mode of interpreting those Scriptures, and the doctrines which they deduce from them. On this ground, we hold that the same toleration, the same liberty of asserting their opinions and of exercising their peculiar modes of worship, which is granted to one class of Christian dissenters, ought to be extended to all without exception. Thus, on the very same principle on which we tolerate the quaker who disallows the appointment of the Christian sacraments, and the ordination of Christian ministers; the antinomian who denies the necessity of good works to salvation; the calvinist who maintains the doctrines of partial redemption and irreversible decrees; the papist who admits, in addition to the Holy Scriptures, the traditions of the church as a rule of faith; and the Swedenborgian who believes in other revelations as divine:—on the same principle, we think we are bound to tolerate the arian who maintains that our Saviour was inferior to God, and the socinian or unitarian who maintains that he was merely man. It has been sometimes asserted that a distinction ought to be made with reference to the importance of the doctrines affirmed or denied by particular sects, and that persons who deny the *essential* doctrines of Christianity ought to be excluded from that toleration which is granted to others, dissenting on points of lesser importance. We cannot, however, discern much advantage in a distinction of this nature, or much equity in attempting to act upon it, since it would be impossible to come to any thing like an agreement respecting what is *essential* to Christianity, and what is not. For our parts, we hold that many of those Christians, who have been always tolerated by the law, have dissented on points which are of essential importance



tance to Christianity. We maintain that it is essential to Christianity to believe in the validity of ordination and the sacraments; also to believe that our Saviour died upon the cross for all men; and that a good life is absolutely necessary for salvation; and again, that the Scriptures which we derive from men inspired by God, form the sole rule of Christian faith. All who differ from us on these points, differ, as we must ever maintain, on points essential to Christianity; and if arians and unitarians were excluded from the benefits of a legal toleration on the ground of their dissenting on matters of essential importance, we should maintain that all who dissent on the points we have just mentioned, ought to be excluded from them on a similar principle.

But we may carry this reasoning still farther. It is well known that we allow freedom of opinion and of worship even to jews, who not only deny, with the unitarians, the doctrine of the Trinity, and the divinity of our Saviour, but who even deny the truth of the Christian scriptures and the divine mission of Jesus. Times have been, it is true, before the principles of toleration were sufficiently understood, or at least, were rightly acted upon, when jews, in this and other Christian countries, were subject to penalties of the greatest severity, for the mere profession of their opinions. We believe that all the laws which affect them have been for some time repealed in this country. We are certain that the temper of the times is decidedly adverse to putting any such laws in execution, and we are convinced that, if any severe restraining law upon the jews were found lurking in our statute-book, and the repeal of it were moved in parliament, it would pass at once without hesitation or discussion. It was precisely thus that the repeal of the laws against the unitarians was carried. The spirit and the practice of the times had repealed them long before, and the formal act of the legislature was a matter which, as soon as attention was called to it, followed of course. But we must again most earnestly protest against the inference which the unitarians wish to make the public draw from it, than which nothing can be more wide from the truth; the inference, we mean, that the repeal was in any degree connected with an approbation, on the part of the legislature, of the principles or the practices of this body of dissenters. We speak from actual knowledge derived from those whose opinions had the greatest weight on the occasion, when we affirm that the repeal was consented to, and suffered to pass without discussion, solely and entirely on the ground that the enactments were inconsistent with the acknowledged principles of toleration, and that all professing Christians ought to be placed on the same footing, and to have the same favour extended to them by the legislature.

The fact is, that the public opinion respecting the unitarians is

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now much the same as it has been in all periods of the church. They have existed in small numbers, under various names, from the earliest times to the present. They are, for the most part, a cool philosophizing set of people, pretending to be more clear-sighted in matters of religion, and more free from vulgar prejudices, than other Christians; gaining some few proselytes by appealing to their pride of reason, and disgusting many more by the cold repulsiveness of their tenets and modes of thinking, and by the manifest violence which they offer to all the received rules of interpretation in supporting their opinions. Not willing to proceed to quite the same length with the deist, in throwing off all belief in revelation, they choose rather to make their stand half way; to pare down revelation till it accords with their ideas, and thus to believe just as much of it as they please. The unitarians of the present day are extremely fond of circulating their opinions by writing, under the hope, of course, that, by so doing, they may stand the chance of advancing their cause. We much doubt whether they are likely to succeed in this purpose, even in the slightest degree. In proportion as they produce and reproduce, under new forms, their old confuted arguments, a corresponding activity will naturally be displayed in detecting their misrepresentations and exposing the unsoundness of their reasonings. And as the consequence of discussion, fairly conducted, must ever be the more complete development of truth, we have no fears for the result of any controversies which the unitarians may provoke.

There is one case, and one only, in which we should wish to see legal penalties put in force against the unitarians; and this is, when they depart from the course of regular reasoning, and have recourse to light and indecent ribaldry in assailing the received doctrines of Christianity. Instances have occurred of late, in which some writers of that party have offended in this respect: we trust they are not likely to recur. At all events, we are convinced that, notwithstanding the late repeal, the legislature will never be found backward in framing suitable enactments, which may effectually protect from ridicule and insult those sacred truths which are and have been received with reverence and awe by the great body of Christians, in all ages and countries.

ART. III.—1. *Narrative of Napoleon Buonaparte's Journey from Fontainebleau to Frejus, in April, 1814.* By Count Truchses-Waldbourg. Second Edition. pp. 68.

2. *Histoire de l'Ambassade dans le Grand Duché de Varsovie en 1812.* Par M. de Pradt, Archevêque de Malines, alors Ambassadeur à Varsovie. Paris. 1815. pp. 239.

3. *Histoire du Cabinet des Tuileries depuis le 20 Mars, 1815, et de la Conspiration qui a ramené Buonaparte en France.* Paris. 1815. pp. 93.
4. *Histoire des Quinze Semaines, ou le dernier Règne de Buonaparte.* Paris. 1815. pp. 68.
5. *Conspiration de Buonaparte contre Louis XVIII. Roi de France.* Par M. La Martillière. Paris. pp. 95.
6. *Le Portefeuille de Buonaparte.* 1<sup>e</sup>, 2<sup>e</sup>, et 3<sup>e</sup> livraisons. La Haye. 1815.
7. *Extract of a Journal kept on-board H. M. S. Bellerophon, from July 15 to August 7, the Period during which Napoleon Buonaparte was on-board that Ship.* By Lieut. J. Bowerbank, R. N. London. 1815. pp. 76.
8. *A Narrative of the Events which have taken place in France from the Landing of Buonaparte to the Restoration of Louis XVIII. &c.* By Helen Maria Williams. Second edition. 8vo. London. 1815. pp. 390.

WE have collected these publications into one article, because, dissimilar as they are in some respects, they all tend to elucidate the character and proceedings of Buonaparte, and will enable us to continue, down to his political death, the history of this extraordinary person.

Our readers will recollect, that in Article XI. of Number XXIII., we conducted our hero from Mosco to Elba; and that we expressed strong apprehensions that an evasion from this ill-chosen place of exile would again endanger the peace of Europe.

We did not, however, foresee that he would have been able, as if by magic, and without striking a blow, to march from Cannes to Paris, and re-seat himself without opposition on the imperial throne. We saw in Buonaparte the same restlessness, audacity, and bad faith, which had distinguished him during his whole career;—we saw, in the acknowledgment of Murat's sovereignty, a plague-spot that could not fail to spread and infect Italy;—and we were convinced that Elba was the place, of all others, in which Napoleon could the most conveniently intrigue, and from which he could most effectually put his intrigues into practice—but we did not think, we confess, that France would have been the first object of his movements. We had not indeed much confidence in the moral or political virtues of the *revolutionized part* of that country; still we were not prepared for the horrible scenes of perjury and treason in which so great a number of its marshals, peers, deputies, judges, generals, officers, and soldiers, hastened (with the emulation of scoundrels jealous of one another's baseness) to act their infamous parts. Buonaparte knew those people better, and trusted—less their affection for him than—their hatred of the principles

ciples of peace, religion, morals, and honour, which the king had endeavoured to plant in an ungrateful soil.

But before we enter into an examination of the account which the works before us give of this last enterprize, we must notice the publications of Count Waldbourg and M. de Pradt, which relate to the former period of his life.

To our readers Count Waldbourg's narrative offers little novelty—we anticipated, in our former article on this subject, almost every thing which the count has to tell: he frequently, from misinformation, no doubt, misstates some of the events; but he also states some slight facts which had escaped us: and on the whole, his little work is not only interesting as an amusing pamphlet, but as giving a very near, and we may say interior view of Buonaparte's conduct and feelings during the extraordinary crisis of his journey to Frejus. The personal cowardice, the proneness to falsehood, the vulgarity of manner and language of Napoleon the Great are here proved by the most indisputable evidence—his own. We shall select a few instances, which may serve as a supplement to our former account of this journey.

Some of the resources of disguise to which his fears drove him were very ridiculous:—the following picture is in a high style of farce.—

‘Whenever we appeared, we still found people who saluted their former ruler with “*Vive le Roi!*” and some terms of abuse against himself; but nothing like violence was attempted. Still however he was constantly in alarm. He not only remained in General Koller's calèche, but even begged he would allow the servant to smoke who sat before, and asked the general himself if he could *sing*! in order that he might dissipate, through such familiar conduct, any suspicion in the places where we stopped, that the emperor sat with him in the carriage. As the general could not *sing*, Napoleon begged him to *whistle*; and with this singular music we made our entry into every place; whilst the emperor, fumigated with the incense of the tobacco-pipe, squeezed himself into the corner of the calèche and pretended to be fast asleep.”—p. 38.

The following account of his conduct in the latter part of his journey, when the indignation of the people began to be pronounced against him, is fuller than that in our former Number.

‘Close to Avignon, where the relays of horses awaited us, the emperor found a crowd assembled, who with tumultuous cries saluted him with “*Vive le Roi! Vivent les Alliés! A bas Nicolas! A bas le Tyran, le Coquin, le mauvais Gueux!*” and still coarser abuse. In compliance with our instructions, we did every thing in our power to lighten the evil, but could only partially effect it; and Napoleon endured with the greatest patience every term of abuse uttered against him.’ ‘In Orgon, the next place where we changed horses, the conduct of the populace was

most outrageous. Exactly on the spot where the horses were taken out, a gallows was erected, on which a figure in French uniform sprinkled with blood was suspended. On its breast it bore a paper with this inscription :

*“ Tel sera tôt ou tard le sort du tyran ! ”*

The rabble pressed round his carriage, and elevated themselves on both sides in order to look and cast in their abuse. The emperor pressed into a corner, looked pale and disfigured, and at length, through our assistance, he was happily brought off and had proceeded a quarter of a league from Orgon ; he changed his dress in his carriage, put on a plain blue great coat and a round hat with a *white cockade*, mounted a post horse, and rode on before as a courier.

‘ Having overtaken the emperor’s carriage about half a league on the other side of Orgon, it shortly afterwards entered a miserable public-house, lying on the road-side, called La Calade. We followed it, and here first learnt Buonaparte’s disguise, who in this attire had arrived here, accompanied by one courier only. His suite, from the generals to the scullions, were decorated with white cockades, which he appeared previously to have provided himself with. His valet-de-chambre, who came to meet us, begged we would conduct ourselves towards the emperor as if he were Colonel Campbell, for whom on his arrival he had given himself out. We entered, and found in a kind of chamber this former ruler of the world, buried in thought, sitting with his head supported by his hand. I did not immediately recognize him, and walked towards him. He started up as he heard somebody approaching, and pointed to his countenance bedewed with *tears*.’—‘ Here we dined ; but as the dinner had not been prepared by his own cooks, he had not courage to partake of it, for fear of being poisoned. He felt ashamed, however, at seeing us all eat both with good appetites and good consciences, and therefore helped himself from every dish, but without swallowing the least morsel ; he spat every thing out upon his plate or behind his chair. A little bread, and a bottle of wine taken from his carriage, and which he divided with us, constituted his whole repast. In other respects he was conversible and extremely friendly towards us. Whenever the landlady, who waited upon us at table, left the room, and he perceived we were alone, he repeated to us his apprehensions for his life, and assured us the French government had indisputably determined to destroy or arrest him here. A thousand plans ran through his brain how he might escape, and what arrangements ought to be made to deceive the people of Aix, who he had learnt awaited him by thousands at the post-house ; and now again with all his apprehensions and indecision he renewed his solicitations of counsel. He even begged us to look around and see if we could not any where discover a private door through which he might slip out, or if the window whose shutters upon entering he had half closed at the bottom, was too high for him to jump out at in case of need. On examination, I found the window on the outside was provided with an iron trellis-work, and threw him into evident consternation as I communicated to him the discovery. At the least noise he started up in terror and changed

changed colour. After dinner we left him alone, and as we went in and out found him frequently weeping.—‘For greater precaution another disguise was now assumed. General Schuwaloff’s adjutant was obliged to put on the blue great coat and round hat in which the emperor had reached the inn, that in case of necessity he might be regarded, insulted, or even murdered for him.

‘Napoleon, who now pretended to be an Austrian Colonel, dressed himself in the uniform of General Koller, with the order of Theresa, wore my camp cap, and threw over his shoulders General Schuwaloff’s mantle. After the allies had thus equipped him, the carriages drove up, and we were obliged to march to them through the other rooms of the inn in a certain order, which had been previously rehearsed in our own chamber.’—pp. 28—37.

Such was the state to which he, at whose frown emperors and kings had trembled, was reduced; and there is, perhaps, no scene of his eventful life more interesting, and, we may say, instructive, than that which Count Waldbourg exhibits to us of Napoleon the Great *weeping* for very fear, and endeavouring to conceal his terror and his tears from the landlady of a country pot-house.

But we must hasten to M. de Pradt, an author who is the very reverse of the Count. The Prussian soldier is unaffected, modest, and impartial. The Archbishop of Malines, ostentatious, bold, and prejudiced. He is a man of considerable talents, but of no taste; and we confess that his rambling, sparkling, and antithetical style accords exceedingly well with the character of the chief hero of his history—we mean *Buonaparte*; and we think it necessary to say so, as this diplomatic prelate evidently thinks that he is himself the greatest man, not only in his own book, but in the world. Hear how he begins—

‘The Emperor, in one of his gloomy reveries, was overheard muttering these memorable words: *One man less, and I should have been master of the world!* Who then was this *one man*, who, endued with almost divine authority, said to this torrent, “Non amplius ibis!” thou shalt go no farther? What were the arms, the treasures, the means by which he arrested the course of this haughty desolator of mankind? Who was this prodigy?”—p. 1.

To this inquiry, we should naturally have answered, The Duke of Wellington; our readers will partake the surprize which we felt at reading in the next sentence, ‘*cet homme, c’est moi,*’—*I am that man.* The explanation of this riddle is, that the archbishop mismanaged his embassy to Poland, and Buonaparte attributed to the want of Polish co-operation the failure of the attack upon Russia.

M. de Pradt, however, is not a mere pretender—he was in fact a considerable person. He had been one of Buonaparte’s attendants  
at

at Bayonne, in 1808; one of his deputation to the Pope at Savona, in 1811; and was afterwards attached to the imperial household in the office of Grand Almoner of France. He appears to be a person of quick, epigrammatic conversation—of a speculative and sanguine disposition, and of talents not incapable of those *coups de théâtre* which, under Napoleon's regime, were considered as *coups d'état*:—this qualification probably recommended him to Buonaparte, who did not perceive, till he came to employ him without coadjutors, that

‘ Tel brille au second rang qui s'éclipse au premier’—

and that he whose chief talent seems to be a power of describing with liveliness and force the transactions of others, may not be equal to the conduct of great transactions himself.

The first account which M. de Pradt gives us of his conversations with Buonaparte, is highly characteristic of the mingled magnificence and madness of the ex-emperor's conceptions, and the littleness of his personal vanity.

‘ Some days after my return from Savona, in 1811, the Emperor detained me after his levee, an honour which for a year past he had frequently done me. At the conclusion of a long conversation, in which he entered with great self-complacency into all the details of his tour in Holland, he exclaimed, in a transport of intoxication at the immensity of his power, “ In five years I shall be master of the world; Russia only remains; but I shall crush her.” He accompanied this menace with a corresponding gesture, which he several times renewed.—“ Paris shall come to St. Cloud—I shall build fifteen sail of the line every year—not one shall put to sea till a hundred and fifty are ready—I shall be master at sea as on land, and then all commerce must needs pass through my hands—I will not import a pound more than I export: I will exchange million for million.” This was his only commercial canon; he had laid it down in conversation with me in the first journey to Spain. He several times returned to the idea of being master of the world in five years, and stretching out Paris to St. Cloud. Another characteristic expression dropped from him, which, though not connected with my present subject, I cannot help mentioning.

‘ He had just returned from Holland. He was delighted: but what pleased him most of all was a notion that the Dutch had formed an high opinion of his economy. “ The rogues have found out,” (said he, with great glee, ten times over, and I have since heard him frequently repeat it,) “ that I did not furnish my palace at Fontainebleau all at once.” ’—p. 23, &c.

M. de Pradt attended the emperor to Dresden as his almoner, and was there selected for the important office of ambassador to Poland; and in this character he had opportunities of observing his master, both in the high flow of his vanity in the outset of the invasion of Russia, and in the lowest ebb of his fortunes at its close: these

these opportunities, with a previous intercourse of ten years, have enabled him to paint, in a scattered and diffuse, but in a very striking and forcible style, the character of Buonaparte; and this portrait in fact constitutes the chief value of the work.

It is pleasant to observe the pretension to honour and courage which this abbé-archbishop sets up, because he composed this work in the month of March, 1814, when Buonaparte was still in power. 'It is good,' he says, 'to hear the convenient insults and safe bravadoes\* which are now a-days directed against the power at which these prudent assailants trembled, while the lion was still roaring round the capital.' Yes, it is very good, and the best of it is, that this same M. de Pradt is precisely one of those persons whom he so lively describes. But we must proceed from the historian to the history.

It is clear that Buonaparte, as the first step of his march over the eastern European world, wished to obtain a solid and permanent footing in Poland. It appeared to him the fulcrum by which he could overthrow Russia, Austria, and Prussia successively, and a garrison from which he could keep in awe all the neighbouring countries whose subjection he had planned.

Here, however, a preliminary difficulty occurred—which, though it formed the basis of M. de Pradt's mission, he never seems to have discovered, till he was recalled to Paris—namely, that Poland could not be erected into a 'place d'armes,' (if we may use the expression,) except by her (nominal) re-establishment; but this could not be effected without offence and danger to Prussia, Austria, and Saxony; whose assistance was necessary to Buonaparte's plans against Russia, and he did not feel himself yet in a position to act openly. His object therefore, most clearly, was that while the Prussian, Austrian, and Saxon auxiliaries were employed against Russia, Poland should by a general, and *apparently spontaneous* insurrection, throw off the yoke of the dividing powers, and erect itself into one sovereign state under the protection, if not the sceptre of Napoleon. To bring this about, without an open breach with Austria and Prussia, was the real object of this embassy: and poor M. de Pradt (who now confesses that he did not understand all the *finesse* and *imbroglio* in which the emperor delighted,—the 'cunning lined† with violence'—which he employed) is astonished that when he, the ambassador, wrote a fine speech for one of the Polish ministers, to pronounce in the diet, in which (agreeably, says he, to my instructions) the words *Poland, kingdom, re-establishment*, were distinctly pronounced, Buonaparte, instead of thanking him for his eloquence, was displeased at his meddling in the affair, and

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\* Commodes insultes, paisibles jactances.

† Ruse doublée de force.

directed



directed the minister for foreign affairs to write to him that his speech was not worth a pin; and that 'an address, written at Posen, by an old *Pole*, in a bad style, but a style *evidently Polish*, would have been better.' 'I write to you,' says the minister, 'the very words of his majesty.' (p. 125.)

It was not till all was over, that De Pradt found out that his master was endeavouring to deceive Austria, Prussia, and Saxony; and that it was only at the denouement of the piece that these powers were to discover to what uses their services had been applied! (p. 127.) It must be confessed that Buonaparte appears to have had good reason to direct, after this experience of his diplomatic talents, that De Pradt should not meddle with politics, but confine himself to the commissariat duties of buying horses and collecting forage for the army—a determination, however, at which the ambassador-archbishop expresses great and magnanimous indignation. (p. 124.)

Buonaparte left Paris for this great expedition on the 9th May, 1812; on the 13th he arrived at Metz, where he told the Prefect, (who was, it seems, to repeat it to the future ambassador,) 'I am going to set Poland on horseback. Yes, *Poland*, ALL Poland—sixteen millions of Poles.' This hint was however thrown away on De Pradt.

At Dresden Buonaparte held his state, and summoned his tributary, dependent, and conquered sovereigns around him. We shall condense M. de Pradt's diffuse description of these singular scenes, never so striking as at the present moment.

'Come, you, who would form a correct idea of the domination exercised by Napoleon over Europe; who desire to fathom the depth of terror into which the sovereigns of the continent were plunged; come, transport yourselves with me to Dresden, and there contemplate that mighty chief at the proudest period of his glory—so near to that of his humiliation!

'The Emperor occupied the principal apartments of the palace. He brought with him almost the whole of his household, and formed a regular establishment. The king of Saxony was nothing: it was constantly at Napoleon's apartments that the sovereigns and their families were assembled, by cards of invitation from the grand marshal of his palace. Private individuals were sometimes admitted. I had myself that honour on the day of my appointment to Poland.

'The emperor held his levees as usual at nine. Then you should have seen in what numbers, with what submissive timidity, a crowd of potentates,—mixed and confounded among the courtiers, and often entirely overlooked by them,—awaited in fearful expectation the moment of appearing before the new arbiter of their destinies! You should have heard the frivolous questions which the emperor put to them, and the humble answers which they ventured to hazard! What Phædra  
said

said of Hippolytus may be justly applied to Napoleon's residence at Dresden :—

Even at the altars where I seem'd to pray,  
This was the real god of all my vows.

' Napoleon was, in fact, the God of Dresden, the only king among all the kings assembled there—the king of kings!—On *him* all eyes were turned ; in *his* apartments and around *his* person, were collected the august guests who filled the palace of the King of Saxony. The throng of foreigners, of officers, of courtiers—the arrival and departure of couriers crossing one another in every direction ; the mass of people hurrying to the gates of the palace at the least movement of the Emperor, crowding upon his steps, gazing at him with an air of mingled admiration and astonishment—the expectation of the future strongly painted on every face, the confidence on one side, the anxiety on the other—all these together, presented the vastest and most interesting picture, the most brilliant and dazzling monument ever yet raised to the power of Napoleon ! He had now certainly attained the zenith of his glory. He might hold his elevated station ; but to surpass it seemed impossible.'

Amid this gay and melancholy confusion—this mingled crowd of victims and oppressors—two personages attracted universal attention, and we may almost say compassion ; and the interest which M. de Pradt, in common with others, seems to have taken in those illustrious followers of the Corsican's triumph is creditable to his and their feelings.

' The King of Prussia arrived rather late. His interview with the emperor excited the liveliest curiosity. It was whispered in the palace that it had terminated to his satisfaction, and I must do justice to the pleasure which every one appeared to take in the report. I except none, Germans or French.

' What was looked for, however, with the most eager impatience, was the appearance of the Empress of Austria. Never shall I forget the impression made by this princess, when, at the farther end of the long apartments of the palace, she broke on our view, preceded by the Emperor Francis. O how we all rushed forward to meet her ! how every eye turned instinctively to this novel sight ! I see her still advancing with the most graceful majesty, apparelled in the Hungarian *costume*, which, while it lent new charms to her features, concealed, in some measure, that want of *embonpoint* which might otherwise have been felt. I still seem to hear the murmur of respectful applause which propagated itself along the line as she advanced, and the account which every one gave in succession of the effect produced on him by the sight of this truly imperial personage !

' But the delight was yet augmented at the audience which she gave to all the foreigners assembled at Dresden. The propriety of her questions, the neatness of her expressions, the graces of her manner, and the benevolent tone of her whole conversation, enchanted all that heard or saw her ; and could she have looked into the hearts of those  
who

who surrounded her, she would have found them all her own. The spectators were consoled in some degree, for the long and sad eclipse which royalty had suffered, by the mild, yet pure lustre which accompanied this excellent princess.'—pp. 65, &c.

The Count de Narbonne, who had been previously sent to administer narcotics to the Court of Berlin, and afterwards on a similar mission to Russia, now returned from Wilna, where he had failed in his attempt to cajole the Emperor of Russia, who, as he stated, waited the advance of the French, in the best attitude, without either presumption or despondency;—'he knew' (reported the ambassador) 'the power of the French and the talents of their emperor, and would never have begun the quarrel; but that now Napoleon had only to take the map of Russia, and he would see that there was room enough; it should be in the depths of Siberia only that he would sign a peace ignominious to his people.' (p. 68.) Buonaparte, with his characteristic violence and injustice, insulted the Count de Narbonne for the ill success of a mission which undoubtedly was not attributable to him.

Our readers will be amused with a specimen of Buonaparte's method of doing *business*, and of communicating his instructions to his ministers; they will also see, in the following extract, a lively picture of the undisguised ambition, talkative arrogance, and brutality of this Jacobin idol.

'On Sunday (May 25th) he sent for me after mass---and began to open his designs. Still, however, he spoke only by starts, and it was not till I afterwards called on the Duke of Bassano, that I was apprized of the true nature of my mission. The emperor merely spoke of sending me to Poland. "Go, bustle—I will try what you can do—you have sense enough to know that it was not to say mass I brought you here. You must have a prodigious establishment: Be attentive to the ladies---this is essential: You ought to know Poland; you have read Rhulières: In a fortnight cooks may be procured. As to myself, I am going to beat the Russians: The candle is wasting: All must be finished by September---I have lost some time already.---Here have I been for a week past, playing the gallant---the little Narbonne---with the Empress of Austria."---He had taken some unaccountable dislike to this princess, and he broke out into the most abusive language at the mention of her name. To some questions which I put respecting the conduct to be observed in Poland towards the partitioning powers who were now allied with him, he made a vague reply---but sufficient to shew me that after he had finished with Russia, he meant to take Austria in hand, and either compel her to accept of Illyria in exchange for Galicia, or nothing. He had not decided, he said, to whom he should give Poland.---As to Prussia, her doom was fixed---he would strip her of every thing. Napoleon always spoke of Prussia with the most sovereign contempt.

'He informed me of the arrival of the Pope at Fontainebleau. The appearance

appearance of a few English vessels in the road of Savona served as a pretext for seizing him. He added, "I am going to Mosco; one or two battles will settle the business. Alexander will be brought on his knees: I will burn Thoula; there's Russia disarmed! They expect me. Mosco is the heart of the empire: besides, I shall carry on the war with Polish blood. I will leave 50,000 French in Poland; I will make Dantzic a second Gibraltar; I will subsidize Poland with fifty millions a-year; she has no specie; I am rich enough for that. The continental system is all folly without Russia. I should have been master of Europe but for this Spanish war. My son would then only have to keep what I have acquired; a matter of no great difficulty. Go to Maret, he will inform you of the particulars of your mission."—p. 57.

The minister for foreign affairs, M. Maret, Duke of Bassano, was not much more explicit than Napoleon, and seems to have affected, in little, the hurry and jumping activity of his master.

'The Duke of Bassano seemed to me to have no ideas of abbreviating business—his audiences were eternal—his anti-room was filled with a tribe of miserable expectants, who, like me, longed for their deliverance, and who watched impatiently for the opening of the door, through which they were to get back to life. I was buried in these anti-chambers for four days; and it was only after this species of diplomatic noviciate, (which surely did not seem to introduce me to my new profession by a path of flowers,) that I obtained the honour of seeing this busy and important personage. I found him lost in an infinite confusion of boxes and portefeuilles, without any appearance of order or classification.—He betrayed a lively desire to get rid of me, in order to admit some retailer of chit-chat.'—pp. 60--62.

'But, it will be asked, is this then that same Duke of Bassano whom, for the sins of France, we have seen in all the stages of the revolution, from the reporter's gallery in the first Assembly—his political birth-place—up to the highest dignities of the imperial ministry; and who, to this hour, puzzles mankind with the problem of what may be the intrinsic value of a newspaper-editor turned minister of state?

'An ambitious mediocrity—a marvellous and minute self-complacency—the flower of effeminate vanity—a Philander with an iron heart—a miser ostentatious of sensibility—the sublime genius of a lady's toilette—affecting every kind of talent, and every species of knowledge—the fantastic airs of a master—the interested cunning of a slave—the morals and eloquence of the *Moniteur* personified—such, in short, appeared to me this Duke of Bassano, one of the scourges of our age.'—pp. 100—101.

Our readers, who may have heard that the house of this Monsieur Maret was the favourite rendezvous of a certain party of English men and women at Paris, will perhaps find in this character, drawn by the faithful pen of a brother minister, a motive for this wonderful association. For ourselves, we must confess that, of all the men who have instigated or obeyed Buonaparte's extravagant

vagant wickedness, M. Maret is perhaps the very last, (except Savary,) before whom we should have expected to see an Englishman debasing himself. Ney was a distinguished soldier—Caulaincourt an adroit diplomatist—Fouché an expert minister; but Maret—we leave him in the hands of M. de Pradt!

At last, however, Buonaparte set out on his campaign, and the archbishop, with instructions which he did not understand, on his mission. If we had space we should hardly have courage to extract the archbishop's account of the almost incredible horrors committed by a French army in a *friendly* country; but we recommend this part of his work to those tender-hearted politicians in England, who affect to be shocked at the conduct of the allies in France. One anecdote, however, not of so grave a character as the rest, will entertain our readers. At Poteska, in M. de Pradt's way to Warsaw, he happened to fall in with a certain Lord Bishop of Cujavia, whom he found extremely indignant at an insult which he had just received from General Vandamme: the general, it seems, had demanded from the bishop's secretary, a canon of his cathedral, a batch of Tokay; the canon refused to comply with this demand, alleging a reason which *ought* to have been sufficient, namely, *that he had none*, his Majesty King Jerome having that morning robbed him of the whole contents of his cellar. The refusal, however, so exasperated Vandamme, that, though the Canon was decorated with the ribbon and cross of his order, he pummelled the poor man about the head till he had broken his jaw. (p. 73.) We shall now present our readers with the concluding scene of that wild expedition, certainly the most striking passage in the archbishop's work, and probably one of the most singular scenes that ever occurred.

'The 10th of December at length arrived.

'I had just received a dispatch from the Duke of Bassano, announcing the speedy arrival of the *Corps Diplomatique*, which had passed the summer at Wilna. I was employed in writing my answer, and in pointing out the inconvenience of its residence in an open town, with the enemy in front, when the doors of my apartments were suddenly thrown open, and a tall man entered, supporting himself on one of my Secretaries of Embassy---"Come with me," said this phantom. His head was enveloped in black taffety, his face was lost in the mass of fur within which it was sunk; and he walked with difficulty in a huge pair of boots, stuffed out with a double lining of fur. I rose, accosted him, and catching some traits of his profile, I recognised him, and said---"What! is it *you*, Caulaincourt? where is the Emperor?"---"At the hotel d'Angleterre." "Why did he not alight at the Palace?"---"He wishes not to be known."---"Are you in want of any thing?" "Yes, of Burgundy and Malaga." "The cellar, the house, all are at your service; but whither are you going in this plight?"---

"To

"To Paris."—"And where is the army?"—"It is gone," said he, raising his eyes to heaven. "But the victory of the Beresina, and the 6000 prisoners of the Duke of Bassano?"—"All gone.—We had something else to do than to look after them."—I then took him by the arm, and said—"Monsieur le Duc, it is time that all the faithful servants of the Emperor should unite in telling him the truth."—"What a catastrophe!" said he, "what an unexpected blow!—But, come, the Emperor is waiting for us."

I hurried out, and arrived at the Hotel d'Angleterre about half-past one. A Polish gendarme guarded the gate; the master of the hotel examined me, hesitated a moment, and then allowed me to pass. I saw in the yard, the body of a small carriage placed on a sledge made of four pieces of fir; it had stood some crashes, and was much damaged. There were two other open sledges which had served for General Lefebvre Desnouettes, another officer, the Mameluke Rustan, and a valet. This was all that remained of so much grandeur and magnificence!—I fancied that I beheld the winding-sheet carried before the funeral procession of the great Saladin.

The door of a room on the ground floor was mysteriously opened. A short parley took place. Rustan recognised and admitted me. Preparations were making for dinner; the Duke of Vicenza introduced me to the Emperor, and left me with him. He was in a small room, chill and damp, with the window-shutters half closed, the better to preserve his incognito. An awkward Polish wench kept puffing at a fire of green wood, which in spite of her best efforts, crackled and sputtered, and gave out far more moisture than heat. The spectacle of the degradation of human greatness never possessed any charms for me. I passed, at once, from the scenes at Dresden to this exhibition in a wretched pot-house. I had not seen the Emperor since that period, and I cannot describe the crowd of new and painful sensations which at once took possession of me.

The Emperor was, according to his custom, walking about his apartment. He had come on foot from the bridge of Praga to the hôtel. I found him wrapped up in a superb pelisse, lined with green, with magnificent gold frogs. His head was covered with a kind of hood, and his boots were wrapped round with fur.—"Ah! Monsieur the Ambassador!" said he laughing.

I approached quickly; and with that accent which the feeling I experienced could only have excited or excused in a subject towards his sovereign, I exclaimed:—"You look well. You have made me very uneasy; but at length here you are; how happy I am to see you!" This was spoken with a rapidity and a tone which ought to have shewn him what was passing within me. The unhappy man saw nothing of it.—A moment after I helped him off with his pelisse. "How are you in this country?" said he. It was then that, returning to my own character, and placing myself at the distance from which my emotions had withdrawn me, I proceeded to trace, with the precautions necessary to be observed with all sovereigns, and particularly with such a temper as I had to deal with, the actual state of the duchy. It was

not brilliant; I had that very morning received the report of an affair which had occurred on the Bug near Krislow, in which two newly raised battalions had thrown away their arms on the second discharge. I had also been informed that out of 1200 horses belonging to these troops, 800 had been lost, and that a corps of 5000 Russians was marching on Zamosk.

‘I then recurred to the distress of the duchy and the Poles. This last idea he opposed, and asked with some quickness, “Who then has ruined them?” “What they have been called to do these six years, together with the scarcity of last year, and the Continental System which has deprived them of all commerce.” At these words his eyes shot fire. “Where are the Russians?” I told him. He was ignorant of it. “The Austrians?” I told him. “I have not heard of them for a fortnight!”—I informed him of all the duchy had done for the subsistence of the army. He knew nothing of it. I spoke of the Polish army. “I have seen none of them,” said he, “during the campaign.” I explained the reason of that, and why the separation of the Polish forces had rendered invisible an army of 80,000 men. “What do the Poles want?” “To be Prussians, if they cannot be Poles.” “*And why not Russians?*” replied he with an air of irritation. I explained to him the causes of the preference of the Poles for the Prussian system of government. He had no idea of it; but I was the better informed on the subject in consequence of some Ministers of the Duchy, who the day before had suggested to me that the best thing they could do would be to cling to the Prussian government as a plank to save them in their shipwreck.

“We must raise 10,000 Cossacks.—A lance and a horse will be sufficient.—With this force the Russians may be stopped.” I discussed the idea, which appeared to me to deserve every sort of reprobation. He insisted: I supported my opinion, and concluded by saying—“For my part I see no use in armies except those that are well organized, well paid, and well kept up. All the rest is good for very little.”

‘He then dismissed me, bidding me to return after dinner with Count Stanislas Potocki and the minister of finance, whom I had pointed out as the two most efficient members in the council. Our interview had lasted about a quarter of an hour, and during that time the emperor had never ceased to walk about with much agitation, as I had always seen him do. Sometimes he would seem to fall into a profound reverie.—

‘We met again at the Hôtel d’Angleterre, at three o’clock: he had just risen from table—“How long have I been in Warsaw?” “A week!” “Pho! not two hours,” said he, laughing; and then added, without any preparation or preamble, “*From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step.* How do you do, M. Stanislas, and you, M. Minister of Finance?” On these gentlemen repeatedly expressing the satisfaction they felt at seeing him safe after so many dangers, he replied—“Dangers! not the least. I live in storms: the more trouble I have the better I am. None but your sluggish kings fatten in their palaces. Horse-  
back

back and camps for me! *From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step.*" It was plain that he considered himself as an object of derision to all Europe; and this idea was to him the greatest of all torments. "I find you are very much alarmed here."—"It is because we know only what public rumour informs us."—"Bah! the army is superb, I have 120,000 men, I have always beat the Russians; they dare not stand before me. They are no longer the soldiers of Friedland and Eylau. I am going to raise three hundred thousand men.—Success will render the Russians rash.—Two or three battles on the Oder, and in six months I shall be again on the Niemen. I have more weight on the throne than at the head of my army. Assuredly, I leave it with regret, but Austria and Prussia must be watched; and on my throne I have more weight than at the head of my army. All that has happened is nothing; it is a misfortune—it is the effect of climate—the enemy is good for nothing—I beat him every where.—They wished to cut me off at the Beresina. I laughed at that dolt of an admiral—(he never could articulate his name.) I had good troops and cannon; his position was however superb—fifteen hundred toises of morass, and a river." This was twice repeated. He added a good deal about *strong and feeble minds*—pretty nearly what was afterwards inserted in the twenty-ninth bulletin. He then proceeded.

"I have seen such things before. At Marengo I had the worst until six in the evening; the next day I was master of Italy. At Esling I was master of Austria. That Archduke thought to stop me. He published I know not what.—My army had already advanced a league and a half before I did him the honour to make any dispositions, and it is well known what the state of things is when I act so—I could not prevent the Danube from rising sixteen feet in one night. Ah! had it not been for that, the Austrian monarchy was ended;—but it was written in heaven that I should marry an archduchess. (This was said with an air of great gaiety). It has been the same with Russia. I could not prevent the frost.—I was told every morning that I had lost 10,000 horses during the night. Well! *bon voyage!* (This was repeated five or six times.) Our Norman horses are not so hardy as the Russian; they cannot survive nine degrees of frost—the same with the men. Go, look for the Bavarians; there is not one of them remaining. Perhaps it will be said I stopped too long at Moscow. It may be so, but the weather was fine; the winter came on faster than usual. I expected peace. On the 5th Oct. I sent Lauriston with an overture. I thought of marching to Petersburg—I had time;—to the southern provinces of Russia—to winter at Smolensko. We will maintain ourselves at Wilna. I have left the King of Naples there. Ah! ah! what a magnificent plan of politics! He who risks nothing gains nothing. *From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step.* The Russians have shewn themselves.—The emperor is beloved.—They have clouds of Cossacks.—That nation is something. The crown-peasants love their government; the nobles have turned out on horseback. It was proposed to me to set the slaves free; that I did not wish to do; they would have made a general massacre—this would have been horrible.



rible. I made regular war on the Emperor Alexander: but who could suppose they would have burned Moscow! They now attribute that to us, but it was really they themselves. It would have done honour to Rome. Many Frenchmen followed me. Ah! they are good subjects; *they will find me again.*"

'He then got into a rambling discourse on every subject, particularly on the levying the corps of Polish Cossacks, with which he talked of stopping that Russian army, before whom three hundred thousand Frenchmen had just melted away. In vain the ministers represented the state of their country. He would yield nothing. I did not mix in the conversation, except when an opportunity offered for commiserating the state of the duchy. He granted, by way of a loan, between two and three millions of Piedmontese billon, (adulterate coin,) which had been for three months at Warsaw, and three or four millions in bills arising from the contributions in Courland. I drew up the order for the minister of the treasury. The speedy arrival of the diplomatic corps was announced. "They are spies," said he: "I wish to have none of them at head-quarters—they have come, however.—Nothing but spies—occupied entirely in sending bulletins to their courts."

'In this manner the conversation continued for three hours. The fire had gone out, and we all felt the effects of the cold. The emperor, however, who kept himself warm by his vehement gesticulation, perceived nothing of it. To a proposal for traversing Silesia, he replied, "Ah! Prussia." At length, after again repeating three or four times—*From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step*—asking whether he was known, and saying that he cared not—renewing the assurances of his protection to the ministers, and recommending to them to take courage, he signified his wish to leave us. I once more assured him that nothing which concerned his service had been forgotten. The ministers joined me in addressing to him the most respectful and affectionate wishes for the preservation of his health and the prosperity of his journey.—"I never was better; if I had the devil, I should be all the better for it."—*Quand j'aurai le diable, je ne m'en porterai que mieux.*—*Such were his last words.* He then mounted the humble sledge which carried Cæsar and his fortune, and disappeared. A violent shock which the vehicle received in passing the gate nearly overturned it.

'Such was, word for word, this famous conversation, in which Napoleon fully disclosed his hazardous and incoherent genius, his cold insensibility, his fluctuation of ideas, among a hundred diverging projects, his past schemes, and his approaching dangers. It made too deep an impression to leave me in any doubt of not having reported it with the most scrupulous accuracy. I have called myself strictly to account, and I cannot reproach myself with any omission or inaccuracy.'—p. 207—220.

One of the leading objects of M. de Pradt's work is to paint Buonaparte, but this he does by a number of sketches so loosely scattered through his book, that we cannot collect them into one picture;

picture; we shall, however, attempt to bring the most striking traits before our readers, when, towards the conclusion of the article, we make some general observations on the character of this meteor.

We now come to the works that record the evasion from Elba, and the subsequent events. Of these, decidedly, the best is that of Miss Helen Maria Williams, which, though its style is occasionally affected, is written with accuracy, with a free and, we had almost said, an impartial spirit.

The first question that naturally occurs is, whether the return of Buonaparte was the result of premeditation and deep-laid conspiracy, or the effect of one of those sudden freaks and *boutades* for which the ex-emperor was so famous, and in which he has so often and so miraculously succeeded. If we are to believe M. de la Martillière, and the author of the *Histoire du Cabinet des Tuileries*, the fact of a conspiracy is not only indubitable, but was, to the moment of its explosion, so notorious in Paris as hardly to deserve the name of conspiracy; but it is clear that neither of these authors is entitled to much credit.

M. de la Martillière seems to be a respectable writer and a well meaning man, but he produces no proof of his statements, and indeed scarcely assumes a tone of authority—the other, however, dashes into the boldest assertion, and describes all the ‘*trames and menées*’ of Mesdames A\*\*, B\*\*, and C\*\*, and of Messieurs X\*\*, Y\*\*, and Z\*\*, (all deep conspirators!) with that kind of ostentatious obscurity and mysterious pomp under which would-be informers so often hope to conceal their ignorance. Miss Williams, for whose evidence we have more respect, evidently inclines to this opinion; and the adoption of the violet, ‘*qui revient au printemps*,’ as the distinction of a Buonapartist, seems to set this question at rest. But, on the other hand, it has been stated that Buonaparte, alarmed in Elba concerning what the Congress might decree of his future fate, determined, with his natural audacity, to strike a great blow, and to throw himself *unexpectedly* into France, to gather the fruits of a disaffection against the king, which was well known to exist in the whole army.

We believe that the truth may lie between both these statements, and that there was a kind of conspiracy, and a forcibly pronounced discontent, of which, though not excited by his intervention, Buonaparte hastened to avail himself; and we have reason to know, that Fouché has, since the Restoration, confidentially declared, what there is no longer any reason for concealing—that there was an understanding among the jacobins, (patriots he termed them,) that *some change* in the government should be attempted, but that it never was intended to call in the desperate aid of Buonaparte; who however, aware of what was going on, landed, and by the force of

of the soldiery, put himself at the head of a revolution which the jacobins would rather have made without him. This seems probable, and consistent with the course of events both during Buonaparte's attempt, and subsequent to his restoration; and we really have many reasons to give credit to it; while against it there is but the single circumstance of its being the statement of M. Fouché, whose natural desire to make his party appear so strong as to be able to act without Buonaparte, would have strengthened the natural inclination to fraud and falsehood which has always distinguished that great minister and upright patriot.

It ought, also, to be stated, that divisional and regimental order-books and papers, found on the field of Waterloo, afford a strong presumption that those who had the direction of the army expected Buonaparte, or at least a commotion—for early in February all leaves of absence and furloughs were recalled, the rigour against desertion was redoubled, the regiments were directed to fill up their vacancies even from the disbanded pensioners, and the officers and men were to hold themselves in constant readiness and *full marching order for the first week in March*, and all this on the pretence of some reviews or inspections which were announced for that period; but which surely could have required nothing like the vigour or activity of the measures above mentioned.

Of all the persons who betrayed the king, Marshal Ney has attracted the greatest share of public indignation, and justly; yet we believe, contrary to the suspicion of Miss Williams, that this man was wholly ignorant of the plan of invasion; that he left Paris without disloyal intentions, and that it was not till his army began to mutiny at Lons le Saulnier, that, urged at once by cowardice and ambition, he gave way to the natural depravity of his heart, and, between hope and fear, threw himself into the contemptuous embrace of Buonaparte.

The progress of the invader from Cannes to Paris was little else than a military triumph; though, if the Prefect of the Var had done his duty, he never could have advanced three leagues. The people of that department were unexceptionably devoted to the king; so much so, that the usurper did not at first venture to enter a house, but ate his meals in the open air; but he either bought or cajoled the Prefect, and humbling his imperial tone, asked no more than to be allowed to pass, and to be afterwards acknowledged or rejected as circumstances might justify: this step once gained, all danger was over, for the troops that were marched against him were in fact nothing else than reinforcements, and 'the eagle flew from steeple to steeple from Grenoble to Notre Dame.'

The hostile disposition of the army was so well known, that when, on the first account of Buonaparte's advance, one of our ministers

ters was asked whether the French government would not hasten to send troops against him, he replied, 'Yes, I am *afraid* they will.' In the king of France's council it was proposed to move all the regular troops out of the line of his march, and oppose him by the national guard and gendarmerie. This prudent advice was unhappily overruled, the usurper rapidly advanced; and the king, with his family, Marshals Marmont and Oudinot, the Duke of Feltre, a few men of letters, one or two actors,\* and a small number of the household troops, took refuge in Flanders. The Dukes of Angoulême and Bourbon from the south and the west escaped, the first by capitulation, and the latter secretly to Spain. The Duchess of Angoulême, after in vain employing, at first all the graces of her sex to win the sullen and refractory garrison at Bourdeaux, and afterwards all the courage of a man in endeavouring to defend the city, reluctantly sought refuge on board a British squadron which, in prospect of this course of events, had been placed in the Gironde.

'The Duchess of Angoulême had not been spared by the Bonapartists, amidst the censures heaped upon her family. One of the heaviest charges brought against her was the habitual melancholy of her disposition; she was found guilty of having no French gaiety in her character. The Parisians remembered not that this princess, at an age when the heart is already susceptible of deep and lasting impressions, had seen her whole family perish, and had herself been led from the gloomy tower of her prison, into an exile which had lasted twenty years; that on returning to the palace of her fathers, it was natural that some melancholy reflections should darken for her the triumphal pomp, and mingle themselves with the exultation of her joy. But sadness was not the sole offence of the Duchess of Angoulême; her extreme piety was declared to be fitter for a monastery than a court; and in the caricatures of the royal family which filled the print-shops after their departure, she was always placed on her knees before a prie-dieu, as if incapable of all other occupations. But not less was the confusion of her adversaries, than the triumph of her adherents, when it was announced in Paris, that this princess, with that energy which, in a superior mind, is called forth by extraordinary situations, had risen from her knees, and invoking in her heart the aid of heaven, had mounted on horseback, rid every day through the ranks, and displayed a courage worthy of heroic times. When Buonaparte sent a considerable detachment to march against her, she ordered a general to conduct her to the Château

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\* We had ourselves the pleasure of seeing one of those men, Mr. Huet, (whose courage and honour would ennoble any profession,) on his first re-appearance on the Parisian stage—the character he played was singularly adapted to his situation—it was Blondel, the affectionate and faithful servant of the exiled Richard: we felt, and the Parisians, to do them justice, seemed to feel how much superior this poor player was to all the traitorous and time-serving dukes and marshals; and we are not ashamed to confess that this coincidence produced a strong effect upon our feelings, and excited a degree of approving pleasure equal (can we say more?) to the indignation which we felt at seeing Massena and Fouché at the king's levee.

de la Trompette. The general hesitated, assuring her that she would be in danger. 'I do not ask you, sir,' said she, 'if there would be danger, I only order you to conduct me.' She rode up to a circle of officers on the esplanade, whom she harangued, exhorting them to fidelity and the renewal of their oaths of allegiance in presence of the enemy. Observing their coldness, and hesitation, she exclaimed, "I see your fears, you are cowards; I absolve you from your oaths already taken!" and turning her horse, she left them, and immediately embarked on board an English frigate. The inhabitants of Bordeaux followed her to the sea shore, with fond enthusiasm, with lamentations, and tears. Every one wished to possess something that had belonged to her, something for "thoughts and remembrances;" something that might be guarded with the same devotion as the votive offering of a saint, or the relic of a martyr. She gave her shawl, her gloves, the feathers of her hat, which were cut into shreds, and distributed among her followers.

'If history has bestowed the tribute of applause on Elizabeth at Tilbury-Fort, and on Maria Theresa at Buda, a splendid page is also reserved for the daughter of Lewis XVI. at Bordeaux.'—*Miss Williams's Narrative*, pp. 97—100.

Buonaparte arrived in Paris! but 'quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore!' The *prestige* was destroyed,—his enchanter's rod, as Miss Williams calls it, was broken, and with it his power; ten months of freedom, of real rational freedom, had opened the eyes and minds of all the better orders of people; and we believe it may be said, to the credit of the good people of France, and of Paris in particular, that except the military and Buonaparte's new peers and placemen, not one person in the rank of a gentleman, not even one honest shopkeeper, was pleased at his restoration. There was, as usual, a shouting mob—but not even this without pay—and dutiful addresses from the courts, corporations, and boards,—but not these without threats—and Buonaparte is known to have expressed great dissatisfaction at the mean dress and manners of the *canaille* which assembled under the windows of the Tuileries to greet him.—(*Miss Williams's Narrative*, p. 92.)

It ought to be stated, in defence of the consistency of the Parisians, that when on the terrace of the garden, where a crowd was shouting *Vive le Roi!* a foreigner observed to a French gentleman that the *same* crowd had three weeks before shouted *Vive l'Empereur!* the Frenchman very rationally replied—'as great a crowd, perhaps, but not the *same*—our city is large enough to afford two parties, distinct in their habits and politics, who huzza successively their favourite sovereigns, but perhaps not the vilest of either party would join in applauding his opponent.' He added and appealed to other by-standers whether it was possible that the shabby mob that had huzzaed Buonaparte could have any thing in common with the well-dressed and respectable assemblage of people that were at the moment

ment expressing their pleasure at the sight of their king. Miss Williams, an eye-witness of all that passed, explicitly declares that throughout the whole of this second reign, the better orders of Parisian society were true to their oaths and their allegiance to Louis; and she confirms the opinion which every observer of those events had formed, 'that, with the exception of a few ladies of Buonaparte's court, which might be more properly called his camp, and a few of the lowest class, the women of France were unanimously royalists.'—(p. 65.)

Even the formidable talons of the newly arrived eagle, 'the terrors of his beak, and lightnings of his eye,' could not repress this loyal spirit. Blue, as the colour of constancy, was opposed, in the ladies' dresses, to the now ensanguined violet of the usurper; and songs, ambiguously worded, or set to royalist airs, passed from lip to lip, and from hand to hand, and, like the Freemasons' sign, were typical of a secret understanding:—the imperial-jacobin ministry knew not how to repress this musical treason; and found that what Champfort had said of the old government of France, was true of theirs, that it was '*une monarchie absolue tempérée par des chansons.*'

It is proved, from the most incontestible evidence, that of Buonaparte's confidential officers, (in the correspondence found in the porte-feuille after the battle of Waterloo, though containing the letters of two or three days only,) that in the south, in the west, and in the north of France, the affection of the great majority of the people toward their legitimate sovereign was unshaken.

Colonel Planat writes from the department of the Tarn and Garonne,—

'That General Barré, who commands the district, though full of zeal and the best intentions, is intimidated by the menaces and insolence of the Royalist party, which predominates at Montauban.'—p. 8.

Again—

'The disposition of this department is of the worst kind—the words *country, glory, independence, national cause*, are not only without effect; but objects of derision; there is nothing to be done here but by an armed force, and no means can be obtained in this department.'—p. 9.

The prefect of police in Paris represents—

'That the public mind in the south is very bad, and that the news of the insurrection in the west makes the Royalists bolder.'—p. 35.

'At Limoges the white flag was hoisted on the 12th June, over the college—at Rennes assemblages in all the communes gave apprehension of a revolt.'

M. de Lannoy represents—

'That the public mind of the department of Ardèche is worked upon by the priests and nobles; every effort is used to rekindle civil war—the public mind of the department of Vaucluse is generally bad—royalist and

and popish—the enemies of the government are by far the most numerous, and its friends are few.’—p. 42.

M. Chiappe relates—

‘That the inhabitants of Abbéville and the department of the Somme are very ill-disposed; the inhabitants of the towns may be kept in order, but in the villages they will be easily excited to revolt. At Aire the public feeling is bad. At Dunkirk the public feeling is bad. It would be a good measure to compel all the country seigneurs to inhabit their town-houses—the peasants, having no person to excite them, would be *then* tranquil and obedient.’—pp. 57—72.

It is unnecessary to say any thing of the reports concerning Bourdeaux, Marseilles, Thoulouse—their devotion to the royal cause is well known; and it is that very devotion which has exposed them to the calumnies of the Buonapartists in England and France—we should never have heard the charges of religious persecution and bigotry against the people of the south, if their politics had not been royal—*hinc illæ lachrymæ*. Indeed, except in some of the eastern departments, we do not find one single report of a disposition of the people favourable to Buonaparte, and we therefore must conclude that the charge of disloyalty and inconstancy so commonly made against the French nation is greatly exaggerated and much too general.

But while all that was estimable in France either openly opposed, or secretly lamented Buonaparte’s success, the whole of the jacobin and revolutionary parties threw themselves into his arms, and held him in so close an embrace, that he was no longer master of his own movements. Then the *ideologues* (a name he gave to the revolutionary theorists, and which he sometimes used to others, as the *most opprobrious term of abuse*) became less his ministers than his masters; and the council-chamber was often disturbed by the ‘*rixes*,’ and almost personal violences which occurred between the jacobin emperor and the *ideologue* cabinet.—(Nar. 108). Then were exhibited a mixture of despotism and democracy; an alliance between Buonaparte and the populace—a junction of the Place Maubert and the Louvre: then the means that had overturned the royal throne were called in to the aid of the imperial. *Fédérés*—without *bonnets-rouges*, but still *sans-culottes*—again poured forth from the Fauxbourgs to the Caroussel; where the humbled despot gave them fair words, a thousand thanks, feasts, toasts, fireworks—every thing, in short, but what they most wanted—clothes and arms.

These disorderly bands, though possessing no actual strength, had *great capabilities* of mischief, and the royalists hardly looked at them with more dread than did Buonaparte himself; who with the weakness which characterized all the measures of his second reign,

reign, at once feared and encouraged them. As long as there should be any hope of maintaining his power in a regular form, he well knew that he could not venture to arm these assassins; but he saw in them a corps de réserve which, in the event of desperate remedies becoming necessary, might be employed in their old work of terror and massacre. It is however plain, that he never could have wielded them to *his* exclusive purposes—they were a kind of jacobin army, to which the jacobin ministers looked for support against the usurper and the regular troops, and were probably, in the minds of Carnot and Fouché, destined to be again the founders of the *republic*.

The partizans of the usurper had long arrogated to themselves the character of being the only enlightened and liberal part of the nation; the adherents of the king's government were described by the opprobrious title of Knights of the Extinguisher; yet never surely were such impudent contempt of all truth and principle, such silly puppet-shows, and such 'ombres chinoises' of mystified nonsense exhibited in the world as during the short reign of those *libéraux* and philosophers:—they began by giving out that it was the British who had sent Napoleon from Elba to recover France—next that Austria was also his accomplice—next that he had obtained a truce for twenty years with the allies—next that Maria Louisa and her son were on the road to Paris—at last their departure from Vienna was officially announced; and the 4th April was publicly fixed by a notice from the government as the day of their entry into Paris.

The object of these and a thousand similar lies was to put the royalists in a state of doubt and inaction; and though they were soon detected, the liberal and enlightened government was not ashamed to spread such falsehoods, and the people was not so well informed as entirely to disbelieve them.

Then came the pantomime of the Champ de Mai. Lucien Buonaparte had written a poem entitled Charlemagne, which we believe no man alive ever read through; even those who translated it, never, we are persuaded, looked beyond their own shares of this stupifying task. In the first volume, (for there are two,) is a *florid* and *heavy* description (*gilt-lead*, like the statues of Victory on the arch in the Carrousel) of an assembly held by Charlemagne of the estates of France in the Champ de Mars, which was *therefore* called the Champ de Mai. The dreams of the poet now supplied the contemplations of the statesman; and Lucien thought to achieve at once his own and his brother's glory by procuring the latter to act the part of Charlemagne in a melo-drame founded on his poem, which, as nobody would *read*, he was resolved that France should *see*, and above all, should *pay for*.

The 'august' ceremony however miserably failed; '*du sublime jusqu'au*



*jusqu'au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas:* all the efforts of the united government—imperialists, republicans, and anarchists—could not even fill the benches. We have before us at this moment a ticket which an English traveller got for seeing this ceremony, which is signed by the minister of the interior, and certifies the bearer to be 'a deputy from the department of the Pas de Calais to the Champ de Mai;' and this ticket, so barefaced was the trick, was given to him in his own English name. All Paris rang with songs, epigrams, anagrams, and calembourgs against this *pièce tombée*; and even an Englishman, who looks at such wicked fooleries more seriously, may smile at recollecting that the Champ de *Mai* was held on the first of *June* in the Champ de *Mars*; and that the address to the emperor, from the assembled wisdom, virtue, and honour of the French nation, was spoken by a deputy elected to this office for no other reason than that he had the *loudest voice of any man in France*, and could make himself heard from the Ecole Militaire to the Pont de Jena! Stentor, in the *Iliad*, was not called to the council of princes: but this is only another proof that no two epic poets can be more dissimilar than Homer and Prince Lucien.

Meanwhile, amidst all the promises of peace, France saw the whole of Europe in motion against her. Nothing can prove the baseness of Buonaparte's political insincerity, and the confidence which the French soldiery placed in it, more than the following consideration: no event perhaps had so much contributed to the king's unpopularity as the cession of Belgium, (which, however, in fact, was not *ceded* by him, but *lost* by Buonaparte,) and its recovery was the first hope and promise of all those who concurred in the recal of Buonaparte; yet he never ceased to profess the maintenance of that very peace by which Belgium was lost; and, having violated all the treaties which *he himself* had ever made, from Campo Formio down to Fontainebleau, he asked Europe to believe that he would keep a treaty to which he was no party, and for the purpose of overturning which, he had broken his former engagements. But if France knew how little these professions were to be trusted, so did Europe.

It was evident, that, notwithstanding the immense efforts which Buonaparte was making, the allies would be, when united, too strong for him. He therefore wisely resolved to endeavour to strike some blow before the whole force of his antagonists could be brought into one combined operation; with the same breath therefore which had spoken these hopes of peace, he ordered post-horses, and left Paris on the night of the 11th June, having taken all a despot's jealous precautions for concealing, as long as possible, his movements; for though he expressed great joy at the prospect of meeting the Duke of Wellington—"Je vais me frotter," said

said he, 'contre Wellington'—he took all imaginable precaution to conceal from Wellington that he was coming. In the course of that evening he employed himself in writing orders to his ministers, copies of which were taken in the portefeuille, and one or two of which we will extract.

'To Count LAVALETTE, Postmaster-General.

'Monsieur Count Lavalette, as I have said in my speech to-day, that I shall set out to-night, I desire you will take care that no post-horses are furnished on the road I shall take; and that *great circumspection* is used towards those for whom post-horses are furnished on the neighbouring roads; and that no courier or estafette is sent forward.'

'To the MINISTER of MARINE.

June 11.

'I suppose you have interrupted all communication by sea, and that no person or packet-boat is permitted to pass any more, under any pretext whatsoever.'

'To the MINISTER at WAR.

June 11.

'Send for Marshal Massena; if he wishes to repair to Metz, he shall be governor of it, and shall have the superior command of the third and fourth divisions.'

'To the SAME.

June 11.

'Let Ney be called. If he wishes to be at the first battle, he must repair on the 13th to Avesnes, where my head-quarters will be.'

Our readers will perhaps like to see a literal copy of the original of a note from Buonaparte to the minister of war; it does no great credit to the orthography and grammar of this patron of arts, sciences, and literature.

'Jepasserai lasambre demain 15. si les prussien nevacuent pas nous aurons une bataille. Suchet doit senparé demontmellian et sy fortifie. recomadez quil y ait 10000 fusits alyon pour arme lesgarde nassionale et que les pieces soyen en batterie fait mette les 300 piece delamarine aubutte AParis. qu'ils y soyen avent le 25 dumois enfin fait marche les compagne decanonier des (\*) . . . fait les aller endiligence avincenne le jeudy. Neprodiguez pas le fusits aux federe nous enavonsgrand besoin partout, etc. etc. etc.'

The events which took place between the 11th and 21st June, when Napoleon returned to Paris, are given at length in our last Number. We shall here confine ourselves to what is personal to Buouaparte.

On his return to his capital, where he had hastened for the purpose of taking measures to recruit his army, he found, to his astonishment, that he was no longer master. He sent for Fouché and

\* Words illegible.

gave him audience in his bath—the conversation was short, but expressive. ‘I want 200,000 men,’ says Napoleon. ‘You cannot have them,’ rejoined the minister. That expression shewed him that the terror of his power, and consequently the power itself, had vanished. The account of the battle of Waterloo in the *Moniteur* (which had almost exaggerated the loss, in order, it is supposed, to stimulate the public to greater exertions) dissolved in an instant the allegiance of the two chambers; in that of the Peers, the minister of war endeavoured to retrieve the error of having told too much truth in his bulletin, and brought down a mitigated and consolatory report, by which it appeared the army, far from being destroyed, was rallying under Soult; that the Imperial Guard was alive and merry, and in good quarters, at Soissons; and that Grouchy, with a victorious army, and a perfect equipment, was about to act on the flank of the invaders. This called up his late Serene Highness Michael Ney, Duke of Elchingen, and Prince de la Moskowa, marshal and peer of France, who gave the lie direct to the minister of war, affirming, ‘that at that crisis of the country, *truth* was above all things necessary; and that of this so necessary article the minister’s account did not contain one word; that the troops could not be rallied; that Grouchy had no army capable of attempting any thing against the allies; and that as to the Guard, he could best tell what had become of it—he had commanded it, and had seen it perish under his own eyes. In short,’ he said, ‘there was nothing left but to implore the mercy of the conquerors.’

In the Chamber of Deputies all the old jacobins immediately took heart; and though it was little more than a week since they had *sworn* allegiance to Napoleon, they, one and all, shewed a disposition to depose this sovereign of their choice, this idol of the oaths and incense of the last week’s festival; and a deputation, with very vague instructions, was appointed to wait on the Emperor. He, meanwhile, in his solitary *Elysée*, laboured under all the horrors of undigested defeat, and was distracted between the recollection of what he had suffered and the terror of what he saw he was further to suffer. For two days and nights, meetings and committees succeeded each other in the palace, without producing any result. The Emperor’s anxiety seemed to increase. Much business appeared to be doing, and yet nothing was done. The time was, however, pressing. The Chambers had assembled, and from the violence of the discussions, it was plain that the parties were on the point of coming to blows; the necessity of an *abdication* was already spoken of with much freedom.

A carriage suddenly stopped at the palace. It was Prince Lucien’s. Napoleon turned pale on seeing him. He went down, however, and met his brother in the garden. The Prince drew the  
Emperor

Emperor aside into the closest walk. M. St. Didier (the emperor's private secretary, who relates these scenes) followed at a distance, by turnings which he knew, and arrived behind a thicket of verdure, which concealed him from them. It is probable he heard only the latter part of their conversation.

'Lucien.—Where is your firmness now? Abandon this irresolution. You know the consequence of not having the courage to dare.

Napoleon.—I have dared too much.

Lucien.—Yes; too much and too little. Dare once again. You deliberate when you should act. Others are acting and not deliberating. They will pronounce your forfeiture.

Napoleon.—Forfeiture! Let us see Davoust.'

They returned into the palace, and the Prince of Eckmühl was sent for. It is not certain what was the extent of the violence against the Chambers which the brothers proposed to him, nor what he replied; but it appeared that he would attempt nothing against the independence of the national representation; and that the only hope that remained for Napoleon, namely, the dissolution of the assemblies, which had declared themselves permanent, could not be effected.

Lucien, much agitated, soon drove off. M. St. Didier heard him say to his secretary, 'What can I do? The smoke of *Waterloo* has turned his head.'

The emperor shut himself up in a retired cabinet, and did not appear for an hour. He had asked for a jelly and coffee, and a valet-de-chambre sent it to him by a boy, who, during his service in the palace, had been particularly noticed by Napoleon, and of whom he seemed very fond. The boy looked seriously at the emperor, who was sitting motionless, with his hands over his eyes—'Eat some,' said the boy; 'it will do you good.' The emperor asked—'Are you not from \*Gonesse?' 'No, sire, I come from \*Pierre-Fite.' 'And your parents have a cottage and some acres there?' 'Yes, sire.' 'That is a happy life!' His head, which he had for a moment raised, then sank again upon his hands.

Napoleon soon after returned to his great cabinet, where M. St. Didier was opening a dispatch. 'Is there any thing new there?' said the emperor. 'It contained a letter addressed to himself.' Buonaparte read what follows:—

'The chastisement of a hero consists in his fall. Your's is resolved on; and in order that history may consider it as legal as your contemporaries will believe it just, the public authority is about to pronounce it. Your accomplices will not then have it in their power to describe it as the work of the bayonets of Kalmucks. You may, however, pre-

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\* Two little villages in the north of Paris.

vent this. Take to yourself the honour of descending from a throne from which you may be dragged—*Abdicate!*

‘*Abdicate!*’ he exclaimed, biting his lips, and crushing the letter in his hand. ‘What think you of it?’ said he, to two of the ministers, the Duke of Bassano, and Regnault (of St. Jean d’Angely) who had just entered—the former was silent. ‘I understand you,’ said Napoleon, with affected gaiety, ‘you agree with the anonymous writer.’ ‘Well, Count Regnault, what is *your* opinion?’ Regnault replied, ‘that with men and money he might still repel the attacks of his assailants; but, without them, he had nothing to do but yield?’—‘I am able still to resist,’ cried Buonaparte, with some degree of spirit. ‘But,’ returned Regnault, ‘public opinion is with the Chambers, and it is the opinion of the Chambers that a sacrifice is required.’

Here General Solignac, member of the Chamber of Deputies, was announced. ‘Solignac!’ exclaimed the emperor, ‘he has not spoken to me these five years; what can he want?’—The ministers withdrew, and Solignac was immediately admitted. No third person was present at this conversation, but the general himself repeated that he had stated to Napoleon the certainty of his approaching deposition, and exhorted him to anticipate this disgrace by a voluntary abdication, and that Buonaparte had consented.

No part of this wonderful story is more surprizing than the alteration that now appeared in Napoleon’s character. No longer proud, daring, self-confident, and obstinate, he asked advice from every body, followed every advice for a few minutes, again relapsed into some schemes of his own, then subsided into a state of absolute perplexity, and was finally taken breathless and passive, like a beast of prey hunted down.

The expedients of Lucien, however, were not yet exhausted, and he proposed a very ingenious plan, which, but for the Duke of Wellington’s rapid advance, might have given a great deal of trouble—we mean the *conditional* abdication in favour of the young Napoleon.

This project, the regicides and republicans of these worthy and consistent Chambers, after considerable discussion, adopted; and Napoleon II. was proclaimed Emperor of the French. Meanwhile the reins of government were seized upon by Fouché and Carnot, both republican regicides, who associated with themselves, in the sovereign power, Caulaincourt, under whose orders the Duke D’Enghien was seized, General Grenier, and Quinette, a man who had no other distinction than that of being also a regicide. This directory of five, during its short reign, imitated all former directories—honour, virtue, sentiment, liberty in their mouth,—baseness, vice, cruelty

cruelty and despotism in their actions. One of their first cares was the disposal of Napoleon the *great* and the *first*, now the prisoner of men acting in the name of Napoleon the *little* and the *second*. They placed *near* (i. e. *over*) him General Becker, a member of the Chamber of Deputies. This gentleman's duties and powers were of a very mysterious nature; he was to accompany Buonaparte every where, yet he had no public character of any kind; he was to guide his movements, yet he had no personal acquaintance with, or influence over him; and he was to guard his person without having any force assigned to him for that purpose.

There can be but little doubt that Fouché was now playing, if not the king's game, at least against Buonaparte; and General Becker's orders were to see the ex-emperor soon and safely embarked, in a small squadron, which the provisional government had assigned for his conveyance to America. However General Becker contrived it, or whatever were his secret means of persuasion, he performed his mission with great success, and after several plans and much hesitation on the part of Napoleon, drove him to the determination of surrendering to the British squadron in Aix roads.

General Becker's accounts of his mission, as he gave them in the ministerial circles of Paris, afforded no clue to discover by what *invisible thread* he had led this terrible creature so quietly to an ignominious end; but it was surmized that the *personal fears* of the ex-emperor (which we have already seen are more than becomingly strong) were operated upon. What the general told was, that he had never passed a period of more anxiety, and that there was no success more difficult than that which he had attained.

He said that Napoleon had treated him, from the first moment, not merely with civility but even with familiarity. On the day before the journey began, while walking together in the garden of Malmaison, the general made some observation concerning Maria Louisa and the conduct of the court of Austria towards him. Napoleon laughed, gave him a little playful slap on the cheek, and said—'Allez, mon ami, tu ne connais pas ces gens-là!'

Before Buonaparte's departure he sent for one of his early friends—he wished to take leave of him. Buonaparte said, 'I would not go without seeing you; we shall never meet again.' The other, unable to speak, burst into tears. Buonaparte put his hands on his friend's shoulders with an air of affection, and said—'Mon cher, ne vous attendrissez pas; dans les grandes crises comme celle-ci, c'est le courage et non pas la sensibilité qu'il nous faut.' In a long conversation which ensued, this person represents Buonaparte as calm, somewhat melancholy, but not 'abattu.' Buonaparte allowed that he had committed, in the late transactions, two great faults—the first was, that he had left the army; the other was the

the getting into a discussion with the Chambers, and, above all, with a deputation of the Chambers—the large body might have been divided or dissolved; but the committee was armed with more power than the whole, was not liable to disunion, and not subject to be put off and delayed. Accordingly, said he, when I spoke to them of the wants of the country, *men, cannon, and money*, they answered me with the *rights of man* and the *social contract*, and all was lost!

On the road to Rochefort, where he was to embark, and while he remained there, Buonaparte received several deputations from the army, urging him to put himself at their head, and swearing to die in his cause. ‘You see,’ said he to Becker, ‘that the provisional government mistakes the wishes of the people with regard to me.’ On these occasions he would sometimes wake up, as it were, into life and spirit, and express a resolution to return to the army and conquer or die at its head; but these gleams of courage were very short. Indeed, those who approached him, described him as much *usé*, both in mind and body,—weak, undecided and pusillanimous, very attentive to his own little comforts, fond of the table, and though, in general, somewhat lethargic and inclined to *apoplectic seizure*, exceedingly alive to all that concerned his personal safety.

At Rochefort, where he arrived on the 1st July, finding the British squadron on the alert, he bought a small vessel of the country, with the intention of escaping to sea in her, and making the best of his way to America: on his announcing this resolution, Madame Bertrand, in all the agonies of tears, entreaties, and hysterics, to which violent-tempered ladies are subject, implored him to forego this difficult and dangerous plan; and Buonaparte acquiesced, glad, as it is said, of an excuse to abandon an enterprize by no means suited to his present taste.

At last, pressed upon by General Becker and his own fears,—he endeavoured, on the 10th and the subsequent days, to negotiate a capitulation with the senior officer of the British squadron that blockaded him: this totally failed; the officer refused to enter into any engagement whatsoever; but offered to receive him on board and reserve him for the ulterior disposal of his government. To those terms (‘if terms they may be called, which terms were none’) Napoleon acceded, and on the morning of the 15th July embarked with his suite on board His Britannic Majesty’s ship *Bellerophon*, of 74 guns; saying, on his entering the ship, to the captain, ‘Sir, I come to claim the protection of your prince and your laws.’

Here we must observe on the characteristic perseverance of this man in falsehood, and on the spirit of quibble and subterfuge, which is the only tribute he pays to truth. We have seen him driven from France, and attempting first an *escape* and afterwards  
a capi-

a capitulation, and, failing in both, forced to an unconditional surrender; yet, with those facts present to his own mind and obvious to all about him, he was not ashamed to describe himself as a voluntary exile, and with a swaggering air endeavour to bully us into what he called hospitality.

The letter which he wrote to the Prince Regent on the occasion, though so generally known, deserves to be quoted, as the most singular condensation of falsehood, meanness, and bad taste, that we have ever seen.

‘Altesse Royale,

Rochefort, 13 Juillet, 1815.

‘En butte aux factions qui divisent mon pays, et à l’inimitié des plus grandes puissances de l’Europe, j’ai terminé ma carrière politique; et je viens, comme Thémistocle, m’asseoir sur les foyers du peuple Britannique. Je me mets sous la protection de ses lois; que je réclame de V. A. R. comme le plus puissant, le plus constant, et le plus généreux de mes ennemis.

NAPOLEON.\*

Here, the *lie* is, the assumption that his proceedings were quite voluntary, and the sacrifice he made, spontaneous. The *bad taste*—the absurd and laughable introduction of ‘Thémistocle sur les foyers Britanniques.’ The meanness—the beggarly adulation of the Prince Regent and of England!

This trash his Royal Highness, of course, never condescended to notice: just of the same stamp, but more impudent in its disregard for truth, is the protest which he made against being sent to St. Helena. We shall also lay before our readers a copy of this precious composition, with a few marginal notes.

‘A bord du Bellerophon en mer,  
le 4 Aout, 1815.

‘Je proteste solennellement ici  
à la face du <sup>1</sup>Ciel  
et des <sup>2</sup>hommes,

contre la violation de mes <sup>3</sup>droits  
les plus sacrés, en disposant, par la  
force, de ma personne et de ma li-  
berté.

Je suis venu <sup>4</sup>librement à bord du  
Bellerophon:

\* Of heaven, which he had de-  
nied and insulted.

<sup>2</sup> Of man; every oath and every  
treaty with whom he had, with im-  
partial perfidy, broken.

<sup>3</sup> The rights of one who was in  
England a public enemy, in France  
a rebel, and to all Europe a pro-  
scribed and proclaimed traitor.

<sup>4</sup> Freely, with Louis XVIII.  
in Paris, General Becker at his  
elbow, and the proclamation of  
Vienna, of the 21st of March, in

\* Your Royal Highness,

Rochefort, July 13th, 1815.

Exposed to factions which divide my country, and to the enmity of the greatest powers of Europe, I have terminated my political career; and I come, like Themistocles, to seat myself on the hearths of the British people. I place myself under the protection of their laws; which [protection] I demand of your Royal Highness, as the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of my enemies.

NAPOLEON.



Je ne suis prisonnier, je suis <sup>1</sup>*l'hôte* de l'Angleterre.

<sup>4</sup> Je suis venu à <sup>6</sup>*l'instigation* du capitaine, qui a dit avoir des ordres du Gouvernement de me recevoir, et de me conduire en Angleterre avec ma suite, si cela m'étoit agréable.

<sup>7</sup> Je me suis présenté de <sup>7</sup>*bonne foi* pour venir me mettre sous la protection des lois d'Angleterre.

<sup>8</sup> Aussitôt assis à bord du Bellerophon, je fus sur le foyer du peuple Britannique. Si le Gouvernement, en donnant des ordres au Capitaine du Bellerophon de me <sup>8</sup>*recevoir* ainsi que ma suite, n'a voulu que tendre une <sup>9</sup>*embuche*, il a forfait à l'honneur et flétri son pavillon.

<sup>10</sup> Si cet acte se consommait, ce seroit en vain que les Anglais voudroient parler à l'Europe de leur loyauté, de leurs lois, de leur liberté. La foi Britannique se trouvera perdue dans l'hospitalité du Bellerophon.

<sup>11</sup> J'en appelle à l'histoire—elle dira qu'un ennemi qui fit vingt ans la guerre au peuple Anglais, vint librement dans son infortune chercher un asile sous ses lois; quelle plus éclatante preuve pouvoit-il donner de son estime et de

full force, and 500,000 of the allies to execute it.

<sup>5</sup> Such a *guest* as a thief would be, who, finding himself surrounded, should surrender to escape being shot.

<sup>6</sup> The *instigation* was that of fear, and General Becker. The British Captain refused him all terms or engagements, and only *accepted* his surrender, to hold him at the disposal of the British Government.

<sup>7</sup> *Good faith!* He knew that M. Otto had been sent to demand passports for him, and had been refused. He knew that the British squadron was blockading him, that the British Captain had refused him any conditions whatsoever, and that the French Government were preparing very effectual measures to purge its territory of him, yet he ventures to assert, *de bonne foi*, that he was coming to pay a *voluntary* visit to England!

<sup>8</sup> The Captain's orders were to *seize* him.

<sup>9</sup> There was no *snare*, for the Captain warned him, before he came, that he must come *unconditionally*.

<sup>10</sup> The act is *consummated*; and the only feeling in Europe is, that England has acted with blameable indulgence to this public enemy of mankind.

<sup>11</sup> A modest appeal.—If he meant to come *freely*, and to give England a proof of his confidence and his esteem, why did he not come by the way of Calais? Why did he stipulate with the Jacobins for a squadron to convey him to America?

sa confiance? Mais comment re-  
pondoit-on en Angleterre à tant  
de magnanimité?

America? Why did he skulk with the greatest secrecy to a distant sea-port, where he arrived on the 1st, and lay perdu till the 10th? Why did he and his suite embark on that day aboard the Saal and Meduse French frigates? Why, as the wind was fair, did he not sail for England? Why, when he found that the moonlight would prevent his escape in these frigates, did he buy one or two fishing-vessels, in which he hoped to escape the vigilance of the English? Why had he bargained, so late as the 12th, with the master of a Danish trader for a passage to America? And why was it not till the 15th July, *after he heard of the dissolution of the Chambers and the King's entrance into Paris*, that he gave the English this great proof of his confidence and esteem? What reply will his magnanimity make to these questions?

'On feignoit de tendre une main hospitalière à cet ennemi, et quand il se fut livré de bonne foi, on l'*immola*.<sup>12</sup>

'NAPOLÉON.'—*Extract*, &c. p. 68.

<sup>12</sup> He should indeed have been *immolated*!—not by grape-shot, as he immolated the Parisians; nor by poison, as he immolated the sick at Jaffa; nor by secret torture, as he immolated Pichegru and Wright; nor by torch-light, as he immolated the Duke d'Enghien; but in open day, on the Place du Carrousel, under his own triumphal arch, and by the operation of the *fraternal* guillotine; which would have *thus* terminated the revolution; and they should have been buried—children and champions of jacobinism—in the same grave.

To what we have said on this point we need only add the following extract from the official letter of the Captain of the Bellephophon.

'That no misunderstanding might arise, *I have explicitly and clearly explained* to the Count Las Cases, that *I have no authority whatever for granting terms of any sort*; but that all I can do is to convey him and his suite to England, to be received in such manner as his Royal Highness may deem expedient.'—*Extract*, &c. p. 61.

When embarked on board the *Bellerophon*, he resumed, with great diligence, a character which he had before attempted at Elba, namely that of an *Anglomane*—like Joachim Murat, he fancied that the government and people of England were to be deceived by his empty compliments to a few individuals, and by his shallow and blundering flattery of the English fashions, manners, and laws; of which, Napoleon, Joachim, and Joachim's blue velvet boots had about an equal knowledge. This part he seems to have acted for some time with great success on board the *Bellerophon*. Lieutenant Bowerbank's narrative implies that he made at first a very favourable impression on all who approached him; and it seems also that his affected affability was more than repaid by the condescensions which he received in return.

'Marshal Bertrand,' says the Lieutenant, 'waited upon the First Lieutenant and Captain of Marines with *Napoleon's compliments*, requesting their company at dinner.' (p. 16.)—'At dinner he took his seat in the middle of the table, with the Captain on his right hand. The whole dinner was dressed in the French style, and served in silver. Nothing was carved at table, the servants removing each dish for the purpose.'—p. 19.

And this, let it be observed, was at the English Captain's own table, the expense of which we presume was defrayed by the British public. We are also very sorry to learn from the Lieutenant's narrative, (p. 20,) that young English gentlemen (midshipmen, we suppose, of the *Bellerophon*) were permitted, at Buonaparte's request, to perform a play *before him*.

'True to his old system of appearing to inquire into and understand every thing—

'He had scarcely been five minutes on board before he sent his compliments, and requested that the officers of the ship might be introduced to him. This was done by Captain Maitland. He bowed severally to each, and smiling, inquired how each of them ranked. When they were about to leave the cabin, he said to them in French, "*Well, Gentlemen, you have the honour of belonging to the bravest and most fortunate nation in the world.*" Having arranged his dress, he shortly afterwards came upon deck. He asked several questions of the officers, took particular notice of the sights on the guns, begged the boatswain might be sent to him, of whom he made many inquiries respecting the ship and his length of service. This honest fellow, surprized at the unexpectedness of the message, and his sudden introduction to one of whom he had heard so much, to our very great amusement was determined to have the first word; and, therefore, with cap in hand, a scrape of the foot, and a head almost bowed to the ground, in true sailor-like style saluted him with "*I hope your honour's well.*" Shortly afterward, visiting the other decks, Napoleon's inquiries were renewed, particularly respecting the marines.'—p. 12—14.

'At two P. M. the *Bellerophon* (accompanied by the *Myrmidon* corvette,

vette, which ship had part of his suite on board) weighed and made sail for England. Whilst this was doing Buonaparte remained on deck, taking particular notice of the manner of making sail and tacking ship. He observed that the latter manœuvre was differently performed in French ships. He spoke much concerning the battles of the Nile and Trafalgar, frequently mentioning the name of Lord Nelson with approbation. About seven he again went on deck, asking several questions of the officers relative to the different braces, haulyards, topsails, &c.'—p. 16.

Occasionally, and particularly during the first days, he shewed some degree of cheerfulness, but these were only *fits* of good spirits and activity; he frequently sunk into abstraction and melancholy; and after a little experience, even Lieutenant Bowerbank began to suspect that he was, in the moments of his affability and good humour, merely *acting*. (p. 18—33.) But all his simulation and dissimulation failed him when his destination to St. Helena was announced to him; even the first rumours of it gave him a fit of illness, and 'he avowed to Lord Keith his determination never to suffer himself to be conveyed to St. Helena.' (p. 34.)

'About half past five P.M. (an immense concourse of people being collected round the ship,) Napoleon made his appearance, and, after walking a short time, repaired to the gang-way. For the first time since he had been on board he was not shaved. This surprised us, as we had been accustomed to remark his great and peculiar personal neatness. We could only ascribe the change to his anxiety respecting his fate. He expressed his admiration at the great beauty of the women, viewing them through his glass, and occasionally taking off his hat. Upon his quitting the gang-way (after remaining there about twenty minutes) many of the spectators cheered. Being close to him, I immediately fixed my eyes upon him, and marked the workings of his countenance. I plainly perceived that he was mortified and displeased, and not a little agitated; attributing the shout, and I believe justly, to the exultation which they felt at having him in our possession. After he had retired, we were told he was taken ill. During the night, he sent out to request that no noise might be made over his head.'—p. 37—38.

The next morning, July 31st, Lord Keith, and Sir Henry Bunbury one of the Under-Secretaries of State, went on board the *Bellerophon*, to communicate to Buonaparte the determination of the British government as to his future residence at St. Helena. The newspapers had prepared him for this, and he seems to have, on this occasion, done himself the violence of assuming a moderate and gentlemanlike deportment. On the arrival of Lord Keith and Sir Henry, they were immediately admitted to the after-cabin, where Napoleon was, (Bertrand, Montholon, their wives, &c. being in the outer cabin.) They read to him a paper, announcing the

the intention of the government. It was in English. He stopped them; said he did not understand English, and begged that it might be read to him in French. Sir Henry then read the paper in French. Napoleon heard it with perfect calmness and patience; and when Sir Henry had done, began his reply with great moderation of voice, gesture, and manner, very unlike the ferocity with which, in the insolence of his power, he had insulted Lord Whitworth, and Count Staremberg, in the Tuileries. He protested, much in the style of the instrument we have already quoted, against the whole proceeding;—‘he looked on St. Helena as *death*;—he wished to live in England as a private individual, under any restrictions that might be thought necessary;—he had not been taken, he had surrendered;—*he need not have left France*;—he left it on the faith of our laws;—and it would be a great dishonour to the Regent and the nation, if either by sending him to St. Helena, or by confining him in a fortress in England, we were to violate in his person our own laws and those of nations; but to St. Helena he would *not* go!—he would *die* first!—he would never quit the *Belle-rophon alive*!’ Such topics as these, repeated ten times over, composed a very long harangue, to which Lord Keith could only reply, that he came to communicate the intentions of his government, and not to discuss them. In the course of his oration, (which was delivered with great earnestness, and in some places great animation, but with evident self-controul,) he is said to have insisted ‘he might have taken refuge with the Emperor of Austria, who had given him his daughter;—or with the Emperor of Russia, who was his personal friend—to be sure they had quarrelled latterly, *because* this Emperor wished to add Poland to his dominions, and his (Napoleon’s) popularity among the Poles was his greatest obstacle.’ One would have thought that this impudent account of the cause of his attack upon Russia was more than even Buonaparte could have dared, yet he spoke it with an air of great moderation and affected candour; but on a subsequent occasion, when some one was endeavouring to reconcile him to St. Helena by painting its climate, &c. &c. in favourable colours, and saying that it was better than a fortress in either England, Germany, or Russia, he quite forgot his *personal* friendship with Alexander, and exclaimed with great heat—‘*La Russie! ah Dieu m’en garde.*’

After this communication of his future fate, all his followers, except General Bertrand and a poor Pole of the name of Pronowski, seemed desirous to get rid of the honour of attending him. The government had allowed him to select three gentlemen and twelve domestics, as his companions, but he declared he never would make the selection; and we are inclined to think that when he

he did afterwards make his choice, he was chiefly indebted for his companions' compliance to their fear of being given up to the French government.

Madame Bertrand used every effort of entreaty, intrigue, and even violence, to induce her husband to abandon 'l'homme,' as she called him, but Bertrand was fixed; and if this man had not had the baseness to send from Elba an offer of his allegiance to the King, and afterwards to deny it, his fidelity to his old master would have commanded our respect. The Pole candidly confessed that if he did not follow Buonaparte he must starve, as he had neither money, nor profession, nor friends, nor even country.

The following account of a theatrical scene of suicide, played by Madame Bertrand, will shew how far the system of illusion was attempted to be carried by this precious party.

'A few minutes before nine P. M. July 31, whilst I had the watch, Marshal and Madame Bertrand were walking in very earnest conversation on the opposite side of the deck, when, on a sudden, Madame, darting into Napoleon's cabin, threw herself at his feet, where she continued about half a minute; then starting up, rushed below into her own cabin, and had nearly succeeded in precipitating herself out of the quarter-gallery window, when she was prevented by her husband and General Montholon. Next morning Buonaparte inquired of the surgeon after Madame Bertrand's health, and, with a smile, asked if he imagined that she *really* intended to drown herself; and we all begin to suspect that she had no very sincere intention of self-destruction, but flattered herself that the "*scena*" would have sufficient effect in mollifying her husband.'—p. 40.

Though Buonaparte smiled at Madame Bertrand's exhibition, he and his followers kept up their own share of the farce. He stoutly and publicly avowed his determination not to be removed from the Bellerophon alive, and L'Allemand declared that rather than see him forced to do so he would himself become his executioner and blow out his brains. On this fanfaronade Lord Keith is said to have observed, with great sang-froid, that the general might do as he pleased, but if he put his threat into execution he would undoubtedly be *hanged*. For ourselves, (since Buonaparte has not been brought to public justice,) we think this would have been, for Europe, the most meritorious act of L'Allemand's life.

At last the Northumberland approached, and the Bellerophon put to sea on the 4th August to meet her, and to shift her cargo.

'All Napoleon's hopes sank with this movement. He now became very sullen; would not quit his cabin even for meals,—but eat alone, and rarely saw any person throughout the day. He still refused to name his future companions, declaring his resolution never to be removed. We were all now in full expectation of some tragical event. The general conjecture was that he would end himself by poison. It was believed

believed that he had in his possession a large quantity of laudanum. Madame Bertrand even hinted that *ere morning* we should find him a corpse.

'Next day Napoleon still remained shut up within his cabin. Bertrand occasionally waited upon him, imploring him to name his future companions. He constantly refused doing so, declaring that his resolution was formed, and he should abide by it. Madame Bertrand said to me, "*I promise you, you will never get the Emperor to St. Helena; he is a man, and what he says he will perform.*"

'She afterwards, the same evening, declared to one of the ship's officers, that "*she really believed the Emperor had now swallowed poison.*" The curtain, therefore, must soon drop. — pp. 46—48.

The curtain soon dropped, or, as the lieutenant afterwards says, 'the bubble burst,' Buonaparte sneaked away quietly to the Northumberland, and, as Mr. Bowerbank remarks very sensibly, all his previous bravado now served only to cover him with ridicule. Thus this imperial actor, after all his 'strutting and fretting,' did not succeed in deceiving even the inexperience of a British sailor; and the system of tricks and gasconades with which he had so long dazzled and subdued Europe ended by exposing him to universal contempt.

On Monday the 7th August, in Torbay, General Buonaparte, and Messrs. Bertrand, Montholon, Gourgaud, and Las Cases, with Mesdames Bertrand and Montholon, four children, and twelve domestics, were transferred to the Northumberland, which immediately weighed anchor and sailed for her destination. Messrs. Savary, L'Allemand, and some others, a few days after, sailed in the Eurotas frigate to Malta, there to be kept in close confinement, until, as we hope, they are delivered up to the justice of the government they have betrayed, and of the country which (as far as they could) they have disgraced and ruined.

On board the Northumberland, Napoleon took up a new part—for he was there at first, we understand, all civility, and good humour. We give him credit for that species of discrimination and tact which is familiarly called 'knowing your man;' and we have no doubt that the frank, determined, and high-minded character of Sir George Cockburn has had a most beneficial operation on the temper and conduct of his prisoner.

But, except in his relations with Sir George Cockburn, we have heard that his conduct was in the same character of selfishness, brutality, and vanity, which he has always displayed. To his followers he maintained a sullen and ungrateful deportment; even to the ladies, his manners were harsh and ungracious, and he seldom paid them the common attentions of society;—of their children, young creatures exiled without any fault or choice of their own, by their parents' devotion to his fortunes, he manifested almost a dislike, and did not easily suffer their presence. But flattery, even  
from

from these, was not too coarse for the appetite of Napoleon. One day when the weather obliged him to continue at the dinner table, after the children were admitted to the dessert, he shewed by his manner a considerable degree of impatience; but at last one of the boys crept behind his chair, and, with great apparent respect, touched the skirt of his coat, and was withdrawing, apparently proud of having had so great an honour, when Buonaparte, whose vigilant vanity had observed all his movements, suddenly relaxed from his severity, and, calling the child towards him, patted him on the head, and seemed highly delighted with his infantine homage.

On their arrival at St. Helena, it was found that the house fixed upon for his residence was not ready to receive him, and he placed himself in a little summer lodge belonging to the Briars, the seat of a Mr. Balcombe. From this lodge the distance to the Briars is very short; and Buonaparte sometimes invited himself to spend the evening with the family. On those occasions, he would *drop in*, accompanied by Las Cases, quite in the family way, to play a rubber. On the first of these visits, of which we have heard a particular account, Mr. Balcombe was ill with the gout, and lay on the sofa; the Emperor, two young ladies, Mr. Balcombe's daughters, and an occasional guest, made up the party. Las Cases and the other persons present looked on. And here Buonaparte exhibited a series of weaknesses and petulances which appear to us highly characteristic.

When Las Cases put down four gold Napoleons for markers, the youngest of the ladies, who had never seen any of that coin before, took up one and asked what it was. Buonaparte instantly, with more haste than was consistent with politeness, snatched it out of her hand, and exclaimed with a tone half of vexation and half of triumph, 'Ne voyez-vous pas que c'est moi?' pointing to the impression with his finger.

When the cards were opened, the cover was, as usual, thrown away, and was picked up by a little boy, a son of Mr. Balcombe's, about six years old. The print on the case was *the Great Mogul*; and the little fellow, in the pride of his heart, would display it to the Emperor, who, however, was in no humour to relish what he seemed to consider as a joke upon himself; he snatched the paper from the child with a great deal of impatience, tore the *Great Mogul* in pieces, and terrified the young wit to an awful distance.

When the game had gone on a little, it came to Buonaparte's turn to deal. He happened to make some mistake, and as he expressed much impatience at losing the deal, the whole party requested he would try again—he did so, and a second time missed, and 'then,' (said our reporter,) 'if I had not seen it, I could not have conceived that so trifling an accident could have affected any



any human creature so seriously—his whole countenance was lighted up with fury, and he made a violent contortion of his features, and drew his mouth down on one side, like one suffering an inward pang.' He however recovered himself enough to ask to have the house searched for some old cards, and to send Las Cassettes to sit at a table in the corner to play alone with the offending cards till he should make them run smoothly; and at this solitary game of patience, the count obsequiously played the rest of the evening.

Buonaparte asked the youngest of the ladies, whether she had ever been in England; she said, yes, she had been educated there.—Of course then she knew geography?—A little.—What is the capital of Russia?—Mosco was the ancient capital.—Who, (then said he, with a look of gay expectation and pride,) who burned it? The girl, to his utter disappointment, instead of saying—'you,' or 'the Russians, to escape you,' said quietly, she did not know. Buonaparte's countenance fell at once, and he relapsed from a kind of theatrical attitude in which he had waited her reply. Thus he seemed inclined to play over again his old games, with two little girls at a card-table.

In all these trifles (which are only worth noticing because they are now the serious occupations of Buonaparte) our readers will perceive 'the picture in little' of this once master of the world; and in all the details of his life at St. Helena we find traces of exactly the same kind of spirit and temper which, by an unfortunate coincidence of circumstances, have inflicted such miseries on mankind and 'damned' their possessor 'to everlasting fame':—the same restlessness, though he can no longer move; the same activity, though he has nothing to do; the same flow of talk, though he has nothing to say; and the same despotic arrogance, though he has no longer a subject. In short, it is one of the many miracles with which Buonaparte has astonished the moral world, that neither his rise nor his fall seems to have operated in any considerable degree on his feelings or conduct—at all times, and in all conjunctures, he has preserved all the peculiar traits of his individual character. This train of thought leads us to conclude this, we fear, tedious article, with a few observations on the character of Napoleon, either extracted from the works we have quoted, or suggested by the events and facts which we have related.

Napoleon Buonaparte has been a man of great talents and of great success, but history will not call him a great man. His views were boundless, his deeds stupendous, but his feelings were narrow. When guiding the actions of other men he was magnificent, in his own personal conduct he was always mean.

The first passion of his soul was Ambition, and the first quality of

of his mind Audacity; but the former was weakened and the latter controuled by the basest selfishness; and the union of both, can, in him, be hardly called by a better name than Restlessness. The French Revolution was the natural element of such a man; like the Neptune of mythology, educated in its inmost recesses, its fury was his sport, and its obedience his will. At Toulon, where he was not only junior but subordinate, he assumed and maintained a decisive and imperious tone which subdued his superiors. In the first hours of his Italian command, he was as reserved and haughty towards his nearest associates as afterwards in the imperial palace of the Tuileries.

The turn of his mind was *oriental*—the vast prospects of Asia suited his vague and wild propensities. When discharged from the service after the siege of Toulon, he dreamed of expeditions into Persia and Turkey, and these dreams returned to his mind whenever it was not occupied by some newer insanity. ‘There has been nothing to do in Europe these two hundred years past, (said he in 1804 to M. de Pradt,) it is only in the *east* that any thing great is to be done.’

A few days before he set out on the Russian invasion, he said to the deputation just then returned from the pope at Savona, ‘when I have finished what I am now about, and one or two other projects which I have in my mind, I shall settle the Pope’s affairs—there shall be twenty popes—every one shall have his own.’

The impossibility of quiescence has been the main-spring of his fortune and of his fate. Conqueror of Italy and idol of France, he was still unsatisfied. Egypt conquered, he must attempt Syria—but the dull difficulties or sullen successes of the desert wearied him, and he hastened back to France. New wars begun and ended ‘with a flash of lightning’—First Consul—sole Consul—Consul for ten years—for life—Emperor!—King of Italy—Protector of Germany—Mediator of Switzerland—sovereign of Holland, and arbiter of Europe,—he could not rest. Then followed the Spanish paroxysm of his madness, and a new German war, and a Prussian war, and a Polish war, and a Russian war, and Mosco with all its consequences, Elba, Waterloo; and St. Helena. Extreme agitation is the basis of his existence—motion is his repose—he lives in a hurricane, fattens, as he himself said, on anxiety and care, and thrives when the rest of nature dwindles or perishes.

But this sublimity of character was rather physical than moral—it was an infirmity of temper and depravation of taste, rather than a noble passion of a noble soul. His most vast desigus were the mere freaks of restlessness, and had either no object, or an object selfish and unworthy—the *first* burst of his mind was always grand, the *next*, little and vile.

Such

Such he was by nature—education would operate but little on such a mind. He was, say M. de Pradt and an hundred other authorities, *supremely ignorant*. He is said to have been a good mathematician—it never could be discovered from his method of argument. He read often, but little; he galloped through a book, like a child looking for pictures, and except Machiavel and Ossian, he despised all literature. Miss Williams says, (p. 9.) rather absurdly, that *she* loved him because he loved Ossian, and that *he* loved Ossian for his description of battles. This is but a poor explanation: what Napoleon valued in Ossian was, not his wretched skirmishes, but the vague, the dark,—the union of natural and supernatural facts and fancies, in which his own mind delighted. But his instinctive fondness for Machiavel and Ossian is not more curious and characteristic than his deep and *undisguised* hatred of Tacitus. It was singular to hear Napoleon Buonaparte, in the face of the world, justifying Tiberius and censuring his historian.

He was incapable of any application that required repose, and considered as fit only for ordinary men, the usual modes of acquiring knowledge—accordingly, of France, the country with which he was best acquainted, he knew, says M. de Pradt, neither the *men* nor things, and those who travelled with him were astounded at the *sublime ignorance* on ordinary subjects which he ever displayed in the perpetual flow of his volubility. His harangues (they could not be called conversations) were eternal; and with all his *sagacity*, his invention, and his genius, he frequently fell into the dullest commonplaces, ran round and round the most tiresome repetitions, and a good thought or happy expression became a fund of talkativeness for hours and days together.

Of the arts, which he *protruded* rather than protected, he knew nothing, or next to nothing. Of painting, he scarcely concealed his contempt, and could not conceal his ignorance. Of sculpture and architecture he knew as little; and his *taste* in both was miserable; but he loved them because they were splendid, difficult, and lasting: they flattered by the size or duration of their subjects the immensity of his ambition. The Pyramids and the Parthenon would equally gratify his taste, if they were equally old; but he would think the Pyramid a more beautiful object than the Parthenon *by two thousand years*. When M. Denon was once expatiating to him on the merits of a picture, and happened to drop the word *immortal*, ‘How long,’ interrupted Buonaparte, ‘may a picture last?’ ‘About six hundred years!’ ‘Bah!’ cried he, ‘there’s a fine immortality!’ In truth, Buonaparte valued no work of art but as it was *monumental*, and then only when monumental of *himself*. The Apollo at Rome or the Venus at Florence were mere *stones* in his eyes; they became *animated*  
only

only when, at Paris, they told their admirers that Napoleon had brought them thither. He forgot that they also would tell of the bad taste and rapacity which had removed them.

He was, as M. de Pradt truly says, a man of extremes; and of extremes absolutely contradictory; a hero and a coward; and it is doubtful in which he was greater. Conqueror of Austerlitz, Wagram, and Jena,—from Egypt, Smorgonie, Leipsic, and Waterloo, an infamous deserter; he audaciously invaded France with six hundred men, and fled from it in dismay when he might still have commanded an hundred thousand: He had overturned councils, senates, and directories; had curbed and manacled the whole French nation; had overthrown half the kingdoms of Europe; yet he submitted, without an effort, to be ignominiously shackled and exiled by the single hand of General Becker. In action he was a giant, but in suffering, a child: and he who had covered the world with mourning, was never known to shed a tear, till he cried, more for fear than vexation, when his toy sceptre was broken. M. de Boufflers long ago called him ‘*the night-mare of the world*’; but the chevalier could not then have known the whole truth of his own expression, nor have foreseen that the world would, one day, shake it off, and wonder at the terror which so wretched and contemptible a phantom had inspired.

Of what is usually termed *feeling* he had none, but for himself; he never felt either pity or love. His mother, when she wished to praise him, used to say that he had feeling enough to wish that he had more. ‘*Pour le cœur*,’ said she, ‘*Napoléon aurait bien voulu en avoir*.’ but Napoleon himself rejected this half praise, and on more than one occasion honestly confessed ‘*qu’il avait le cœur à la tête*,’ an expression as forcible, characteristic, and satanical, as ever we recollect to have met. One of those sagacious doctors called craniologists—who; when they know a man’s character by his actions, can afterwards discover it by the shape of his head—found in Buonaparte’s the organs of the tiger and the peacock—cruel and climbing; a judgment equally pronounced by the just and witty description that was given of him, as ‘*Robespierre à cheval*.’

His manners, habits, and language, exhibited the same contradictions as his mind—his language was a mixture of oracular sublimity, and low vulgarity; we should blush to repeat the instances we could select of the latter. He was by fits so liberal and so sordid that the Archbishop says, ‘*avarice and munificence each held a string of his purse*.’ His manners and habits vacillated between majesty and meanness. He insulted, with gratuitous ferocity, the tenderest sex, and yet took lessons on deportment from an actor—and he is said to have envied equally Alexander his

his empire, and Talma the applause of the parterre. On that famous night when he endeavoured to rally his fugitive troops at Fontainebleau, and to throw himself into Paris, to continue the struggle for the empire of the world, he lost his time and his health in a filthy amour. And the evening before he left Paris for the last time, when, as Miss Williams says, one would have supposed that his thoughts were occupied with contemplations suited to the solemnity of his situation, he employed himself in procuring and packing up tapes, cambricks, and perfumery, for his transatlantic voyage!

In short, this man—displaying in his alternate extravagancies all that is most noble and most vile in human nature; the greatest majesty of sovereignty, and the boldest decision of command, with the most ignoble subterfuges and the most dastardly pusillanimity; listening through key-holes for evidence on which to dethrone monarchs, and uniting the audacity of Tamerlane with the arts of a waiting woman—exhibits, to use M. de Pradt's lively expression, a species of *Jupiter-Scapin*, which had not before appeared on the stage of the world.

ART. IV. 1. *Hermes Scythicus: or the Radical Affinities of the Greek and Latin Languages to the Gothic: to which is prefixed a Dissertation on the Historical Proofs of the Scythian Origin of the Greeks.* By John Jamieson, D. D. F. R. S. E. and F. S. A. S. Edinburgh. 1814. 8vo. pp. 390.

2. *The Character of Moses established for Veracity as a Historian recording Events subsequent to the Deluge.* By the Reverend Joseph Townsend, M. A. Rector of Pewsey, Wilts. Vol. II. Bath. 1815. 4to. pp. 436.

IN our account of Adelung's *Mithridates*, (vol. X. p. 250,) we attempted to give an abstract of all that is either known with certainty, or supposed with probability, respecting the relations of different languages to one another, and the steps by which the more modern have been derived from the more ancient, and become current in their respective countries. The two works now under our consideration relate immediately to the same general subject, and contain illustrations and confirmations of some of the opinions expressed in the article to which we allude.

It will be recollected that, although we did not positively deny the existence of something like a connexion between all languages without exception, we asserted the total want of evidence of such a connexion with respect to a great number, which are tolerably

lerably well known; and the propriety of making a distinction between such languages as are manifestly related to each other, and such as have not hitherto been shown to have any thing in common, and of dividing them all into classes, according to their respective relations: at the same time we found it necessary to deviate in some degree from this principle of classification, on account of the imperfection of our knowledge of a great number of languages, by substituting geographical or historical descriptions for the distinction of some of the classes, in the absence of more appropriate characteristics. Thus of the five classes, which we denominated Monosyllabic, Indoeuropean, Tataric, African, and American, the first two only are to be considered as constituted according to correct philological principles; we look on it as sufficiently ascertained that these two classes bear no resemblance to each other, in any essential part of any of the languages belonging to them; and that the coincidences of either of them with any of the languages of the Tataric or Atactic division are too few to deserve notice: but it is not to be understood that the languages of the other classes have any common character which entitles them to be ranked together, except that they are spoken by nations inhabiting the same continents, or the islands which have had communication with them.

We placed at the beginning of the third class three families, under the title Sporadic, which are the Tshudish or Finnish, the Hungarian, and the Albanian; next to these stand the Armenian and Georgian, as the first genera of the Caucasian order: and we remarked that the Sporadic families, which are in some measure geographically detached from the rest, stand next to the Indoeuropean class, as exhibiting an occasional resemblance to some of the languages contained in it, though not enough to make it certain that the connexion is essential or original; and that the coincidences of the Armenian with the Sanscrit and Persian are just sufficient to make it doubtful, whether these languages are the offspring of a common parent, or whether one of them may have merely borrowed detached words from the others.

These doctrines are rather exemplified than materially modified by the investigations of Dr. Jamieson and Mr. Townsend. Dr. Jamieson has shown, by very minute and elaborate comparison, the resemblance of the Greek and Latin languages to the older dialects of the Gothic, especially with regard to the particles and the terminations; that is, to such parts of the languages, as must necessarily have been the least subject to any accidental variations. Mr. Townsend has professedly extended his views to all existing languages, which he considers as uniformly bearing evident marks of one common origin: but all the languages which he distinctly examines, with one or two exceptions, are either such as we have ar-

ranged as indisputably belonging to the Indo-European class, or mentioned as having some pretensions to be enumerated among its members. The only exception of importance is the Mongol language, which we have classed as a species of the Turcotartarian, an insulated family, comprehending a considerable number of different dialects: and we must confess that the coincidences, observed by Vallancey, between Strahlenberg's vocabulary of this language and the Irish, are too numerous to be called altogether accidental. We also allow the force of such an example in making it probable that some other similar instances might be found, if the languages imperfectly known, and not hitherto sufficiently examined, were studied with care, by persons well qualified for the comparison, and intent on prosecuting the investigation. But we would not for the present willingly alter our arrangement of these dialects as belonging to the Tataric class: for they seem in fact to have so much less connexion with the Indo-European families, than most of these have with each other, that they scarcely deserve to stand precisely in the same rank with the rest. It must be remembered that, even on the supposition that any two languages are completely unconnected with each other, we have reason to expect at least one perfect coincidence between them; for if we suppose a certain number of radical words, nearly alike, to be attached fortuitously to an equal number of things named, we may find, by calculating upon the doctrine of probabilities, that exactly one word, on an average, may be expected to mean the same thing in both; and that it is just as probable that two words should agree, as that there should be no coincidence at all.

We also followed Professor Adelung in asserting, that the Greek 'can only have been immediately derived from the language of the neighbouring Thracians and Pelasgians, who seem to have come originally from the middle of Asia, through the countries north of the Black Sea, and to have occupied part of Asia Minor, as well as Greece and Thrace.' This opinion is amply discussed, and supported by historical documents, in Dr. Jamieson's preliminary dissertation. We shall proceed to give such an account of these works, as will enable our readers to judge of the manner in which they are executed, and of the degree in which they tend to confirm the doctrines to which they respectively relate; beginning with Mr. Townsend's, as the most comprehensive in its objects.

Mr. Townsend's first volume was published in 1813, under the title of 'The Character of Moses established for Veracity as an Historian, recording Events from the Creation to the Deluge:' it contains a theological, philosophical, and historical examination of the subject proposed, but the greater part of the work is devoted to geological investigations, establishing the credibility of a universal

versal deluge; and it is illustrated by a number of plates, containing delineations of a great variety of fossils, taken principally from original specimens. The second volume is almost entirely philological, being intended to confirm the historical account of the Dispersion of mankind from a single origin, and to explain the manner in which the Confusion of tongues must be supposed to have taken place. Of the method observed in this part of the work we may form some idea, by collecting the heads of the chapters or sections, which is so much the more necessary, as it has been printed without any table of contents, or even a running title; and indeed with respect to elegance and accuracy of typography, and all the mechanical part of an editor's business, it has a most unworkmanlike appearance.

On Languages, p. 1; compound words, 14; abbreviations, 25; transpositions, 29; orthography, 30; general conclusion, 38; investigation of radicals, 39. Of the first inhabitants of Britain, 59; of the English language, 70. On the Welsh language, 153; its affinity with Swedish, Danish, and Icelandic, 162; with Greek, 164; with Hebrew, 166. Of the Irish and Scots dialects, 172; abbreviations in Gaelic, 196; investigation of radicals, 205; affinity with the Welsh, 209; with English, Danish, Swedish, Icelandic, and Gothic, 210; with Russian, 212; with Mungalic or Kalmuc, 214; with Sanscrit, 217; with Greek, 220; with Hebrew, 228. Of the Manks language, 232. On the Gothic languages, 238. Of the Danish language, 253. Of the Swedish language, 261. Of the Icelandic language, 262. Of the Moesogothic, 264; affinity between Danish and Greek, 266; Swedish and Greek, 279; Moesogothic and Greek, 295. The Persian language, 300. On the languages of India, 308. On the Russian language, 331; a vocabulary, English and Russian, 338; Greek and Russian, 345. Slavonian, 351. On the Latin language, 363; on the Aeolic digamma, 369. On the Greek language, 372; affinity between Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, 395; Lapponic and Hebrew, 401. Hebrew, 407. Chaldee, 411. Arabic, 415. Syriac, 417. Ethiopic, 420. Coptic, 422. Turkish, 423. Tower of Babel, and confusion of tongues, 424; dispersion of mankind, 428; call of Abraham, 431; pastoral state, 433; population, 435; deliverance of Israel from Egypt, 435.

The affinities of the Celtic dialects, as well with the Gothic, as with many other families, are exemplified in instances so numerous, as to supersede the possibility of deriving them from any effects of accidental admixture; although Mr. Townsend has neither in this, nor in many other cases, been sufficiently attentive to the distinction of original from derivative and adopted words: thus the Chaldee of the Targum, written long after the subjection of the Jews to the Roman power, is employed (p. 169) in order to show the relation of the Welsh and Latin to the Hebrew; and the English word *crime*, though clearly deduced from the Greek *krino*, is referred



ferred to the Sanscrit *acarm*, the negative of *carttum*, to do. (p. 317.)

Mr. Townsend implicitly adopts General Vallancey's account of the Bearla na Pheine, or supposed old Irish language, as deduced from the Phenician, (p. 176); and we are assured (p. 229) that not less than nine words in ten of this dialect agree with the Hebrew or Chaldee; the instances adduced are extremely unsatisfactory, but further proofs are promised in the Appendix, which has not yet appeared. However truly the Gaelic may be characterized as rich and diversified, we cannot agree with our author in considering this superlative degree of riches as a perfection: to have forty words for a ship, and as many for a house, (p. 193,) is surely a sort of morbid luxuriancy.

The resemblance of the Mongolic language to the Irish is made sufficiently obvious, (p. 214,) among other instances, by the words *Are* and *Ere*, man, Irish *Ar*, *Air*, *Fear*; *Arul*, a spindle, I. *Oirle*; *Alemamodo*, an apple-tree, I. *Amhatmaide*; *Asoc*, to ask, I. *Ascadh*; *Baiehu*, I live long, I. *Baath*, long life; *Bugu*, a buck, I. *Boc*, a he-goat; *Choy*, a ewe, I. *Choi*; and *Choraga*, a lamb, I. *Caorog*; without going any further in the alphabet. Of about sixty coincidences of the Sanscrit with the Gaelic, (p. 218,) it is remarkable that all except three agree equally well with the English; these three are, Gaelic *Aghna*, fire, Sanscrit *Agni*, *Daighthead*, given, S. *Datum*, and *Mios*, moon, S. *Masa*. The agreement of the Gaelic and the Greek extends to a great variety of words, and is often very distinctly marked; thus *Col*, a prohibition, is strikingly like the Greek *Koleuo*; and *Cron*, time, like *Chronos*; and in the dialect of the Isle of Man we have *Mona*, only, Gr. *Monon*; *Lane*, full, Latin *plenus*.

From the Swedish language 670 words are enumerated, (p. 295,) after Peringskiold, as resembling the Greek, but many of the analogies are extremely slight. In the Sanscrit we find, as is well known, traces of almost all other languages: thus we have (p. 317) *Bhru*, *Brow*; *Potu*, *Boat*; *Bad*, *Bath*; *Dhara*, *Terra*; *Nava*, *Novus*; *Nakta*, *Nocte*, *Night*; *Pad*, *Foot*; *Prathama* or *Protoma*, first, whence we may deduce both the Greek *protos*, and the Latin *primus*; and *Upadesaca*, to which our author refers not only *Didasco*, *Doceo*, and *Disco*, but also *Paideuo*, the simple derivative of *Paida*, a child. We have also *Vayajan*, wind, and *Vidhhava*, widow, like the Russian *Vieyanie* and *Vdova*. The NT of the Latin third person plural is found in the Sanscrit *Bhavanti*, they are; *Dadanti*, they give: but Mr. Townsend is more disposed to derive this termination from the *Hwynt*, they, of the Welsh. By an oversight, which will appear singular to classical scholars, he has considered the Greek verb *Eimi* as 'aspirated,' (p. 374);

(p. 374); but the whole analysis of the substantive verbs affords a very favourable specimen of the extent and accuracy of his investigations. He shows that the radical verb is *EI*, and the pronoun *MI*, which he observes is in some cases exchanged for an *N*, and thus points to its origin from the Hebrew *Ani*, or *Anoki*; the latter form of this word affording an etymology for *Ego* as well as for *NI* or *MI*, and for the *Ngo* of the Chinese. Among the Hebrew words extracted from Avenarius, (p. 395,) many exhibit but very slight resemblances to the Latin and Greek terms which are compared with them; a few, however, are very remarkable, as *Acer*, a husbandman, which comes very near to *Ager*; and *Asther*, Greek *Aster*, a star. Rudbeck insists, that of 2 or 3000 Laplandish words, which he has examined, nine tenths may be considered as identical with Hebrew; and it must be confessed that a strong resemblance may be observed in *Aedhame*, earth, and the Hebrew *Adameh*; *Hadas*, new, H. *Hhadesh*; *Hadshe*, the moon, H. *Hhadesh*; *Jed*, the hand, H. *Id*; *Ise*, man, H. *Ish*; *Pothi*, persuaded, H. *Pathehh*; *Saedke*, law, H. *Tredék*; and *Safothi*, rested, H. *Sabbath*.

Mr. Townsend not having 'had the happiness of seeing' Lacroze and Woide's Egyptian lexicon, (p. 422,) although it still stands on the list of new books printed at Oxford, we shall endeavour to supply the deficiency, by a catalogue of the few words which we have discovered in this language, that can be considered as at all resembling any other. They are not obtained merely by the examination of a vocabulary; but many of them have occurred to us in the course of our reading with a view to the general study of the Coptic: so that they probably comprehend the greater part of the instances in which this singularly original language can be said to have any thing in common with its neighbours.

COPTIC.	RESEMBLING	COPTIC.	RESEMBLING
<i>Anok</i> , I	<i>Anoki</i> , Hebrew.	<i>Thom</i> ,	<i>Dumb</i> .
<i>Areb</i> , a pledge	<i>Arrhabon</i> , Greek.	<i>Iaro</i> , a river	<i>Iar</i> , H.
<i>'Aule</i> , a hall	<i>Aule</i> , Gr.	<i>Iom</i> , a sea	<i>Iam</i> , H.
<i>Bai</i> , a palm branch	<i>Baia</i> , Gr.	<i>Ioh</i> , the moon	<i>Io</i> , Argive Gr.
<i>Bari</i> , a boat	<i>Barris</i> , Gr.	<i>Iten</i> , <i>Mphiten</i> ,	<i>Mephitis</i> , Lat.
<i>Bashor</i> , a fox	<i>Bassara</i> , Gr.	<i>dung</i>	
<i>El</i> , to take	<i>Helo</i> , Gr.	<i>K</i> , thy	<i>Ka</i> , H.
<i>Er</i> , to do	<i>Erdo</i> , <i>Ergon</i> , Gr.	<i>Kahi</i> , earth	<i>Ge</i> , <i>Gaia</i> , Gr.
<i>Eti</i> , yet	<i>Eti</i> , Gr.	<i>Ke</i> , again	<i>Kai</i> , Gr.
<i>Eshau</i> , swine	<i>Sau</i> , German.	<i>Keli</i> , limbs	<i>Kola</i> , Gr. <i>Glied</i> ,
<i>Thal</i> , a hill	<i>Thal</i> , Arab.		Germ.
<i>Then</i> , sulfur	<i>Theion</i> , Gr.	<i>Ken</i> , to suffice	<i>Arkein</i> , Gr.
<i>Theni</i> , to flourish	<i>Euthenia</i> , Gr.	<i>Kome</i> ,	<i>Kommi</i> , Gr.
<i>Thmei</i> , justice	<i>Themis</i> , Gr.	<i>Kot</i> , a building	<i>Cot</i> .
<i>Thok</i> , a razor	<i>Thego</i> , Gr.	<i>Lachme</i> , a crumb	<i>Lechem</i> , bread, H.
		o 3	<i>Legk</i>

COPTIC.	RESEMBLING	COSTIC.	RESEMBLING
<i>Leghh</i> , to lick	<i>Leichen</i> , Gr.	<i>Toh</i> , chaff	<i>Tow</i> , refuse flax.
<i>Lek</i> , moist	<i>Lehh</i> , H.	<i>Phat</i> ,	<i>Foot</i> , E. <i>Pad</i> , Sanscr.
<i>Mau</i> , mother	<i>Am</i> , H.	<i>Phi</i> , a kiss	<i>Philema</i> , Gr.
<i>Methre</i> , witness	<i>Martür</i> , Gr.	<i>Phleou</i> , vain	<i>Fallo</i> , Lat.
<i>Mei</i> , to love	<i>Amo</i> , Lat.	<i>Phosi</i> , to burn	<i>Phos</i> , light, Gr.
<i>Meri</i> , <i>Ameri</i> , day	<i>Hemera</i> , Gr.	<i>Phorgh</i> , to divide	<i>Pharetz</i> , H. <i>Fork</i> .
<i>Meste</i> , hatred	<i>Misos</i> , Gr.	<i>Phro</i> , winter	<i>Frost</i> .
<i>Meini</i> , a sign	<i>Menuo</i> , Gr.	<i>Chems</i> , secret	<i>Geheim</i> , Germ.
<i>Meti</i> , middle	<i>Mitte</i> , Germ.	<i>Ork</i> , to swear	<i>Orcos</i> , Gr.
<i>Mmin</i> , him	<i>Min</i> , Gr.	<i>Shar</i> , a skin	<i>Sashtra</i> , Syr.
<i>Mokh</i> , labour	<i>Mochthos</i> , Gr.	<i>Shashf</i> , seven	<i>Shaskpi</i> , Cantabr.
<i>Molh</i> , salt	<i>Malehh</i> , H.	<i>Shelet</i> , a bride	<i>Chele</i> , H. <i>Ckelta</i> , Syr.
<i>Moou</i> , water	<i>Moou</i> , to wash, Rus.	<i>Shemer</i> , leaven	<i>Chemir</i> , Ar.
<i>Mhau</i> , monument	<i>Mausoleum</i> .	<i>Shento</i> , a cloth	<i>Sindon</i> , Gr.
<i>Nahbi</i> , neck	<i>Nape</i> .	<i>Shthek</i> , a street	<i>Hhtshehh</i> , Syr.
<i>Nef</i> , sailor	<i>Nauta</i> , Lat.	<i>Shibti</i> , change	<i>Shift</i> .
<i>Nem</i> , with	<i>Neben</i> , Germ.	<i>Shmen</i> , eight	<i>Shemneh</i> , H.
<i>Neou</i> , to pass	<i>Neomai</i> , Gr.	<i>Shne</i> , a net	<i>Seine</i> , E.
<i>Nif</i> , cloud	<i>Nephele</i> , Gr.	<i>Shom</i> , summer	<i>Sommer</i> , Germ.
<i>Omi</i> , clay	<i>Humus</i> , Lat.	<i>Shouo</i> , to drop	<i>Shower</i> .
<i>Ouesh</i> ,	<i>Wish</i> .	<i>Shghom</i> , force	<i>Ischüs</i> , Gr.
<i>Ouoh</i> , and	<i>U</i> , <i>Va</i> , H.	<i>Fai</i> , to bear	<i>Fero</i> .
<i>Outah</i> , fruit	<i>Outhar</i> , Gr.	<i>Ftoou</i> , four	<i>Fidur</i> , Goth.
<i>Remhe</i> , free	<i>Eremos</i> , Gr.	<i>Hharabai</i> , thunder	<i>Astrape</i> , lightning, Gr.
<i>Rokh</i> , burning	<i>Rauch</i> , smoke, Germ. <i>Sirocco</i> .	<i>Hm</i> , heat	<i>Hom</i> , H.
<i>Rö</i> , mouth	<i>Ore</i> , Lat.	<i>Halai</i> , to fly	<i>Ala</i> , a wing, Lat.
<i>Sabe</i> , wise	<i>Sapere</i> , Lat.	<i>Henoufi</i> , abundance	<i>Enough</i> .
<i>Sark</i> , to sweep	<i>Saroun</i> , Gr.	<i>Het</i> , heart	<i>Etor</i> , Gr.
<i>Sat</i> , <i>Siti</i> , sow, seed	<i>Sator</i> , Lat.	<i>Hina</i> , that	<i>Hina</i> , Gr.
<i>Saghi</i> , word	<i>Sage</i> , Germ.	<i>Hli</i> , nothing	<i>Alil</i> , H.
<i>Semne</i> , to order	<i>Semaino</i> , <i>Semnos</i> , Gr.	<i>Hoker</i> ,	<i>Hunger</i> .
<i>Sefi</i> , a sword	<i>Xiphos</i> , Gr.	<i>Hof</i> , a snake	<i>Ophis</i> , Gr.
<i>Sthom</i> , a gate	<i>Stoma</i> , mouth, Gr.	<i>Hob</i> , <i>Iope</i> , work	<i>Opus</i> , Lat. <i>Job</i> .
<i>Snau</i> , two	<i>Shanim</i> , H.	<i>Homi</i> , to tread	<i>Humus</i> , ground, Lat.
<i>Sobie</i> , to prepare	<i>Sobein</i> , Gr.	<i>Ghal</i> , <i>Ghoili</i> , to recommend	<i>Gol</i> , Syr. <i>Jol</i> , Ar.
<i>Sok</i> , to draw	<i>Sugo</i> , Lat. <i>Zog</i> , Germ.	<i>Ghame</i> , calm	<i>Galene</i> , Gr.
<i>Sonh</i> , to bind	<i>Son</i> , Indian flax.	<i>Ghamoul</i> ,	<i>Camel</i> .
<i>Soou</i> , six	<i>Sails</i> , Goth.	<i>Schere</i> , to burn	<i>Sirius</i> , Gr.
<i>Sot</i> , <i>Soti</i> , save	<i>Soter</i> , Gr.	<i>Ti</i> , to give	<i>Didomi</i> , Gr.
<i>Spheiti</i> , foam	<i>Spit</i> .	<i>Timi</i> , a street	<i>Demos</i> , Gr.
<i>Sphotou</i> , lips	<i>Shepkeh</i> , H.		
<i>Taio</i> , to honour	<i>Tio</i> , Gr.		
<i>Tako</i> , to destroy	<i>Teko</i> , Gr.		
<i>Tebt</i> , fish	<i>Eft</i> , water lizard.		

The word *Aule* is supposed by grammarians to be originally Egyptian.

Egyptian, because it is found in the plural with the termination *oui*: but if this reason is valid, it must be extended to *Phüle*, a tribe, since we find *Phüleoui* in the plural. *Eti* in Egyptian means 'to this,' while in Greek it has no etymology. *Lek* might remind us of *Leaky* in English, but a *Leak* is a hole, *Lücke*, German. If the name of King *Mausolus* was not originally connected with any *Mausoleum*, it is very remarkable that *Mhau*, a monument, and *Solsel*, to ornament, should so precisely express the character of the building. *Sirocco*, as well as *Sirius*, might appear to be connected with *Schere*, to burn; but *Serokh*, from *Rokh*, only, may mean 'it is burnt.' *Chem*, secret, appears to afford a better etymology for *Chemia* than *Hhmom*, heat, a term which seems not to be extended to the signification fire. *Hina* is explained 'for coming,' or 'to come to.' We have omitted the words *Kenesoos*, a Goose, *Kukuphat*, *Upupa*, *Stali*, *Steel*, and some others, because, though modified in their form, they seem to have been evidently adopted from other languages.

Mr. Townsend has not allotted any separate chapter to the consideration of the Armenian language: he has, however, adduced about ten Armenian words in different parts of his work, as proving its connexion with other languages: these are *Air*, a man, *Air*, Irish; *Atamn*, a tooth, *Odonta*, Greek; *Chuerk*, four, *Chatur*, Sanscrit; *Dor*, door; *E*, is, *Est*, Latin; *Es*, *I*, *Iaze*, Russian; *Gas*, goose, *Gans*, German; *Howze*, house, *Lakiel*, to lick, *Leichem*, Greek, and *Sirt*, heart. In some other cases, single words only have been mentioned: we are informed that in Chinese, *Kop pa lah* is head, like *Kopf*, German, and *Kephale*, Greek; *Kan* also is king, as well as *Cunix* in Japanese, like the German *König*; in the Finnish, *Kana* is a hen; in Samojedic, *Siw* is seven; in Kamtshatkan, *Gsocir*, a goose; and in Javanese, *Toori*, a door.

With respect to the originality of languages, the author refers to the canons of the learned Rudbeck, published in his *Atlantica*, and observes that the Sanscrit has often the marks of an original language, in affording an explanation of a term apparently simple; (p. 40;) thus *Wing*, a bird, implies moving in the air. In Gaelic also, *Dacuig*, ten, appears to mean twice five; and in Welsh, *Cad tarf*, *Caterva*, Latin, means a battle-troop.

'Rudbeck has,' however, 'one canon,' he says, (p. 44.) 'to which I cannot readily assent. He states, that a language, which has numerous monosyllabic expressions, is a parent language. The English has more than three thousand seven hundred monosyllabic expressions, and the Chinese has none but such; yet neither of these "are," for that reason, to be considered as parent languages. Certain it is, that all languages, by abbreviations, have a tendency to become monosyllabic, and therefore a language, which abounds in monosyllables, is ancient, and these commonly are the most antiquated parts of every language.'

guage. New compounds are incessantly created. These are abbreviated, and in process of time become monosyllabic. In deriving, therefore, a word in one language, from its correspondent expression in some other language, we must ever bear in mind, that, unless in the formation of new compounds, the least abbreviated is commonly the parent, and the most abbreviated its offspring.' 'Would it be possible for any one to persuade us, that Colaphus was derived from Cuff, or Blaspheme from Blame?'

A similar instance might be found in Trachelos and Hals of the Greeks and Germans; for certainly Hals is more like Trachelos than like Collum, to which it is here compared. (p. 28.) We will not, however, dwell any longer on these minute criticisms, but will express our acknowledgments to Mr. Townsend for the pains which he has taken in the collection of a large mass of very interesting materials, although we are not aware that he has, by any original researches, contributed much to confirm the 'probability,' which we are by no means disposed to call in question, 'that in the period subsequent to the deluge, and prior to the dispersion of mankind, the whole earth was of one language;' (p. 423;) which is 'precisely the declaration of Moses: and in this assertion, his veracity as a historian stands unimpeached.'

Dr. Jamieson has confined himself to a much more limited department of the same subject; and being amply provided with an accurate knowledge of the various dialects of the Gothic languages, to be compared with the Greek, he has proved the existence of a connexion between them, more extensive, and more intimate, than could easily have been imagined, without so laborious an investigation, in which he appears to have gone considerably further than his learned and ingenious predecessors Ihre and Rudbeck.

In the Preliminary Dissertation, our author attempts to prove, from historical evidence, that the words Scythians, Goths, and Getae, were only different forms of the same name, and belonged to the same people: that the Thracians were Scythians; that the Hellenes were originally identical with the Pelasgi, whose name has been supposed by Rudbeck to imply, in the Gothic, a wandering people; that the language of the Greeks was originally Scythian; that their divinities also were borrowed from the northern nations; and that the Romans, as being descended from the same stock with the Greeks, could only have spoken a dialect of the common language. The evidence of history appears to us to be in such cases much less unexceptionable than that of etymology, when cautiously employed; but some of the authorities, which Dr. Jamieson has collected, must be allowed to have considerable weight. A passage of Aeschylus is quoted, in the words of Mr. Mitford, in order to confirm the opinion, that the Pelasgians were the original inhabitants of Greece and Italy, in  
contra-

contradiction to the fanciful hypothesis, that they were an oriental colony. There is much discussion respecting the application of the term Tyrrhene to the Pelasgians; but the simplest supposition appears to be, that a part of them first received this name in or near Macedonia, and carried it with them into Lydia, and thence into Tuscany, where they settled before the time of Cadmus, and introduced the old Grecian and not the Phenician alphabet: in the Etrurian Lucumones the author discovers an analogy to the Lagmen, or provincial judges of the north. The opinion of Herodotus, respecting the original diversity of the Greek and Pelasgic languages, is justly considered as of little weight; and Mr. Pinkerton's comparison of the relation between these two languages, to the connexion of the English with the Saxon, is mentioned with approbation. Dr. Jamieson appears, however, to be mistaken in his construction of the saying of Anacharsis, related by Clemens Alexandrinus; Anacharsis observed that to him all the Greeks appeared to speak a Scythian language, meaning evidently a barbarous language, without at all implying that the Scythian resembled the Greek; just as the Egyptians in Herodotus remarked that the Greek mode of writing was left handed. The passage quoted from Diodorus appears to us clearly to contain the assertion, that the Pelasgic letters were simply a modification of those which Cadmus had introduced; it is however remarkable, as our author observes, that the Runic, as well as the old Greek alphabet, consisted of sixteen letters only; although, when Christianity was introduced among the Goths, their letters were increased to twenty-five. In the Phrygian, which must have been a dialect of the Pelasgian, it appears that *Bedü* meant water, resembling *Bada*, and we may add *Vate*, of the north: *Bek*, bread, is like *Bake*; and *Moirai*, the fates, like *Meyar*, virgins, in Gothic; and the old Spartan *Rhetra* or *Fratra* is compared to *Raede*, a law.

Dr. Jamieson's etymological authorities, adduced to prove the Gothic origin of the Greek and Roman divinities, appear to us to be almost entirely imaginary: we shall, however, briefly enumerate them, that our readers may be able to appreciate the value of this evidence for themselves.

<i>Saturn.</i>	<i>Sadur</i> , Gothic, a sower.	<i>Jove, Jupiter.</i>	The Scandinavian
<i>Uranus.</i>	<i>Our</i> , heaven, and <i>Ana</i> ,	Thor, the <i>Jof Ur</i> of the Edda,	
	king.	drawn in a chariot by goats.	
<i>Janus.</i>	<i>Jon</i> , a Scandinavian name	<i>Juno.</i>	<i>Gio</i> , the wife of Thor; or
	of Jupiter, applied to the sun.	<i>Jon</i> ,	a consort.
<i>Titaea.</i>	<i>Titte</i> , Gothic, as a nurse.	<i>Minerva.</i>	<i>Minne</i> , wisdom, or me-
<i>Rhea.</i>	Perhaps from <i>Frea</i> .		memory.
<i>Cybele.</i>	<i>Sif</i> , the wife of Thor, or	<i>Vesta.</i>	Like <i>Isis</i> or <i>Isi</i> of the Ru-
	Jupiter, and <i>helle</i> , of the hills.		nific inscriptions.

*Ceres.*

- Ceres.* *Kæra*, Swedish, to lament. *Mars.* From *Ares*, probably related to *Herr* or *Heere*: he is the Odin of the North.
- Deja*, a nurse, or *Dæc*, excellent.
- Diana.* *Dia Ana*, nursing queen. *Hermes.* Compared with the emblem *Herm*, a ram.
- Rudbeck.*
- Hecate.* *Heksa*, to enchant; sometimes called *Helgate*: *Hel* is a goat.
- Bacchus.* Perhaps *Bagge*, or *Bock*, Proserpine, *Gaute*, goddess. *Pluto.* *Blot*, a bloody sacrifice.
- Apollo.* *A Balder*; the great Balder. *Hercules.* *Her Keule*, terrible with his club, or *Her Kulle*, head of the army.
- Neptune.* *Nepsa*, to restrain, *Un*, the sea, in the Edda. *Rudbeck.* *Muses.* They agree in number with the nine sister virgins of the Edda.
- His Scythian name *Thamimasades*, mentioned by Herodotus, *Deucalion.* *Daewkalla*, Dewman.
- may mean *Tamer* of the whirlpools. *Inachus.* *Jonakoer* was also the father of an *Io*, who was converted into a cow.
- Venus.* *Wææn* or *Vaen*, beautiful.
- Catytto.* *Kota*, Gothic, to be lascivious.

The principal part of Dr. Jamieson's work is devoted to a demonstration of the radical affinity of the Greek and Gothic languages, deduced in great measure from a comparison of the particles: lists of the verbs and nouns which resemble each other, he has some intention of giving at a future period.

'The particles, or winged words, (p. 2.) as they have been denominated, are preferred in proof of this affinity, for several reasons. These are generally of the highest antiquity, most of them having received their established form and acceptation in ages prior to that of history. They are also more permanent than most other terms; being constantly in use, entering into the composition of many other words, constituting an essential part of every regular language, and determining the meaning of every phrase that is employed to express our thoughts. They are also least likely to be introduced into another language; because, from the various and nice shades of signification which they assume, they are far more unintelligible to foreigners than the mere names of things or of actions: and although the latter, from vicinity, or occasional intercourse, are frequently adopted, this is rarely the case as to the particles, because the adoption of these would produce an important change in the very structure of a language which has been previously formed.

'It might scarcely be reckoned a sufficient proof of affinity, although a Gothic particle were found to correspond with one resembling it in Greek or Latin in a single instance, or in a signification merely secondary or oblique. Later philologists have been at pains, as far as possible, to discover the proper and primary sense of each of these, and from this to distinguish those significations which are only of a dependent character. This is undoubtedly the proper mode of investigation, as thus alone can we expect to find the idea originally attached to the

the term. In this comparison, therefore, I have generally followed the plan observed by Professor Dunbar in that very useful work, his *Greek Exercises*, endeavouring to trace the particles through their different senses, with quotations from Greek writers, to which are subjoined correspondent illustrations from the Moesogothic and other northern languages. From this comparative view, I trust, it will appear, that, in various instances, there is a striking analogy, not only in the derivative, but in the primary significations.

It is well known that the oldest specimen of the Gothic is the fragment of the translation of the New Testament by Ulphilas or Wulfila, bishop of the Moesogoths, to which the date 360 is generally assigned, although some authors have suspected that it was made in the reign of Constantine. The oldest Anglosaxon is about three centuries later, but it strongly resembles the Gothic of Ulphilas: the purest dialect that exists, as a living language, is the Icelandic.

AMPHI. p. 5. About. Latin AMB or AM: Welsh AM. Anglosaxon YMB, EMB, or UMB; *embe his lendenu*, about his loins. German UM, as *umringen*, to surround. Thus *umweg* is perhaps identical with *ambages*.

ANA. p. 9. Upon, through. Moesogothic ANA; as *ana steina*, ON a rock; *ana alla*, above all; *ana quharjamoh fimftijums*, by fifties, or by every fifty. German *berg* AN, up hill.

ANEU. p. 15. Without. Moesogothic INUH, as *inuh attins izwaris wiljan*, without the will of your father. Icelandic ANA. German OHNE, English UN.

ANTI. p. 16. Before, against. Latin ANTE. Moesogothic ANDA, in composition; German ANT, ENT: thus *andanahti* is twilight, before night; *andwairthi*, presence; *andaword*, German *antwort*, English *answer*; *andsakan*, to contradict, German *entsagen*. In the Salic law, *ande sitto* is against the custom. In Icelandic and Swedish AND is against. Ulphilas has also UND, as *augo und augin, jah tunthu und tunthau*; an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.

AP0. p. 27. From. Latin AB. Moesogothic AF; *af daurom*, from the door; or ABU, *abu thus silvin*, of thyself. Anglosaxon, AF, OF. German AB. The old Goths used F for P.

DIA. p. 34. Through. Moesogothic apparently DU; *du the*, or *duth the*, is therefore; *du quhe*, wherefore.

EK, EX. p. 37. Out of. Latin EX. Perhaps the US or UZ of the Gothic tribes; and the US in the Latin *coelitus*, for *ex coelo*, *radicitus*, and *funditus*. It seems to be related to the Greek *ekein*, German *weichen*, to give way: and WEG is sometimes synonymous with AUS or US.

EN. p. 45. In. Latin IN. Moesogothic IN; as *in himinam*, in heaven: it is also a negative, as in Latin; *inwita*, *inscius*.

HENEKA. p. 52. Because of. In Moesogothic sometimes expressed by INUH; as *inuh this*, for this cause; its origin is uncertain. [Perhaps we might derive it from the Egyptian Hina, if the connexion were admitted as probable.]

EPI.



EPI. p. 53. On. Moesogothic BI, BE, or PI; *bi theina kinna*, on thy cheek; *bi hlaib*, on bread: *bismait*, annointed, *besmeared*. German BEY. KATA. p. 61. According to. Perhaps from *gata*, way; meaning by way of.

META. p. 64. With. Moesogothic MITH; *mith inma*, with him; *mith moda*, with anger. German MIT. Old English MYD. Thus we have *meet* and *mate*, implying union. Dr. Jamieson quotes *mithinn galaith* as an instance of the employment of *mith* for *in*, (p. 72.); but it seems rather to be a simple repetition of the term *mith* for *with*.

PARA. p. 73. By. Moesogothic FAUR, FAURA; as *sat faur wig*, sat by the highway side; *faura marein*, by the sea side; *fauralagido*, set by, or before. German FÜR [VOR or VER]. Anglosaxon FOR. Thus we have *forbid*, from *faurbiudan*; [German *verbiethen*, *verbitten*.]

PERA, PERAN. p. 83. Beyond. Moesogothic FRA, FRAM, FAIRRA; *fraletan*, to dismiss; *fairra statha*, from the land. In German *fern*, far, seems to be *peran*. *Frum*, *frums*, is the beginning; whence perhaps *first*, Suiogothic *fraemst*. *Fera* parts, as *perata* in Greek.

PERI. p. 88. About. When it implies eminence, it agrees with the Icelandic FIRI, FYRI.

PRO. p. 90. For, before. Latin PRO, PRÆ. Agrees still more nearly than *para* with *faur* and *faura*, which have various senses: *faur the managein*, before the multitude; *faur mel*, before the time; *faur izwis*, on your side.

SÜN. p. 94. With. Perhaps related to the Moesogothic SAM, and SAMA, as well as to the Greek HAMA: *samathrann*, ran together. Icelandic, *samlag*, a fellowship.

HÜPER and HÜPO. p. 96. Over and under. Latin SUPER and SUB. Moesogothic UFAR, over, UF, URU, under; *ufar allai airthai*, over all the land; *ufar mik*, more than me; *ufar fanim seinamma*, above his lord; *uf skadan*, under the shadow; *uf melan*, under a bushel; but *ufhaband* is to uphold.

After the prepositions, our author examines the conjunctions, and first ALLA. p. 114. But. This is evidently from *Allos*, which resembles the Moesogothic *Alja*, and the Latin *Alius*; *aljakunja* is *alienigena*; *alja* is *but* or *save*; as *alja Jaisu*, save Jesus. English ELSE. In Welsh *aliwn* is *alien*.

AN, EAN. p. 117. If. In Moesogothic AN seems to be simply an interrogative, *An quhas ist mis nequhundja*, and who is my neighbour? In Anglosaxon AN means simply *if*, and is derived by Lye from *anan*, to grant. In Suiogothic AEN is *if*.

ATAR. p. 119. But. Swedish ATER. German ABER.

EI. p. 120. If. Moesogothic EI; *ei is juthan gaswalt*, if he were already dead; but it more commonly means *that*: we have also *gau* and *jau* for *if*; and in Icelandic *ef*; which cannot have originated from the old verb *giban*, to give.

·HOTI. p. 124. That. Latin UTI. Perhaps THEI in Moesogothic; *thei sijuth*, that ye are. Suiogothic ATT, that; TY, or THY, because, seems to be derived from the pronoun *then*, *he*, as *quod* from *qui*.

Of the adverbs we have AEI. p. 129. Always. In Moesogothic  
AIW,

AIW, ever, and DU AIWA, for ever; *aiweins*, *aionios* of the Greek, Latin *ÆVUM*. English AY. Welsh EU. The Swedish *äfwentyr*, *adventure*, is supposed to mean a tale of the times of old.

AUTAR. p. 133. Again. Perhaps the Moesogothic AFTRA, Alemannic and English AFTER.

ETI. p. 135. YET. Anglosaxon GET and GYT. German JETZT. Welsh ETTO, still. If the word is originally Egyptian, it must have had a long journey to travel northwards.

NEIOTHEN. p. 138. From the bottom. Anglosaxon NEOTHAN. English NEATH.

NÜN, NÜ. p. 138. Now. Latin NUNC. Moesogothic NU, NUH. German NU, NUN. Persian NUH.

HOMOU. HAMA. p. 140. Together. Anglosaxon EM. Suigothic AEM, in composition. Moesogothic IBN. English EVEN.

OU, OUK, OUCHI, OUTE. p. 142. Not, nor. Latin HAUT, HAUD. Suigothic E, EI, EGH, ECKE, ICKE. Icelandic o, u, the negative prefix.

POLÜ. p. 142. Much. Moesogothic FILU; *quhan filu*, how much; *swa filu*, so much. German VIEL. Scottish FEIL, FELL; *fell weel*, very well.

PORRHO. p. 145. Far off. Latin PORRO, further. Moesogothic FAIRRA. Anglosaxon FEORR.

SKAIÖS. p. 146. Left-handedly. Icelandic SKA, in composition. German SCHIEF, oblique.

TOTE. p. 148. Then. Exhibits some analogy in its derivation, to THANA, which is the accusative of *sa*, as TO is the dative of *ho*.

Of inseparable particles the first is A. p. 153. Intensitive or privative. In Suigothic *alike* is very like: in Welsh *acrum* from *crwm* is crooked. In Alemannic *amagtig* is weak; in Suigothic *alag* or *aflag*, iniquity; but the more common privative is o, as *olyk*, unlike. A and AN may be derived from *Apo* and *Aneu*.

ARI, ERI. p. 156. Very. Icelandic AERIT, from *acrinn*, abundant.

DA. p. 158. Very. Icelandic DAE, as *daewel*, very well; *daesoet*, very sweet.

DIS. p. 159. Separate. Moesogothic DIS, as *disdailjundans*, dividing. It is sometimes also intensitive, as in Latin.

NE. p. 160. Privative. Latin *ne*, *ni*. Moesogothic *ni*, not, no; *nih*, neither. Persian NEN; Polish NIE; Ihre. In Suigothic *neka* is *nego*.

Terminations of various kinds afford an extensive and interesting catalogue of resemblances. p. 162. EIN, of the infinitive; Moesogothic AN and IAN; German EN. EN, THEN, from; Suigothic AN, as *ufan*, from above. ER, TER; Latin ER, TER; Anglosaxon ER; German ER, TER; Moesogothic WAIR, a man; in old Scythian ATOR, according to Herodotus. ICO3; Moesogothic AGS, IGS, or EIGS, as *mahteigs*, powerful; German IG. INOS; Latin ENUS; Anglosaxon EN. LICOS; Latin LIS; German LICH; English LIKE; *pelicos*, what like; Moesogothic *swaleiks* is our *such*; *samaleiks* probably *similis*. LOS, LIS, LION, diminutives;

diminutives; Latin *LUS*; Moesogothic *ILO*, as *barnilo*, a little child; German *männl*, a little man.

Among the Latin particles, which do not immediately resemble the Greek, we find (p. 176) *AD*, to; Moesogothic *AT*; as *AT* *THUS*, unto thee; *at ist* *asans*, *adest messis*. Hebrew *aeth*, at. *OB*, for; Alemanic *oba*, as *oba guate*, for good, *Otfrið*; Icelandic *af* in composition, as *aflangt*, oblong. *PER*; by; Icelandic *fyrrer*, as *fyrer hann*, through him; German *VER* as *verbleiben* to remain, and in the sense of *perversion*, *verbrauchen*, to misuse. *AC*, and; in Moesogothic *AUK*, whence *AUCH*, *OG*, *OCK*, *EKE*; we have also *aukan*, *augeo*, to *eke*; *ak* is *but*, as the Hebrew *ach*. *AUT*, or; Moesogothic *AITHTHAU*, related to *OTHER*. *ET*, and; in Moesogothic *ITH* is *autem*, and is sometimes used for *jah*; and *SED*, but, may be *SAET*, Suigothic, true, *sooth*, *verum*. *VEL*, or, may be connected with *ELLA*, Icelandic, otherwise; we should rather refer it to *velis*, if you will.

The pronouns are next examined in their different cases (p. 189). *EGO*; Latin *EGO*; Moesogothic *IK*; Icelandic *EG*; Swedish *JAG*. *EMOU*, *MOU*; Latin *MEI*; Moesogothic *MEINA*; German *MEINER*. *EMOI*, *MOI*; Latin *MIHI*; Moesogothic *MIS*; Swedish *MIG*; Dutch *MY*. *EME*, *ME*; Latin *ME*; Moesogothic *MIK*; Anglosaxon *ME*; Dutch *MY*. Sü. Doric *tü*; Latin *TU*; Moesogothic *THU*. *IS* in Latin, Moesogothic *IS*; *EJUS*, Moesogothic *IS*, *IZOS*; *ID*, Moesogothic *ITA*, *it*; *QUIS*, *CUJUS*, *CUI*, *QUEM*; Moesogothic *QUIAS*, *QUHIS*, *QUHE*, *QUHANA*, having the *n*, as the Greek *HON*; *UTER*, *WHETHER*; *ALTER*, resembles *anthar*, *enthera* of the North, meaning one of them, as *Ihre* has observed. *EKEINOS*; Moesogothic *JAINS*, or rather *GAINS*; Alemanic *GENER*; German *JENER*; English *VON*; the Greek affords an etymology from *Ekei* there, and in this instance seems to have a claim to greater antiquity than the Gothic.

The Moesogothic numerals obviously resemble the Greek and Latin. (p. 198). *Deka* has been derived from *Deo*, as if both hands were united: it appears to us that there is still more resemblance between *Pente* and *Panta*, as if, *all the five fingers*; but *Pente* is very far from *Cuig*, which must be substituted for it in the Gaelic etymology of *Deka*.

The degrees of comparison are expressed in Greek by *EROS* and *ISTOS*; in Anglosaxon by *ER* or *EBA* and *IST* or *AST*. *ER* seems to mean before, as the Latin *OR*. In Moesogothic the comparative termination is *IZO* or *OZO*; the superlative *ISTS* or *ISTA*: thus the Greek *MEIZON* is *MAIZO*, and *maist* answers to *megistos*. The old *megalos* is *mikils*; and the Latin *minor*, *minimus* is *minnizo*, *minnists*; in Persian *mih* is great, *mihter*, greater, *mihtras* greatest.

The Moesogothic verbs have also some striking resemblances in their form to the Latin (p. 208); thus the present tense is *Haba*, *habais*, *habaith*, *habam*, *habaith*, *haband*: *habuit* is *habaidu*; *habens*, *habands*; *habentis*, *habandis*; *habentem*, *habandam*; *habentes*, *habandans*; the *AI* always expressing the short *e* of the Greeks. The Goths had frequently a reduplicative augment in the preterite, as from *faldan*, to fold, *fafalth*; from *greitan*, to weep, *guigrot*; from *tekan* to take, *taitok*. The Moesogothic, Anglosaxon, and Islandic have a dual for the first and second

second persons. The singular of the Greek substantive verb is ΕΙΜΙ, ΕΙΣ, ΕΣΤΙ; the plural of the Latin SUMUS, ESTIS, SUNT; in Moesogothic IM, IS, IST; SIJUM, SIJUTH, SIND; ERAM, WARTH; ERO, WAIRTHAU; SIS, SIJAIS; ESSE, WISAN. *Volo* is *wiljan*; *nolle*, in Anglosaxon, *nillan*; and many other resemblances equally striking might easily be pointed out.

We cannot better conclude this long article than by an extract from the prospectus of a still more extensive work, on the philosophical history of European languages, than either of those which we have been examining. It was left ready for the press by the late Dr. Alexander Murray; it is speedily to be published in three volumes, and the friends of the author flatter themselves, that it will establish his reputation, as one of the most accomplished and profound philological scholars who have ever done honour to any country or to any age. Some of the general results of his investigations are thus expressed in his preface.

‘The European races, with the exception of some inconsiderable tribes, are originally descended from one common and single stock. Some of the races appear, from approximation of dialect, to have been more nearly allied to one another than to the rest; the Teutones and Greeks are perhaps of this description, though it cannot be safely affirmed that these races were originally one. The Indians, Persians, and Slavi, seem to have been one branch of the general stock. The affinity also between the Celts and the Eastern nations is closer than could have been expected.’ ‘Before any of the European races parted from the original stock, the language had attained a state of composition, and had begun to be inflected. The Celtæ brought from the East the language in that condition, but the long wanderings, and the savage solitude, which they experienced in the West, destroyed the finer parts of their original speech, and corrupted it by a careless and slovenly articulation. The Greeks penetrated into Europe, at some different period, and retained, though they softened considerably, their primitive dialect. The Indians imported the same language, but probably in a more improved form. In their possession it became that highly polished speech which is now called Sanscrit, and which exhibits an instructive contrast with the Persic, formerly the same dialect. The Persic, in the violence of ages, like the Anglosaxon, has lost nearly all its inflections; and, though it be a perspicuous, it is evidently a barren dialect. The Indian has multiplied cases and inflections, so as to be the most copious and artificial language in the world. The Finni, who seem to have been the rudest of all the Scythian tribes, have preserved their dialect in a state nearer to perfection than the Celtæ or the Slavi. The latter were a Persic tribe; the resemblance of the Slavonic and Sanscrit still attests their ancient affinity; but the Slavi have lost many of the inflections peculiar to India, during their long residence in the Sarmatian forests. They expelled the Finni from thence to the shores of the Baltic and White Sea, on which a language is still spoken, that distinguishes, from the other races, an original and very ancient part of the

the population of Europe.' 'By careful attention to the different parts of the process of composition, the different primitive words themselves are developed, and their earliest forms are determined by comparison of the principal dialects with one another, and by illustrating such of these as are refined and corrupted, by those that are rude, simple, and regular.'

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ART. V. *Narrative of a forced Journey through Spain and France, as a Prisoner of War, in the Years 1810 to 1814.*

By Major-General Lord Blayney. London. 1815. 2 Vols. pp. 495. 590.

WE heartily wish that Lord Blayney had not published this book. His lordship may be (in spite of the affair of Fiangerolla, in which the corps he commanded was defeated by a very inferior force) a good soldier; and we have heard that he is a pleasant and good humoured gentleman; but he is undoubtedly one of the worst travellers we have ever known—of the worst in every sense; for he not only wants the literary qualifications for that character; but he seems to be intolerant of either toil or trouble; easily dissatisfied, hard to be pleased, very impatient of bad fare, very angry when he does not receive the ordinary attentions, and not very grateful when he does.

Lord Blayney was taken in an attack on Fiangerolla, near Malaga, on the 15th October, 1810, by a detachment of the army of General Sebastiani, whose head-quarters were at Grenada, whither his lordship was conducted, with some unnecessary rudeness on the part of the inferior French officers; but from Generals Sebastiani and Milhaud, and indeed from all the upper classes of the état-major, he received kindnesses 'which,' he says, (p. 134,) 'will never be effaced from his memory.' But we are sorry to say that we observe some hints, a little at variance with this vow of eternal gratitude. It must, however, be confessed that, though there appears to have been some civility in Sebastiani's conduct, there was also a good deal of bad taste and ostentatious affability, which, if Lord Blayney had not '*professed so much*,' might well have excused some doubts as to the sincerity and real object of the General's good offices.

We willingly extract the following passage, as it is characteristic at once of General Sebastiani and Lord Blayney, and will afford the reader a very favourable specimen of his lordship's style, as well as of the style in which it was the fashion to talk of Buonaparte in 1810.

'Nothing could be more tiresome than the eternal praises of the emperor, which formed the chief topic of conversation at Sebastiani's parties.'

ties. With a solemnity of countenance and a measured tone, so conspicuous in French oratory, the general would every day at table treat us with a panegyric on the virtues and exploits of his master, of which the following was usually the burthen; "*Messieurs, l'Empereur est un homme sans défaut, c'est le seul homme au monde avec tant de pouvoir à qui personne ne peut faire le moindre reproche.*" Or, "*Messieurs, l'Empereur est le plus grand homme, le plus grand héros qui a jamais paru;*" and then he would draw a comparison with Cæsar or Alexander, both of whom, of course, were *imbéciles* to Napoleon. At length I got so disgusted with this nonsense, that finding no hero in Grecian or Roman history equal to Buonaparte, I sought to match him in more remote antiquity, and compared him to Nimrod, who was a mighty one on the earth, and a mighty hunter before the Lord. The ridicule which this comparison threw on the subject produced the effect I wished, in preventing a repetition of such fulsome panegyrics, both in the general's societies and in the other circles where his suite retailed his oratorical declamations respecting the French monarch.—pp. 95, 96.

On the 13th November his lordship began his 'forced journey,' with a good horse (a present from Sebastiani) and two mules, one laden with his personal baggage, the other 'with provisions for a week; such as hams, for which Grenada is famous, pies, and other good things, together with a small barrel of wine,' (p. 134); and here we must bring before our readers the first and principal topic of his lordship's book; one which so entirely occupies his attention, that we believe the title-page is almost the only page in the two volumes in which some allusion to it may not be found. We smile at the various conjectures which already occupy the minds of our readers respecting the nature of this interminable theme. One, no doubt, thinks it is the organization or spirit of the French army; another, the extraordinary and almost miraculous courage and constancy which the Spanish nation at this period exhibited; a third, the smoking villages and ravaged towns, the misery and desolation through which he passed; and a fourth looks with anxious expectation for remarks upon the internal state of France—all mistaken:—*la cuisine*, the culinary art, 'the eatables and drinkables,' as Diggory calls them in the play, are with Lord Blayney the objects of paramount interest; they are, as it were, the burden of his song, and although he sometimes digresses, he never fails to return as early as possible, with a con amore cadence, to the original air. The great Lord Peterborough, a predecessor (but with very different success) of Lord Blayney in Spain, was said to be acquainted with all the postilions in Europe. Lord Blayney, as far as his travels have extended, has to boast as wide an acquaintance amongst the cooks; but we suspect that Lord Peterborough's popularity was greater than Lord Blayney's, as we never heard of his having attempted to rival his post-boys, and to drive himself; whereas Lord

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Blayney, on sundry occasions, not only quarrels with the cook, but puts upon him the downright affront of dressing the dinner with his own hands.

'General Blondeau invited me to dinner the day of our arrival; but I preferred a quiet one at my lodgings, to which I invited our officers; the greatest part of the dinner I *drest myself*, rather than be poisoned by Spanish cookery.'

His lordship arrived, unpoisoned by Spanish cookery, at Madrid, on the 1st December; when, with a degree of levity not quite suitable, we think, to his rank in the army or in society, he entered on a new trade.

'Knowing the French and Spanish ignorance of the treatment of horses, I, in order to amuse myself, proposed giving lectures on the subject, and treating the horses of my friends *gratis*. This was no sooner known, than sick and lame horses came from all quarters.'

'My fame as a horse-doctor was now spread throughout Madrid, and I had so much practice, that had I taken fees, I should have made a handsome livelihood. In consequence of this, I was allowed to go to the stables and the forge, both within the walls. I had, often, in foreign countries, as well as when hunting, experienced the inconvenience of not being able to make and put on a horse-shoe, I therefore at once applied seriously, and soon made myself expert in the business. My particular friends now considered it as the highest favour to have a horse shod by me, and shewed him about in all directions, with no small vanity; for although I might not be considered as a first-rate blacksmith in England, both my shoes and shoeing were infinitely superior to those of the Spaniards.'—pp. 310, 312.

From this digression, however, his lordship returns, as usual, to the *cuisine*.

'In another respect I was also at ease, that was in cookery; having often found the necessity of being my own cook while on campaigns, or grousing parties, I learnt to excel particularly in the dressing of four dishes. Indeed I cooked my own dinner almost the entire journey from Grenada to Madrid.'—p. 313.

Sometimes, when the digressions are pathetic, the return to the *old tune* has a very striking effect. A Spanish landlady, at Urnieta, entertained so patriotic a horror of the French, that, mistaking Lord Blayney for one of that nation, she gave him at first a most '*un-south*' reception; but,

'After dinner she entered the room, and first fastening the door, asked me if it was really true that I was an English officer, as somebody had told her; and when I answered in the affirmative, and related the manner of my being made prisoner, her sensibility got the better of her; her eyes gradually filled, and at last she burst into a flood of tears.—I asked her to sell and dress me a fowl for next day's march.'—p. 395.

At

At last, about the middle of January, his lordship entered France. The rest of his party, which consisted of prisoners, or wounded and invalid French, were now delighted—'praised every thing, and exclaimed, *Quel bonheur ! nous voilà en France !*' but, for Lord Blayney's own part, he was by no means so happy, 'for,'—as he accurately states, 'the dinner was made up of scraps, the legs and neck of a fowl, with some vegetables; the wine was little better than vinegar; *added to which*, (i.e. we suppose the wine,) the *whole* was thrown on the table *as if it fell from heaven* by chance!' (p. 401.) The tremendous sublimity of the latter expression, compensates for the little grammatical confusion in the former part of the sentence.

At Bayonne, his lordship fell under the superintendence of Marshal Bessières, whose conduct to him was in a very high degree polite, and even generous; but these circumstances his lordship passes over very slightly, probably because a much more *important* matter here pressed itself on his attention.

'I must not forget to observe, for the benefit *des gourmands*, that Bayonne is celebrated for its hams; and I could not quit it without satisfying myself whether it deserved this celebrity. I accordingly had one dressed under my own inspection, and as a considerable degree of science is required in dressing a ham, I am sure the lovers of good eating will not be sorry to have my receipt. Boil it in hock, a quarter of an hour to each pound; then put it in an oven and bake it another quarter of an hour to the same weight; and I will venture to say, the epicures will acknowledge that nothing can be more delicious. While I am on the subject of cookery,—(as if he ever were on any other!)—I may be pardoned for mentioning an anecdote which comes à propos.'—p. 412.

We fear, however, that we should not be pardoned if we followed his lordship through the whole cookery of a *dolphin*, and all the details of salt, butter, Cayenne pepper, &c. &c. which occupy a page of his text, and are further elucidated by a long explanatory note, *in usum Delphini*.

At Bordeaux, his lordship made an important discovery, which we feel ourselves bound to promulgate, for the use of valetudinarians.

'It may be useful to some of my readers, whose appetites are feeble, to know that oysters are an excellent whetter, taking them immediately before dinner, and not exceeding *a dozen at the most*, with a small proportion of lemon juice squeezed into each.'—p. 425.

Bordeaux was, on many accounts, a delightful place; the oysters were delicious—the Sauterne was exquisite—Cinderella (which his lordship carefully informs us 'is the story, so well known to children, of the Little Glass Slipper') was admirably performed—



and, oh, summit of joy! he actually one day 'dined off a boiled leg of mutton and turnips.' On this blissful occasion, his lordship entertained a party of brother officers; 'and as they were very inquisitive about affairs in Spain, and the wine being excellent, they made a late sitting.'—p. 433.

The happy auspices under which his lordship's journey through France commenced, the politeness of Marshal Bessières, and the leg of mutton and turnips of Bordeaux, were, however, deceitful; through the rest of his journey he hardly found a civil general or a good dinner. Even the town of Perigueux, where he had 'a turkey stuffed with truffles, one of the choicest dishes in the *catalogue des gourmands*,' did not enable his lordship to 'keep off the blue devils.'—(vol. ii. p. 8.) At several towns on his route, his lordship, in his indignation against bad cooks, was obliged to have recourse to some 'voies de fait,' which, for a prisoner of war, seem to be rather violent.

'At Tours, I had a party to dinner this day, but all my rhetoric was insufficient to prevail on my landlady to serve it à l'Anglaise; that is, to give the fish and vegetables as part of the first course. Her obstinacy so put me out of temper that, to her great astonishment and mortification, I threw the whole of her first course, consisting entirely of French dishes, out of the window, *dishes included*.'—p. 47.

'My dinner at Blois was very bad, and rendered still more disagreeable, by the intrusion and impertinence of the cook, which I put a stop to, by inquiring if there was nothing else dressed in the house? he disappeared, and soon after returned with a roast duck, a bird to which of all others I have the most mortal aversion; I therefore, to the astonishment of the cook, threw it deliberately into the fire, and sent the other dishes after it; at the same time desiring *Monsieur le Cuisinier* to take himself off, if he did not wish to follow them.'—pp. 61, 62.

On Lord Blayney's arrival at Paris he very assiduously made himself acquainted with the larders of several taverns, and the tables of some *maisons de jeu*; but he seems to have formed, on other subjects, notions very inaccurate and wonderful in a gentleman educated, as he tells us he was, in France. The most surprising of his lordship's mistakes (considering his peculiar *taste*) is his transformation of *Very*, the traiteur on the Terrace des Feuillans, into *Ferres*.

On visiting the Tuileries he found no alteration towards the gardens; but, 'the front towards the Louvre has been greatly improved.' Now there has been no alteration whatsoever of the front of the *Tuileries*.

'The celebrated bronze horses, which formerly ornamented the Place St. Marc at Venice, each on a separate pedestal, are here seen drawing a car of victory at the entrance of a triumphal arch, erected to the grand army.'—p. 101.

What

What his lordship means by the *entrance* of a triumphal arch, we do not pretend to know; but to the eyes of all the rest of mankind the horses seemed placed on the *summit* of the arch.

The only notice which his lordship takes of the celebrated gallery of *paintings* is, that he found there 'the *busts* of D'Aguessau, Montesquieu, (*lawyers*,) Sully, (*a statesman*,) Rollin, (*an historian*,) Descartes, (*a philosopher*,) La Fontaine, (*a fabulist*,) Corneille, Racine, (*tragedians*,) Molière, (*a comedian*,) and Fénélon, (*an archbishop*,)' and his lordship is pleased to add, that finding *these busts* in *this* particular situation 'is a proof at least that the age of reason has given way to the age of *taste* and *good sense*.'—(p. 104.)—Now we really do not see the taste or good sense of adorning a gallery of pictures with the busts of these men, none of whom had the least connection with the art of painting; and we believe the directors of the Musée, if they have ever heard of his lordship's work, will be astonished at the panegyric. His lordship, we gather, is not very well versed in the antiquities of his own country, for he mentions, with some degree of surprize, among the rare books which the library of St. Mibiel contains, 'Byzantium Angliæ Sacra, by Henry Wharton, and Monasticum Anglicanum, in which are good engravings, particularly of Christ Church College, and the ruins of Asney abbey, near Oxford.'—p. 241.

We suspect also that his lordship is not very familiar with the styles of the great masters of the art of painting, for, in describing a Tartar, he says that his countenance expressed an extraordinary mixture of ferocious courage and good nature, that no attempt, *even of Guido himself*, could delineate.'—p. 273.

A man of Lord Blayney's taste for play and the table would of course not fail to visit the Palais Royal; but we cannot well account for the deception of sight which presented this famous place to him as 'a *circular* row of buildings'—(p. 115.)—Did his lordship see it only at times when every thing seemed to go *round*? To us it always appeared a downright parallelogram!

It not being possible to mistake the column de la Place Vendôme for any thing else, his lordship's inaccuracy is driven to vent itself upon the inscription, which he thus gives—

'*Napolio Imp. Aug. Monumentum belli Germanici, anno M.DCCC.V. trimestri spatio, ducto, suo, profligati, ex aere, capto, glorie exercitus, maximi dicavit.*'—p. 117.

His lordship's punctuation and orthography set all meaning at defiance.

A person who is so little accurate in objects that are before his eyes, must not look for any great attention when he speaks upon subjects in which a discriminating and liberal mental observation is the only guide; and we, therefore, dismiss, with perhaps less re-

probation than they merit, the general and sweeping charges of depravity of manners which his lordship takes occasion, 'à propos de bottes,' to make against the fair sex in France in general.—(p. 119.) His lordship does not quite descend to such garbage as Monsieur Pillet delights in; but, considering the difference of their births, education, and rank, we are constrained to say that to be mentioned in the same breath with that person, is a derogation which we wish his lordship had avoided, and that our critical duty could have spared him.

Lord Blayney, after a longer indulgence in the gaieties of Paris than we should have thought the French government was, even in politeness, bound to afford him, was removed, at first, to Verdun, as a parole prisoner, and afterwards (as a retaliation for the imprisonment of General Simon, who had broken his parole of honour in this country) placed in close custody. This proceeding was manifestly unjust, as it never was pretended that Lord Blayney, though he suffered much provocation, ever deviated in any respect, from the strict obligations of his military parole. This imprisonment was under the official authority of General Clarke, Duke of Feltre, but we are glad to do justice to that honourable man, and state that it appears that he was, in this instance, the *mere minister* of his government; and that, on other occasions, he always distinguished himself by a humane and gentlemanly deportment, and sometimes, by an active interference, to repress the petty tyrannies to which our countrymen were subjected: and we the more anxiously seize this opportunity of doing justice to this officer, because, in a former Number—deceived by the cloud of falsehood and concealment with which Buonaparte had covered all the internal transactions of France,—we mentioned General Clarke's name in the same sentence with those of some satellites of the tyrant, with whom he has since satisfactorily proved that he had no affinity of character. The moment, and the spirit, in which the Duke of Feltre undertook the ministry of war for the king; and the courage, loyalty, and talents with which he has executed the duties of his office, place him high on the list of the restorers of the monarchy and the deliverers of his country.

We also gladly quote the following account of Marshal Oudinot.

“The father of Marshal Oudinot was a *ci-devant* brewer at Bar, and the Marshal was himself bred to that trade. The former still resides at Bar, and does not arrogate any consideration from his rise; and the latter, although a *parvenu* of the revolution, bears a most excellent character. His military services have been distinguished; and his liberality is such, that though he might have amassed great riches in his various commands, and particularly in the Low Countries, he is said to be considerably in debt. He has received nineteen or twenty wounds.”—pp. 265, 266.

This

This gentleman, our readers will recollect, like the Duke of Feltre, faithful to his duty, his oaths, and the true interests of France, adhered to the king, followed him to Ghent, and dignified by the nobility of his conduct the humility of his extraction:

While Lord Blayney was cooking, eating, and growling at Verdun, the allied armies approached France, and the dépôt of prisoners was removed to the southward. In this second march, as in the former, his lordship acquaints us with few other details than those of the table—instead of describing this journey, by saying that he passed through Clermont, Chalons, Epernay, Orleans, Blois, Amboise, La Chatre, we should, to be consistent with our author, say that he visited (referendo singula singulis,) a ‘ delicate poularde aux truffes,’ (p. 288.)—‘ two fine capons,’ (p. 295.)—a batch of Sillery Champagne, (p. 302.)—a large turkey, (p. 335.)—a dish of pancakes, (p. 349.)—and a dozen of superior claret, (p. 373.)—At length he arrived at Guéret in the department de la Creuse, where he hired a country house, and patiently awaited the downfall of Buonaparte, an event which his lordship gravely assures us was announced to him in a supernatural manner. This story is too curious to be omitted, and too delicate to be given in any other words than those of the noble author.

‘ I had a country house some miles distant from the town of Guéret, over a bad road, having ravines, rivers, woods, and morasses to pass previous to arriving there ; and in such a place, it may be presumed I was removed from the source of intelligence or of news, unless I went into the town. One Sunday evening, having invited some friends to pass two or three days in the country, a strange event took place. While drinking our wine after dinner, three of the wine glasses broke spontaneously in pieces, and the wine ran about the table and on the floor ; the clock, which before had struck tolerably correct, now struck two hundred and sixteen ; the screech owls, of which there were abundance in the neighbourhood, made a hideous noise, and appearances were altogether so strange, that I observed there must either have been an earthquake, or some most extraordinary event had taken place. Our imaginations, from being wound up to the highest pitch of conjecture and anxiety, to devise a cause for such strange occurrences, were soon set at rest by a most violent rapping at the door, which proved to be an express, that brought us the agreeable and wonderful intelligence of Napoleon's abdicating the throne, and the extraordinary change such an event has since created on the civil and political system of the world. —pp. 411, 412.

With this extract we think we might conclude, and leave our readers to form their own opinions of Lord Blayney as a traveller and historian ; but this would be doing him injustice, for, though his lordship appears less to have *travelled* than to have *eaten* his way through France and Spain, and though his book is, in general, remark-

able only for its monstrous absurdities, yet it also contains evidence, not ostentatiously obtruded, but rather escaping unaware from his pen, that his lordship is really a generous and goodnatured man, one who has a very honest John-Bull spirit, and who appears neither to have avoided trouble nor shunned danger when his intervention became necessary to any of his less fortunate fellow prisoners: and though, as literary men, we can give little praise to his lordship's narrative of his forced journey, we have no doubt that many particulars of the journey itself are gratefully remembered by German, Spanish, and English prisoners, towards whom his lordship appears to have been, on all occasions, ready to extend every degree of protection and assistance which circumstances would permit.

ART. VI. *Minutes of the Evidence taken before the Committee appointed by the House of Commons to inquire into the State of Mendicity and Vagrancy in the Metropolis and its Neighbourhood.*—Ordered to be printed July 11th, 1815.

A WORTHY constituent of one of the most efficient members of the present Committee, intending to compliment his representative, is said to have observed to him, that, of all his useful labours, the *Mendacity* Report was likely to obtain for him the greatest credit. The joke was probably taken from the slang name given to the Committee by the fraternity whose 'life, character, and behaviour' it exposes. But vague and desultory as a great part of the evidence may be, there is no reason whatever to call in question its veracity; and it confirms the truth of all those extraordinary stories that have long been current respecting the imposition of beggars. There is not a trick or device related in *Lazarillo de Tormes*, *Gusman d'Alfaraché*, or the *Diablo Boiteux*, that cannot be matched by the sons and daughters of mendicity and vagrancy residing in the bye corners, and infesting the streets, of London.

At the same time, we find nothing in the evidence contradictory of an opinion, which we have long entertained, that London, with a greater population, had less misery,—with greater opulence, less profligacy,—and with a worse police, better security and fewer nuisances, than any other great city in the universe; while it very forcibly evinces that these superior advantages are the spontaneous fruits of the sound good sense and peaceable disposition of the great mass of its inhabitants. But it also proves that its numerous institutions for the relief of suffering humanity, its munificent charities, both public and private, for alleviating distress in all its shapes, whether the consequence of vice, imprudence, or misfortune, and

and for the religious and moral education of the children of the poor, unparalleled as they unquestionably are, have little or no effect in diminishing the number of vagrants and street beggars.—The cause is not the insufficiency of the sums raised, but the want of some systematic appropriation to meet and check the nuisance complained of. The existing laws are stated to be fully adequate to the purpose: but they are suffered to sleep quietly in the great Statute Book, or are acted upon in so partial and imperfect a manner as to encourage rather than suppress the evil. We expect no good from any new law on the subject; yet we expect much from the publicity that will now be given to the *frauds* and impostures of the idle and profligate, who riot on the misplaced benevolence of the charitable and humane. To aid that publicity we shall endeavour to collect and condense the scattered parts of the evidence, so as to give a concise view of the whole system of beggary and vagrancy as at present conducted in this great metropolis.

The first mover of the present inquiry, we take for granted, is Mr. Martin, who, in 1802, undertook, under the sanction of the Secretary of State, an inquiry into the state of mendicity in the metropolis. His plan consisted in disposing of tickets to charitable persons, at three-pence each, for the purpose of distributing to beggars, who, on presenting them at the office of the institution, were paid the amount, and frequently more, in return for their history, which was carefully registered in books prepared for the purpose.

In little more than seven months 2000 examinations were taken by means of these tickets; which number, considering the shortness of the time, and that they were principally disposed of at the west end of the town, Mr. Martin conceives may be about a third part of the full-grown beggars in the metropolis; and from the result of the inquiry into these cases, he concludes the total amount of persons subsisting by beggary to be 15,288 individuals. Of these, the home parochials, including about 4,152 children, amount to 6,693; the distant parochials, including 1,467 children, to 2,604; and the non-parochials, including children, to 5,991; of which the Irish, including 3,273 children, amount to 5,310; the Scotch, including 309 children, to 504; and foreigners, including 87 children, to 177—and he intimates the sum required for their maintenance, and ‘extorted from the public by their importunities,’ at £97,126: 10s. being at the rate of sixpence a-day for the food, clothing, and lodging of the adults, and three-pence a-day for the children.—He might, we think, very safely have doubled it. Of the 2000 cases thus inquired into, 192 were men and 1,808 women; of the latter, 1,100 were married, 581 were widows, and 127 single; and from this disparity, joined to other

other circumstances, Mr. Martin is disposed to think that in above half the cases that came before him, beggary had arisen from real distress. Perhaps it might be so; but few, we suspect, of those who shewed themselves at Mr. Martin's office, were common street beggars by profession. As a proof of this, it appears that not one third part of the tickets issued were brought in; that many beggars threw the tickets into the street; and it also appears, that of the 2000 who attended the first inquiry, not 100 shewed themselves at the second. Mr. Martin's evidence may, therefore, be considered as grounded on much too loose and uncertain data, to arrive at any just conclusion either as to the number or character of the professional beggars that haunt the metropolis.

It is probable that the Irish beggars exceed in number and depravity all the rest. Montagu Burgoyne, Esq. honorary secretary to a Society originally intended to give assistance to Irish families residing in Calmet Buildings, Orchard-street, in the parish of Mary-le-bone, states, that having heard that in twenty-four small houses, seven hundred Irish poor lived, he found them, on personal inquiry, to exceed that number; three or four families often residing in one room; that the court was totally neglected by the parish; was never cleaned; that people were afraid to enter it from dread of contagion, and that it was a perfect nuisance. 'I have been,' he says, in every room myself, and I beg leave to add, that neither in the town nor in the country, have I ever met with so many poor among whom there was so much distress, so much profligacy, and so much ignorance.'

From the discovery made in Calmet Buildings, the Society extended its researches into the state of the Irish poor throughout the metropolis; and though Mr. Burgoyne believes they have not been able to take an account of one-half, yet the number amounts to 6,876 grown persons, and 7,288 children under twelve years of age. In the parish of St. Giles's alone, 1,210 grown persons and 1,138 children: 'In this parish,' says Mr. Wakefield, land surveyor, 'I found an entire colony of Irish.' And the description which he gives of their moral and personal condition is most wretched and revolting. Mr. Sampson Stevenson, of King's-street, Seven Dials, overseer of the parish of St. Giles's, states, that of the £32,000 a year, raised within the parish, £20,000 goes to the maintenance of the lower Irish, who are non-parochial.—(p. 19.)\*

Mr. Burgoyne further states, that in this account are contained but few Irish resident in Wapping, though he understood that great numbers were to be found there; he states also, that it was very

\* Our references are made to the reprinted pamphlet, from which the extracts are taken.

difficult to educate their children, from the influence of the priests in preventing their going to any but catholic schools. The following paper, communicated by three members of a society instituted for benevolent purposes, proves what numerous hordes may elude the search of those who have no other view than that of discovering real objects of charity.

‘In visiting George-yard, leading from High-street, Whitechapel, into Wentworth-street, we found there were from thirty to forty houses apparently full of people; and being desirous of knowing the situation they were in, we gained access to several of them, where we had formerly visited distressing cases; and from the information we collected, we conceive that in these houses there are no less than two thousand people; the whole place, indeed, presents such a scene of human misery and dissipation, as can hardly be conceived. We learned from those we had access to, that one half of these inhabitants subsist almost entirely by prostitution and beggary; the other half are chiefly Irish labouring people.

‘In Wentworth street (adjoining the above yard) there are a great many houses occupied by inhabitants similar to those in George-yard. One of these (a private house, No. 58) we visited, and were not a little surprized to find that it contained one hundred beds, which are let by the night, or otherwise, to beggars and loose characters of all descriptions. In some of the lanes leading from this street, there are other houses of the same kind.’—(p. 64.)

To those who are acquainted with the national character of the Scotch, it will not be surprizing that so few of this nation applied at Mr. Martin’s office. Mr. Wakefield, who went from house to house for the Lancastrian Association, did not meet with a single Scotchman in all St. Giles’s! Yet North Britain throws off its swarms not less numerous, perhaps, than those of the sister kingdom; and London may be reckoned the general rendezvous of both; but they proceed thither with very different views; the one to save money, the other to spend what they get in jollity. The Scotch are industrious, frugal, persevering, and provident; and most of them have received a decent education. The Irish, on the contrary, are lazy, extravagant, thoughtless, extremely ignorant, and possessed, as Mr. Burgoyne says, of ‘so much ingenuity and so much imagination, that they will make a story which, on inquiry, turns out to be without foundation.’ Mr. Gordon, Treasurer of the Scottish Hospital, states, that the object of that society is to prevent mendicity, and to send home to Scotland those who may not be in a situation to maintain themselves here; but that as they discard all who have been begging in the streets, very few of that description apply to them. In fact, a Scotchman knows better than to remain unemployed in London till he must either starve or beg; ‘the world is all before him where to chuse;’ and there is no  
part



part of it, however distant or unfrequented, in which successful Scotchmen are not to be found.

There is, however, one sturdy beggar, and but one of this nation, that makes any sort of figure in the evidence delivered before the Committee; and this man preserved, in his degraded situation, at least one trait of the national character—thrift. John Smith, beadle of St. George's, Bloomsbury, informed the Committee, that,—

'There was a Scotchman, some time ago, who had been often sitting in Hart-street, Bloomsbury; he was sitting with his back against the post, and his feet across the foot-path, begging charity. I went and got another person to assist me, and began to remove him; he was a very strong man; he had neither shoes nor stockings on. When I took him to the watch-house, I searched him, and found between thirty and forty shillings in halfpence and silver about him, in different pockets; he had got four waistcoats on, and three coats, and a robe tied round him, that hung just as you may see a lady's shawl flung over her; he appeared in a deplorable situation. I went down to Hatton Garden with him; and after he was ordered to be sent to prison and to the sessions, and I was bound over to prosecute him as an incorrigible rogue and vagabond, I went into a public-house with him, and he said, "Ah, you search very well, but you have missed some point; now let us have something to eat." He called for a pound of ham, and half a pound of beef, a pint of rum, and two pots of ale. He undressed himself, and pulled his garments off; and in his waistcoat there was a tin between the shoulders, such as they keep the pension tickets in. He pulled out a pension ticket, "Here is my pension ticket," says he, "and here is something besides," and I saw it was bank notes. I said, "How much is it?" he said, "Never mind, I will take care of them." I said, "Perhaps you will be robbed when you are in prison." He said, "No, if they rob me, they may rob the devil; sleeping or waking, I take care of what I have." He told me he had a pension of eighteen pounds a year, from Chelsea.'— (p. 96.)

One great source of beggars, though it was attempted to be denied, arises out of the practice, which for its apparent inhumanity cannot be too much reprobated, of all the city parishes, except one or two of the larger, farming out their poor. These parishes, though small, are opulent, and consequently have few poor to maintain; yet light as the burthen is, they find it convenient to trust their maintenance to persons who, like Gil Blas's friend in Madrid, get rich by taking care of the poor, and who can have no other view than that of making a profit by them. James Robertson, of Hoxton, deposes that he farms the poor of forty parishes, amounting to about three hundred, all in one house, at the rate of six shillings a week per head, for which he supplies them with victuals, drink and lodging, and, after the first twelve months, with clothing; that they breakfast at nine, the women having tea and  
sugar,

sugar, and bread and butter; the men, milk-porridge; begin to serve dinner at twelve, and to sup about six; that they never go out, except on Sundays, to places of worship, unless occasionally to see a sick relation, or a son come from sea; that they do some work, of the value of which they have one-third, and he, the contractor, two-thirds, for cutting it out, finding thread, &c.; that there is an acre of garden-ground to his house, and about a quarter of an acre of yard for them to walk in; that the men and women are kept separate; that the house was a gentleman's seat; that some of the rooms have two beds in them, some three, according to their size; and that two sleep in each bed; that he bakes his own bread, and brews his own beer; that his profits arising out of their earnings may amount to from £100 to £150 a year; that the churchwardens visit them once a month; that in cases of fever, they are sent to Guy's or Bartholomew's; that the children go to the parish school, and some to the Sunday school, and that they can read the Bible and Testament.

Thomas Tipple resides at Hoxton, and farms the poor of about seventeen parishes, one or two of which are at the west-end of the town, and one at Wapping,—the average number of paupers being about 230; in the winter time, nearly 300; the contract price regulated by the price of bread, being six shillings a week when the quartern loaf is about a shilling, besides a little profit from clothing them, and two-thirds of their earnings, by being employed on slop-clothing, one-third being allowed to the paupers themselves. Admits that they frequently go out, but not without his permission; that they are sometimes caught begging in the streets; that he himself has been stopped, when in a different dress, by his own lodgers, who told a deplorable story, but who to his knowledge had received their day's allowance before they set out; that these practices are not frequent, and that he gains nothing by it, as the day's provisions are served out too early to admit of that. The children, at two years old, are sent to Tottenham, where they go to school. The bill of fare he stated to be as follows:—'Bread, every day, fourteen ounces best wheaten; breakfast every morning, one pint and a half of gruel; meat on Sundays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays, twelve ounces of uncooked, or eight ounces of cooked, without bone, with vegetables; broth, whenever the meat is boiled; butter, three ounces on Mondays and Fridays; cheese, three ounces on Wednesdays and Saturdays; small-beer, two pints each day; the choice of tea or coffee in lieu of the gruel.' In answer to a question whether they had any books, he replied, 'We have sometimes twenty, thirty, or forty Bibles about the house, sometimes not one, for there are so many so fond of that pernicious liquor, (gin,) that a Bible or nothing else would be valued by them; they make away with every thing.'

Edward

Edward Deacon, of Mile End, farms the poor of nearly forty city parishes, having about 170 at one house, situate at Old Ford, and about 350 at another, at Mile End, for which he receives six shillings a head; their diet and quantity much the same as at Tipple's; may go out to see their friends on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

As this practice of farming out human beings when reduced to a state of poverty, like so many cattle, to mercenary contractors, is deserving of the severest reprobation, and cannot be sufficiently exposed, it is to be hoped that, after the testimony of two of the Members of the Committee, who visited these abodes of wretchedness, the wealthy citizens may be induced to adopt some better plan for the care and comfort of their poor parishioners.

Sir John Anstruther, Bart. made the following statement:—

‘On Saturday last, Mr. Gordon and myself visited the houses of Mr. Robertson and Mr. Tipple, at Hoxton; in the house of Mr. Robertson, the rooms appeared to be extremely crowded, there generally being from nine to ten and eleven in a room; so that when the beds were let down, there was no vacant space in the room. There was extreme filth throughout the house; no classification in the paupers: and at Mr. Robertson's, there was no infirmary: we saw seven or eight sick paupers in bed. We found there was a practice went on, which is called *slating*, which is of this kind; if a pauper sends in the morning to the master of the house, stating that he does not wish for his dinner that day, he allows him two-pence halfpenny; they seemed to be allowed to go out on merely asking leave. The houses of Tipple were rather cleaner, but the apartments were more crowded; however, in that house there was an infirmary, and there was some classification in respect of the paupers; but two of his houses were in a public court, with no outer door that locked; so that the paupers might go out at their own will and pleasure, no person of the family who farms them residing there to watch them.—We also visited the house of Mr. Deacon, at Mile End, which was very much in the same state as the other two.’

Robert Gordon, Esq. a Member of the Committee:—

‘I have nothing to add to the statement made by Sir John Anstruther, but that the court in which the paupers were allowed to exercise, was particularly dirty, and there were pigs running about. On asking several questions of the pauper-women, I found that no soap was allowed them to wash their clothes; and that only one pair of sheets was allowed; consequently, when those were to be washed, which they were obliged to do themselves, they were forced to sleep without any sheets: and they stated that the practice of *slating*, as it is called, was absolutely necessary, that by the two-pence halfpenny saved they might provide themselves with soap and candles (for candles are not allowed at any period of the year). I saw a portion of bread, which was stated to be fourteen ounces, weighed, and it did not appear to me to be full weight; the bread itself was good. I also tasted the small-beer, which appeared

appeared to me extremely bad. In one room, eight-and-twenty feet long, by fifteen wide, there were two-and-twenty persons sleeping. We observed several idiots living promiscuously with the other paupers, and whose situation appeared to be particularly distressing. The statement of Mr. Robertson before this Committee, as to the clothing of the paupers, did not appear to us to be correct, as they were in general extremely ill-clothed; a man in Mr. Robertson's house was almost naked; he was obliged to wear an apron, in consequence of the state of his breeches; his name was George Roberts, of the parish of St. Swithin. There was one man that was blind, and had been so for five years; he had been a gentleman's coachman. There was a general complaint of the want of food, and that was increased by the absolute necessity, the women stated, for selling their dinner; that they seldom had meat above once a week, being obliged to sell the rest for soap and candles. We also found in Robertson's no coals allowed, except from the 9th November to the 25th March; in the other houses they allowed them for the six winter months. When these persons were before the Committee, considerable stress was laid, particularly by Robertson, on their giving work to paupers. Robertson's was the only house where we saw any work provided, and that consisted of picking oakum, and that by a very few individuals: above half the paupers were out on Saturday when we were there. In order to form a judgment between the two systems, we afterwards visited the workhouse belonging to St. George's, Hanover-square, in Mount-street, Grosvenor-square, and found every thing in the best possible state, as it respected the support and comfort of the inhabitants; the paupers not being farmed out, but the parish supporting them in the house, and purchasing by contract, of different tradesmen, the articles which they required.'—(pp. 125—127).

It can hardly be expected that these poor creatures, many of whom have, most likely, seen better days, should not take every opportunity of adding some little comforts to the miserable pittance that is daily doled out to them amidst filth and vermin; and, though we are most ready to subscribe to the opinion generally of the visitors of the Spitalfields Benevolent Society, 'that street-beggars are, with very few exceptions, utterly worthless and incorrigible,' yet we think that the asking of alms, in their unhappy situation, is a venial offence; others too, we doubt not, have been driven by sheer want to solicit charity. But we are now about to notice a class of persons of a very different description—objects dead to all sense of right feeling, and incapable of all shame—impostors by profession, who feed on the misapplied bounty of a too credulous public. Of the haunts and practices of the gangs of robbers and impostors, as well as of a few notorious individuals, who may justly be called 'sturdy beggars,' we shall extract a brief account from the evidence taken by the Committee.

From information communicated by three members of a Society instituted for benevolent purposes, it appeared that—

'In

'In Nicholas-court, Rosemary-lane, there are about twenty beggars, male and female, of the very worst description, great impostors, drunkards, blasphemers, &c. their rendezvous, the *City of Carlisle*, Rosemary-lane. In Mill-yard, Church-lane, about ten female beggars. In White-horse-court and Blue-anchor-yard, about fourteen beggars. In Dottridge-street, New-street, and St. Catherine's-lane, about thirty female beggars. In Angel-gardens, and Blue-gate-fields, about twelve beggars, four of them blacks. In Chapel-street, Commercial-road, six beggars. In Goodman's-yard, Minories, six beggars, affecting blindness. In the neighbourhood of Shoreditch and Bethnal-green, about thirty-five families may be computed at one hundred and fifty members, who subsist by begging and plunder. There are about thirty Greenwich pensioners who hire instruments of music, and go out in parties.'—p. 61.

The Rev. W. Gurney, rector of St. Clement Danes, and minister of the free chapel in West-street, St. Giles's, stated that—'there is one lodging-house in St. Giles's, kept by a Mrs. M'Arthy, a very respectable woman: she would not admit any who drank, and she has always a great many who sleep at her house.'

It certainly does not appear that Mrs. M'Arthy's lodgers are street-beggars. Mr. Gurney once went there to inquire after a lad, and 'being there, I remained the evening to see them come in to roost, and I saw above forty come in. There was a large candlestick stood on the table, containing pieces of rushlight: as each came in, she asked them "double or single;" if they said single, "fourpence:" they put down the fourpence; she put it into her sack, and then they took a bit of rushlight and went to bed.'—p. 43.

Sir Daniel Williams, a magistrate of the police office, White-chapel, stated that a house in Church-lane, Whitechapel, was known by the slang name of the Beggar's Opera, some time ago; that the beggars of that neighbourhood used to resort there at evening, after having perambulated their different circuits, and lived well; that they spent a considerable portion of money, would have hot suppers dressed, and regale themselves with beer, punch, and often other liquor still more expensive. p. 69.

Joseph Butterworth, Esq. one of the committee, and an active member of the 'Stranger's Friend Society,' says—

'There are two public-houses in Church-lane, St. Giles's, whose chief support depends upon beggars; one called the *Beggar's Opera*, which is the Rose and Crown public-house, and the other the Robin Hood. The number that frequent those houses, at various times, are computed to be from two to three hundred. I have been credibly informed that they are divided into companies, and each company is subdivided into what are called walks, and each company has its particular walk: if this walk be considered beneficial, the whole company take it

it by turns, each person keeping it from half an hour to three or four hours. Their receipts, at a moderate calculation, cannot be less than from three to five shillings a day each person. They cannot be supposed to spend less at night than half-a-crown, and they generally pay sixpence for their Bed. They are to be found in those houses throughout the day: but in great numbers from eight to nine in the morning, and late in the evening. It is their custom to sally out early in the morning, and those who have any money left of the preceding day's earnings, treat the rest with spirits before they begin the operations of the day. I have been informed that they have a kind of committee to organize the walks, and to be frequented by each person, and they generally appropriate the best walks to the senior beggars in rotation.—p. 72.

Mr. William Dorrell, inspector of the pavement of St. Giles's, has been on an evening, out of curiosity, at the Rose and Crown, kept by a man of the name of Sheen, and the Robin Hood, in Church-lane, by a man whose name is Pearl. 'I have seen them,' he says, 'some years back, at the time when the knives and forks, the snuffers; the pokers, tongs, and so on, were chained to the place, take fowls and such things for supper.' He also says that there were two cellars between Plumtree-street and Dyot-street, where they used to dress sausages for their supper, and where the things were chained to the table to prevent their being stolen.

Mr. Sampson Stevenson, overseer of the parish of St. Giles's, gave a similar account of another house, called the Fountain, in King-street, Seven-dials, where the beggars assemble, not only at night, but in a morning before they start upon their daily occupations. He has gone into the bar to see their manner of going on: they set out in a morning, some with knapsacks on their back, others without any. The former take any thing they can collect, old clothes and old shoes, which they bring to a place near Monmouth-street, where 'they *translate* old shoes into new ones; they make sometimes three or four shillings a day by old shoes only;' and 'their mode of exciting charity for shoes is invariably to go barefooted, and scarify their feet and heels with something or another to cause the blood to flow.' He says they are the worst of characters, get violently drunk, quarrel and fight, calling for gin, rum, beer, and whatever they like; ham, beef, and so on; broken victuals none of them will touch. 'There are houses where there are forty or fifty of them, like a gaol, the porter stands at the door and takes the money. For threepence they have clean straw, or something like it; for those who pay fourpence there is something more decent; for sixpence they have a bed. They are all locked in for the night, lest they should take the property. In the morning there is a general muster below.'—p. 79.

It appears that in the parish of St. Giles there are numbers of  
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these houses : the persons who frequent them have no habitations, but live entirely by begging, or something worse.

Mr. W. Hale, silk manufacturer, of Spitalfields, states that beggars get sometimes ten or twelve shillings a day ; that they live extremely well, ' and will have rump steaks and oyster sauce in a morning frequently : ' and Samuel Roberts, watch-house keeper of St. Giles's, and St. George's, Bloomsbury, is quite positive that many of these beggars are in a much better situation than many of the working people. ' I have seen them,' he says, ' at the end of Compton-street, come out of the houses where they have been, with a leg and an arm tied up, and so on ; they have had four or five glasses of gin before they started, and have settled which way they should go : then they meet again in the evening, and cook their own geese, or their own turkeys, or they will cook a turkey and put sausages round it, and call it *an alderman hung in chains*.'—p. 132.

The Rev. Wm. Gurney bears testimony to the vile character of street-beggars, their impostures, and their carousing. ' There is a house,' he says, ' in Kent-street, where I have seen a great fat man, who moves himself about on a wooden board. When I lived near the Kent-road, I have seen eight or ten of these persons go into a miserable house in the lower part of Kent-street. I have seen tables set ; one a very long table, covered with a coarse cloth, but a clean one ; and there was something roasting. I was afraid to go in on account of this man, who was a very violent one : this man was among the rest ; they were going to have their dinner at the fashionable hour of seven.'—p. 40.

Most of our town readers will have taken notice of this jolly farmer-looking beggar, apparently cut down to the trunk, and fixed on a kind of wooden bowl or sledge, which he shuffles along by two short pieces of wood in his hands. We have heard a story of his having enlisted while sitting at table with a recruiting serjeant, who, finding himself imposed upon, endeavoured to take back by force the money he had given to him, but received a complete thrashing from this trunk of a man.

Most of the notorious sturdy beggars that we see in the streets, many at fixed stations, belong to some or other of these gangs. There is a man, cleanly dressed like a sailor, who infests St. Paul's Church-yard, led by a dog with a string, carrying a hat in his mouth. This man has been in Bridewell a dozen times. When taken up, he says his dog is the beggar, not he ; and a good beggar the dog is, for Mr. Holdsworth, the senior city marshal, says it could be proved, and that the fellow himself indeed confessed it, that he could get on an average thirty shillings a day.'—p. 27. A young man goes about half naked, with flowers in his hand, who is said to have

have money in the funds ; he calls himself an independent beggar, and is reputed the best boxer in St. Giles's.—p. 72. Another of the same description, without a hat, and his naked arms thrust through a tattered waistcoat, limps and crawls along as if scarcely able to move, yet he is a great boxer and fencer, and Mr. Butterworth says he has seen him walk off the ground as quickly as most people on the appearance of a beadle, or a Bow-street officer.—p. 78. One *Granne Manoo*, a stout athletic man, goes about almost naked, so as to be an object of disgust. This man makes large sums of money by collecting shoes and old clothes ; but he is so vile a character, and so abusive, that he is scarcely out of gaol three months in the year.—p. 77. The beadle of St. George's was about to take up an impostor with his leg in a wooden frame ; but on laying hold of him he threw away the wooden frame, and scampered off with a better pair of legs than those of the beadle, like the beggar in *Le Diable Boiteux*, ' si alerte et si léger, qu'il passeroit un daim à la course.' He afterwards saw him with an arm tied up in a sling.—p. 96. There is a fellow of the name of Harding, a Greenwich pensioner, a most depraved character, and gross impostor ; he lives by collecting old clothes, shoes, &c. he says ' he is allowed but a bloody seven pounds a year for a pension ; but that he can make a day's work in an hour in any square in London.' One John Collins, in the neighbourhood of Lincoln's-inn-fields, known to the beadles by the name of the *soap eater*, is a great impostor, and throws himself into fits.—(p. 131.) A Chelsea pensioner of the name of Babington, whose pension is six or seven-and-twenty pounds a year, is stated to be one of the most profligate and abandoned characters that infest the town ; his station in summer is against the Duke of Devonshire's wall in Piccadilly.—(p. 104.) There was a man of the name of Butler, who walked with a stick led by a dog, and hitting the curb-stone as he went along : he affected blindness ; but could see so well that in the evenings he wrote letters for his brother beggars. A fellow in Russell-street, Russell-square, never takes less than a quartern of gin at a draught, and may be found daily rolling in the kennels by three or four o'clock.—(p. 101.) A lame man with a crutch and stick takes his station in Tottenham-court-road, who, as soon as he gets two-pence halfpenny, goes to the *Black Horse*, and takes a glass of gin, and continues this till he can no longer stand.—(p. 105.) Though many of these beggars obtain large sums of money, we suspect that very few save any thing for a future day. Mr. Butterworth says that the visitors of the ' Stranger's Friend Society' well knew a negro beggar who, about two years since, used to stand by Messrs. Elliott and Robinson's tea warehouse, near Finsbury-square, who has retired to the West Indies with a fortune,



it is supposed, of about 1,500*l.* obtained by begging. We are old enough to remember a blind man who for a great number of years took his station under the passage of Newcastle House, at the entrance into Lincoln's-inn-fields, who was reported to have left a large sum of money in the funds; and another blind man who used to remain on his knees the whole day on the small bridge over the Greenwich-road, who was said to have left a decent fortune to a distant relation. It was then very much the fashion for beggars to have permanent stations, which they so much considered their own, as to dispose of them by sale. We perfectly recollect an advertisement in the Daily Advertiser of 'A blind man's walk, near Moor-fields, to be sold, with a staff and a well-trained dog; the present occupier retiring from business.'

It would seem that the greatest impostors, and the most profligate and abandoned beggars, are the women. Wherever a woman is seen begging with twins, which is no unusual thing, nine times out of ten she may be set down for an impostor. The beggars on those occasions match children belonging to the community, as to age and appearance, and take them out by turns. Mr. Wm. Hale, of Spitalfields, states, that the paupers of their work-house are allowed to go to a place of worship on Sundays; that one woman used, as she said, to go to a chapel in the City-road. One of the overseers coming out in the evening, after service, heard a voice, 'Pray remember a poor blind child; have mercy, have pity on a poor blind child.' Knowing the voice, he turned round, and recognized her to be one of the paupers, who had borrowed or hired this blind child for the purpose of exciting pity. 'I have known,' says Mr. Hale, 'a woman sit for ten years with twins, and they never exceeded the same age.'—(p. 119.) A man and his wife in Charles-street, Drury-lane, lived by begging; when the woman was about to lie-in, a benevolent neighbour, perceiving that she had neither bed nor bedstead, furnished her with both; but he soon found that the bedstead had been cut up and made into a rabbit-hutch; and on inquiring the reason, was told by the beggar, that charitable persons would occasionally visit them, and finding they had neither bed nor bedstead, would be more disposed to give them money.—(p. 78.) The Rev. Henry Budd, Chaplain of Bridewell Hospital, states, that a woman having applied to a Lying-in Society, one of the visitors went to her house, and found *eleven* different sets of clothes, which she had obtained from as many different charitable societies.—(p. 66.) 'One evening,' says Mr. Dorrell, 'I was coming down Tottenham-court-road: a man and woman, both beggars, were quarrelling; the man swore at the woman very much, and told her to go down to such a place, and he would follow her. I said to myself, I will see this out. She appeared to be pregnant, and

and very near her time. I went down to Sheen's; there was a quarrel; and he said, "I will do for you presently;" and he up with his foot and kicked her, and down came a pillow stuffed with straw, or something of that kind; she was very soon delivered.'—(p. 101.) Almost all the children that are found begging in the streets are sent out by their abandoned parents, with strict injunctions not to return to them until they have procured in some way or other, a certain sum, from six-pence to half a crown; and they are usually sent by their mothers, who spend the money in gin. A strong healthy woman of the name of O'Keefe, about two-and-thirty years of age, has a little boy and girl, who beg about Great Russell-street; they were sent to the Catholic Free-school, of St. Giles's, but soon absented themselves. On Mr. Finigan, the master, inquiring why she would not let them attend, she replied, 'God bless you, sir, these children earn eight shillings a day for me!' he further stated, that she goes very naked and dirty, and that he saw her almost every day in a state of intoxication.—(p. 137.) Mr. Finigan gives a shocking account of the general depravity of the mothers of children put under his care. There was an old woman, he says, who kept a night-school for the sole purpose of teaching female children the street language; they had fictitious names; one child was to act Mother Barlow, and another Mother Cummins; and in those characters, the old wretch instructed them in all the manoeuvres of scolding, and making use of the most infamous expressions, and clapping their hands at each other. The most disgraceful scenes ensued; and if Mother Barlow, in the following day, should get within the limits of Mother Cummins, they were each prepared to defend themselves, and to excite a mob.—(p. 138.)

There still remains to be noticed another class of beggars, who are as great a nuisance and, at the least, as great impostors as any we have yet mentioned; we allude to the beggars by letter or petition, and their accomplices. Mr. Butterworth states, that there are many persons who gain a livelihood by writing these letters and petitions. A man in Rose-street, Long-acre, and another in the Broadway, Westminster, get their living entirely by that employment.—(p. 75.) Mr. John Cooper, a Member of the Committee, and one of the Stewards of the Spitalfields Benevolent Society, says, that a Member of Parliament sent him a letter which he had received from a person, stating himself as residing in Church-row, Aldgate, and describing himself as the nephew of an Irish baronet, his wife the daughter of an Irish peer, both reduced to the greatest misery through long illness, and soliciting relief.—He described his wife as confined to her bed, and himself unable to leave his room. Mr. Cooper went to the spot the very day after the letter purported to have been written, and

found the house unoccupied; and that it had been so for many days; that a person describing himself such as represented in the letter, had lived there, but that there had been no illness in his family.—(p. 113.) Soliciting subscriptions to books which are never meant to be published, is another practice of obtaining money: some subsist by carrying their petitions from door to door, with a list of contributors at the end of them, generally beginning with one of the royal family, of the peerage, or the bench of bishops. Robert Lent, beadle of St. George's, knows a man of the name of Carter, who lodged in Little Coram-street; says, that the woman of the house told him, there was not a day but bundles of linen came, and provisions, and one pound notes, from persons to whom he had written letters of distress. John Smith, another beadle of the same parish, knows Carter; says, he is now no longer a lodger, but has the house to himself, and lets it furnished, keeps an old iron shop, and deals in rags and bottles, and things of that sort; that he obtains his living chiefly by writing to different families; and that it is well known to the neighbours, that his wife is in waiting at home while he goes out with his letters; his children also are kept in the way in apparent want, and the wife generally lies in bed, that she may be seen in that state by the ladies who come to relieve their distress: he states that one lady of great respectability in Russell-square has been a great friend to this poor sick lady of Mr. Carter; who, it seems, in addition to his other employments, 'is a bit of an attorney, or something of that kind, and frequently brings the people into bigger scrapes than they were before.'—(p. 130.)

While on the subject of impositions, we cannot forbear noticing a case brought forward by the Hon. Edward Harbord, far more scandalous, and deserving of punishment, than mere acts of vagrancy. He states, that he became a member of a society called 'The Laudable Institution,' established in August, 1800, for the avowed purpose of affording relief to the industrious poor, by supplying them with good meat and vegetables, at a low rate. Mr. Harbord, as a subscriber of two guineas a year, was entitled to send paupers for relief; but on applying at the office, No. 36, Duke-street, Grosvenor-square, he found it was a butcher's-shop, kept by one Smith; that Mr. John Purfield, the Treasurer, did not attend as stated in the advertisement; and he had reason to suspect that the whole was an imposition. At the advice of Mr. Nares, he took a Bow-street officer, and demanded to inspect the books. In one year, meat to the value of £20, and in another, to £70, was the utmost that had been charged to Mr. Purfield, and no vegetables had ever been delivered out. On a description being given of Mr. Purfield's person, it appeared he was already in the pocket-book of the Bow-street officer, as a notoriously infamous character, who

who kept a house of ill-fame in the city. Mr. Harbord next applied to the vestry of St. George's parish, proposed a subscription to carry on a prosecution against this swindler, but the vestry would not adopt the measure, and the matter dropped. Lord Anson, however, having mentioned to Mr. Harbord, that Mr. Purfield had called on him in the year 1814, for his subscription, he again took up the investigation, and consulted Mr. Gurney, the barrister, how he should proceed; by his advice, he waited on Mr. Birnie, the magistrate of Bow-street, who feared that the law would not touch Mr. Purfield, but suggested the propriety of sending a hand-bill to each individual subscriber, dated 'Public Office, Bow-street,' designating Mr. Purfield as an impostor. Sir Nathaniel Conant, however, differed from Mr. Birnie, as to the propriety of issuing such a hand-bill; and Mr. Harbord, as the last resource, applied to Mr. Rose, the Chairman of the present Committee, in order that if the law would not touch the fraud, as it now stood, provision should be made for reaching so infamous an offence. Sir Nathaniel is a great lawyer, and knows Burn's Justice from end to end; but with all due submission to Sir Nathaniel, we conceive he would not only have been justified, but that it was his duty, to post this fellow for a swindler, and issue his warrant for apprehending him. The number of these *Laudables*, including Dukes, Duchesses, Lords, Ladies, Honourables, and Right Honourables, Reverends, and Right Reverends, Baronets, Knights, and Esquires, amounted, it seemed, to 275, and the least their worthy treasurer could receive was a snug recompense of five hundred guineas a year!—(p. 109.)

Having now selected from the body of the Evidence, a few specimens of the sort of impositions practised on the good-natured public, we shall next inquire what measures are, or ought to be, adopted for preventing the spread of the evil, or curing the existing disease. Though it is stated in the evidence, that the number of beggars infesting the streets of the metropolis has not increased within the last thirty years, yet it does not appear that it has much diminished: that the nuisance has not altogether been suppressed can only be owing either to the insufficiency of the existing laws, or to the neglect of those whose duty it is to put them in execution. It is admitted, however, even by Sir Nathaniel Conant, after a good deal of squeezing, that by a strict execution of the laws now in force, the streets *might* be cleared of beggars—but then the putting of those laws into execution would introduce such a degree of severity, that, according to Sir Nathaniel's phraseology, 'it would be quite as great, as the laceration of the mind of the passenger on seeing such objects.'—(p. 60.) The people of Edinburgh, however, have completely cleared that large city of beggars, and we believe, without much 'laceration of mind,' by simply finding them lodging, employment,

employment, and food, not indiscriminately dealt out, but suited to the merits of each individual case. We could mention forty large towns in England, in none of which would a beggar dare to shew his face, because the magistrates do their duty, and the 'laws are strictly executed.' In London, they are not only not executed, but the breach of them is daily and hourly connived at. Mr. John Stafford, chief clerk of the office in Bow-street, states, that it is not considered as any part of the duty of the Police-officers to apply themselves to beggars, that being a business more appertaining to beadle and constables of parishes; and the beadle complains that if vagrants are taken up by them, the magistrates very frequently let them go. John Smith, beadle of St. George's, says, he has Burn's Justice, which instructs him what to do, but the magistrates will not sometimes take the trouble to look at it, and then he is obliged to tell them what to do.—(p. 95.) Robert Lent, another beadle of St. George's, complains that the magistrates discharge notorious vagabonds and common vagrants when brought before them. Samuel Roberts, watch-house-keeper of St. Giles's, also deposes, that the magistrates will very seldom commit them.—(p. 132.) Besides, the beadle runs some risk in taking up a street-beggar; he is almost sure to be ill-treated by the rabble, who take the part of the beggar, not we believe through the 'ill-advised kindness of individuals,' as Mr. Francis Hobler, the clerk to the Lord Mayor, seems to think, but from that inveterate hatred which the rabble always bears towards legitimate authority; and the appearance of a bit of gold-lace and the cocked-hat is quite enough to provoke the exercise of that hatred on the person of the poor beadle.—(p. 19.)

The commitment of the magistrates, however, seems to be of very little use towards the suppression of vagrants and street-beggars. The usual process is to send them to Bridewell or to some other-house of correction, as they are misnamed, for seven days, *as the Act directs*; from whence they are passed to their proper parish; or, if extra-parochial, to Bristol or Liverpool to be shipped for Ireland—that is to say, they are taken up for begging in the parish of St. George's, Hanover-square, 'to be very well fed' for seven days in Bridewell, as the Rev. Henry Budd testifies, and then let loose again to beg in the parish of St. George's, Bloomsbury; and if the beadle of this parish is a stout resolute fellow, that regards not the mob, and the sitting magistrate happens to be in a committing humour, away goes the vagrant a second time to 'feed well' for another seven days in Bridewell; unless he should be recognized for a common vagrant, and then he gets a few months imprisonment. If they belong to one of the distant parishes, the process is the same, with this difference, that the beadle of the parish in which they were taken up and committed to Bridewell,

well, goes, at the expiration of the seven days, to conduct them to a worthy gentleman of the name of Thomas Davis, 'Contractor for the County of Middlesex for conveying vagrants in and through the County of Middlesex.' This Thomas Davis says, he can prove that he has passed 'as much as twelve or thirteen thousand a year,' including those individuals, however, whom he 'passes many times' in the course of the year. He has two horses, and he carries the vagrants in carts. His house, he says, will accommodate from fifty to sixty people, and he is allowed sixpence a day, for three days, for man, woman, and child, in his own house, to enable him to assort his cargoes for the different directions of the county of Middlesex, and the same rate while travelling. He has, besides, four receiving houses, at Egham, Colnbrook, Ridge, and Cheshunt. The Greenwich and Chelsea pensioners, he says, are the greatest vagabonds and the most outrageous persons that are passed; he does not feed his inmates, but gives them the sixpence a day to purchase what they please. Those belonging to Middlesex he delivers at once to their respective parishes, who generally turn them out again, sometimes before he can get a receipt for their delivery. Those of the distant parishes he delivers to the Contractor for the next county, and takes, as a return cargo, those who may be on their passage into the county of Middlesex, and who are taken in by a Mrs. Meads, of Egham, to whom he pays six guineas a year for her trouble and lodgings. As to those vagrants who are to be passed over to Ireland, not one in ten, he says, is ever shipped; they ride down in carts to Holyhead, Bristol, and Liverpool, are turned adrift, and work their passage up again to the metropolis, by pilfering and begging, and thus 'the wheel goes round.'

The Committee, we think, would have done well to inquire a little farther into the remuneration of Mr. Thomas Davis for a service by no means agreeable, of great anxiety, constant vigilance, and from the most meritorious performance of which, neither credit nor character can be obtained. He states that he has an annual salary of 300*l.* a year from the county and nothing else; that the sixpence a day is invariably given to the people to feed themselves, out of which he has no advantage; that his house-rent is forty guineas a year, besides taxes, which cannot be less than 12*l.*—that his assistant has from him above a guinea a week, besides his expenses, which are not less than 30*l.* a year; the four receiving houses cost twenty-four guineas a year, his two horses 104*l.* a year, all of which amount to 267*l.* 16*s.* every farthing of which he says goes out of his salary; so that there is left only a balance for himself of 32*l.* 4*s.* a year! And yet he tells the Committee, that for the last fifty years there have only been three contractors, Adams, Brothwell, and himself; and that Brothwell is now  
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the keeper of Bridewell. If Mr. Davis had been closely pressed, it would probably have turned out, that of the twelve thousand paupers annually passed by him, at least six thousand belonged to the metropolis and its vicinity, and were sent adrift the very day he received them from Bridewell; drawing their three days' pay for this number, at sixpence a day each, gives him at once 450*l.* a year, to say nothing of those which he drops by the way 'in dark nights' and in 'the winter time;' when, he says, 'they would get away unless I stood over them with a drawn sword.'—(p. 94.) But instead of six, we shall, perhaps, be nearer the mark in stating nine thousand for the number of those who are not fortunate enough to get a jaunt in one of Mr. Davis's carts, and this would give him 675*l.* a year. Our supposition is made on this ground: Mr. Davis generally keeps two horses *in the winter*, and we presume two carts. Now supposing each cart to make a trip to the borders of the county and to return with a fresh importation for the metropolis, once in four days throughout the whole year, that is, each cart ninety times, it would require sixteen or seventeen people for each cargo, which, we apprehend, is quite as much as one horse would be able to draw, to convey the remaining three thousand.—But as the Committee intends to pursue its inquiries, we have no doubt the Middlesex contractor for passing vagrants will be further examined.

It is quite clear that this practice of passing beggars, vagrants, and paupers, is neither prevention nor cure for the evil. The causes of beggary are obvious enough—sickness and misfortune, want of employment, idleness, drunkenness, prostitution. One of the most general and prominent sources of the numerous instances of wretchedness which Mr. Wakefield witnessed, in his survey of St. Giles's, he states to originate in the multitude of Irish who were living in a state of want, dirt, and ignorance: having no legal title to parish relief, their only resource is that of mendicity or thieving. The lottery, he thinks, is a second cause of mendicity; and he relates, as an instance, the case of an industrious man who applied to the Committee of the Spitalfields Soup Society for relief; and who, on being asked his profession, said he was a 'Translator,' which, when *translated*, signifies, it seems, the art of converting old boots and shoes into wearable ones; but the lottery is about to draw, and, says he, 'I have no sale for boots or shoes during the time that the lottery draws;'—the money of his customers being spent in the purchase of tickets or the payment of insurances.\*

Mr.

\* Nothing shews the power of habit more than this idle tale, which, having once been true, is still repeated, though the grounds of it are no longer in existence. It is always greedily received and readily believed; and he must be a very stupid vagrant who does not discover that the most popular apology which he can offer for begging or stealing, is—

Mr. John Daughtry who, as connected with the Spitalfields Benevolent Society, has visited many hundred poor families, thinks that the suppression of the great haunts or lodging-houses, the resort of the worst class of mendicants, would contribute to cure the evil of street-beggary; but that the most effectual preventive would be to enlighten the public mind on this point, and check the injudicious benevolence which supports and encourages such vagrants. There is indeed no doubt that beggary receives its chief support from the mistaken humanity of the people of the metropolis. If this humanity was wholly exercised in relieving the sick and the unfortunate at their own houses, either directly themselves or through the medium of some of those numerous benevolent societies, of which there are probably not fewer than fifty in London, their charity

is—the having been driven to it by ‘adventuring in the lottery.’ We are not displeased to have an opportunity of saying a word on this theme of perpetual misrepresentation. The love of gambling is as old as ‘mendicity’ itself, and the cause of it must be sought in human nature: but to the evidence.

The sixteenth of a lottery ticket, which is the smallest share that can be purchased, has not, for many years, been sold under thirty shillings; a sum much too large for a person who buys old shoes ‘translated,’ and even for the ‘translator’ himself, to advance: we may, therefore, safely conclude, that ‘the purchase of tickets’ is not the mode of gambling by which Crispin’s customers are brought to distress.

Until the year 1800, the drawing of the lottery (which usually consisted of 60,000 tickets for England alone) occupied forty-two days, in succession; it was, therefore, about forty-two to one against any particular number being drawn the first day; if it remained in the wheel, it was forty-one to one against its being drawn on the second, &c.; the adventurer, therefore, who could for eight-pence insure the return of a guinea, if a given number came up the first day, would naturally be led, if he failed, to a small increase of the deposit, according to the decrease of the chance against him, until his number was drawn, or the person who took the insurance money would take it no longer. This was undoubtedly a very infatuating mode of gambling, as the passion was thus kept alive from day to day; and though we do not believe that it created mendicity, yet it mainly contributed, with the gin-shops, night-cellars, obscure gambling-houses and places of amusement, to fill the pawnbrokers’ shops, and diminish the profits of the worthy ‘translator of old shoes.’

To remedy this evil as far as the lottery was concerned, Mr. Perceval introduced a new set of regulations, by which every lottery has since been drawn in one, two, or at most, four days: thus reducing the chances so greatly, that it has not been found worth the insurer’s while to run any risk whatever for the trifling advantage that would accrue to him in case of success; and utterly destroying the infatuation of perpetual gambling, by fixing the days of drawing at irregular intervals, but never within ten of one another.

Other regulations have been made by the present ministers. The offices are closely watched, and offences, when detected, severely punished. Insurance, we believe, is reduced to nothing. We hear of no new speculators in this traffic; and, at least, we are sure that it would puzzle the most knowing professional man to discover any cases at the Old Bailey, either of ‘insurers or adventurers.’ We wish we could say the same of obscure gambling-houses, of which we believe there are, at this moment, a dozen complaints or more on the file.

It must be observed that our strictures are confined to the state lottery. ‘Little Goes,’ and other fraudulent modes of chance, conducted by desperate and needy wretches in garrets and cellars, though perpetually confounded even by the magistrates themselves, with the former, we have not leisure to notice. The most praiseworthy vigilance, we understand, is employed in detecting them; but where the knaves and the dupes are equally profligate and artful, the extinction of the evil must be slow and laborious.

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would be sure of being well bestowed ; but giving indiscriminate alms to a street-beggar is a direct encouragement to idleness and profligacy. Mr. Butterworth justly observes, that begging has a direct tendency to degrade the mind, and that when once a man has submitted to ask and receive alms he will rarely return to habits of industry. It appears, from unquestionable evidence, that no worthy people, however distressed, have been known to have recourse to street-begging ; that those who have visited thousands of families for the purpose of relieving their distresses unasked, have invariably found the best informed, the most decent and comfortable in their dwellings, to be the most backward in accepting the proffered relief. The most deserving objects of real and deep distress are the last to court attention to their unhappy situation in the public streets and highways ; they are neither clamorous nor obtrusive, but brood over their misery in secrecy and silence ; they must be sought out in obscure and unfrequented corners, in the dark and confined courts, the bye lanes and narrow alleys of this overgrown city.—To discover and relieve such objects is true charity.

It is pretty clear that beggary has its origin principally in the ignorance and profligacy of those who are brought up in the profession or enter upon it at an advanced period of life ; and it is, therefore, of the highest importance to check the evil in its origin, which cannot, perhaps, be more successfully accomplished than by planting in the minds of the rising generation, the seeds of a moral and religious education. The beneficial effects of Sunday schools are testified by so many respectable witnesses, that we feel pleasure in giving additional publicity to some interesting cases mentioned in the minutes of evidence.

Mr. Cooper, one of the Stewards of the Spitalfields Benevolent Society, states, that in almost every case he and his colleague could tell by the appearance of the children and their behaviour, and the appearance of the habitations frequently, whether the children were in the habit of receiving any instruction or not. ‘ I have been connected,’ he says, ‘ with Sunday schools for these ten years past, and have been a visitor to a large Sunday school for these last eight years and a half, in which there are between six and seven hundred children instructed ; and the beneficial effects, in so many respects, have appeared to me so obvious, that I have for some years considered that Sunday schools, above all other institutions with which I am acquainted, are most calculated to better the condition of the poor.’—(p. 111.) He further states, that the benefits of these schools are not confined to the children, but are extended to their families, by introducing the habit of keeping the rest of the children clean and decent, and sometimes they are of much higher importance, as in the following instance related by Mr. Cooper.

‘ A poor

' A poor woman applied on a Sunday morning for a bible for her girl, who had left the School the preceding Sunday ; this girl not having got one on account of there not being a sufficient number for distribution ; and as she had gone to service, her mother applied the following Sunday for this bible. I made some inquiries of her respecting her daughter, and learnt that she had five girls successively in the same school. I asked her whether she thought her children were any the better for the instruction they had received there. She replied, with great earnestness, " The better, sir ! I can never be thankful enough to God and to the gentlemen of this school, that my children were taught there, and for the instruction they have received." I inquired in what respect ; and she told me, that before the eldest girls were admitted into the school, neither she nor her husband attended a place of worship, and they lived by no means comfortably together ; but after the two eldest girls had been some time in the Sunday school, they said to her one Sunday, " Mother, you never go to church or chapel, why do you not go ?" She was very much struck with this, and began to think of the circumstance of her being taught in this manner by her child, and began herself to attend a place of worship, and, some time after, her husband also. She added, that they considered their children their greatest blessings ; that all the girls had gone to service, and had behaved well and obtained good characters. And she moreover added, as one motive of thankfulness, that when she looked into other poor families, and observed what trouble many of them had with their children, and when she heard them cursing and swearing in the streets, never hearing a bad word from any of her's, she thought she could not say enough as to the benefits her children and her family had derived from the school.'—(p. 112.)

Mr. John Daughtry also bears the most decided testimony of the beneficial influence of Sunday schools, and their direct tendency to counteract the dispositions and habits that might lead to mendicity. He states that in a few months after admission the very appearance of the lowest order of children may be observed to undergo a decided improvement, more cleanly and more tidily dressed, and their minds evidently raised a degree farther from the meanness and degradation of mendicants ; that the benefit is frequently extended to parents ; nay, that whole communities might be mentioned as having received important benefit from the institution of schools, and he adduces Hoxton and Haggerston as striking instances of the happy effects in the moral improvement of the depraved poor, which, he says, is visible to all the neighbouring inhabitants. The children belonging to the schools are visited by the benevolent persons connected with these schools ; and the poor have expressed such surprize at the interest taken in their welfare, and the welfare of their children, that it has had the best possible effect. —(p. 117.)

Mr. Hale says there has been a great alteration in the moral condition

dition of Spitalfields since the establishment of Sunday schools; that the character of the poor of the parish is very different from what it was thirty or forty years ago; that owing to their moral and mental improvement they resisted all attempts from Nottingham and other quarters to seduce them into riot and disturbance; and he believes that no instance is to be found where so multitudinous a poor congregate together in so small a space with so little inconvenience to their neighbours.—(p. 123.)

We must not omit the testimony of Mr. Butterworth in favour of Sunday schools, which, from all his inquiries and observations, he has no doubt have a great tendency to prevent mendicity in the lower classes of society.

‘A large school, which I frequently visit at Drury-lane, which has upwards of 600 children, has produced many instances of great mental and moral improvement amongst the lower classes of society. At this time there are no less than twenty chimney-sweep boys in that school, who, in consequence of coming there, have their persons well cleaned every week, and their apparel kept in decent order. I have the names of their masters. Some of the employers of those chimney-sweep boys are so well satisfied with the school, that they will take no child but what shall regularly attend it, as they find it generally improves their morals and behaviour. In another school in Hinde-street, Mary-le-bone, there are eleven chimney-sweep boys. Some time ago, when I happened to be the visitor for the day, a woman attended to return thanks for the education her daughter had received in Drury-lane school. I inquired whether her child had received any particular benefit by the instruction in the school. She said she had indeed received much good; and I believe the woman’s words were—“She should ever have reason to bless God that her child had come to that school: that before her girl attended there, her husband was a profligate disorderly man, spent most of his time and money at the public-house; and she and her daughter were reduced to the most abject poverty, and almost starved; that one Sunday afternoon the father had been swearing very much, and was somewhat in liquor; the girl reproved her father, and told him, from what she had heard at school, she was sure it was very wicked to say such words. The father made no particular reply, but on the Monday morning his wife was surprised to see him go out and procure food for breakfast; and from that time he became a sober industrious man. Some weeks afterwards she ventured to ask him the cause of the change in his character; his reply was, that the words of Mary had made a strong impression on his mind, and he was determined to lead a new course of life. This was twelve months prior to the child being taken out of the school, and his character had become thoroughly confirmed and established: he is now a virtuous man, and an excellent husband.” She added, that they now had their lodgings well furnished, and that they lived very comfortably; and her dress and appearance fully confirmed her testimony.’—(p. 74.)

Mr.

Mr. Butterworth illustrates further the efficacy of Sunday schools, even on adults, by the mention of one Henry Hardey, a common street-beggar, who attended Drury-lane school for eight years, and discontinued his former degrading habits, obtained a situation behind the counter of a tobacconist, and his brother also attended school, and became a gratuitous teacher; but these, we apprehend, are rare examples; the great bulk of the evidence goes to prove that street-begging is a hopeless disease.

Female prostitution is another great source of mendicity in the metropolis. It is the end to which most of those unhappy beings come who survive the diseases to which their habits of life expose them, but have lost their youth, their health, and their charms. The number of those unfortunate females who reform is so limited, that this source of mendicity is not likely, by any human means, to be dried up. The chaplain of the Bridewell Hospital stated, that for the first three or four years after his appointment he used to advise and interrogate the women of the town, and learn their histories; but he at length gave it up, when he found that one woman had been committed thirty-nine times, and others a vast number of times.---(p. 62.)

‘I do not know,’ says Mr. Budd, ‘a more pitiable description of human beings than the poor creatures who are brought in to us for a time: the mode of life in which they are living is reduced to a complete system. They are intoxicated a great part of the day, or they would not be able to support what they are to undergo at night probably. In fact, their life is such, that it tends to stupify the understanding, and to harden the heart, and the great difficulty is to make any impression on them; tears I can frequently draw from them, by representing the wretchedness and infamy of their situation; but tears are easily shed, and the impression soon wears off.’---(p. 67.)

But by far the most fertile source of mendicity, and one of the most serious evils regarding the poor in this great city, is the vast shoals of Irish that are perpetually pouring in, and become a nuisance and a burthen, particularly to the parishes in which they take up their abode. The Irish Charitable Society relieves a few, and sends a few others to their homes—about a thousand, Mr. Quin thinks, ‘within the last two years and a half: ‘but what are they among so many?’ the absolutely indigent and the street-beggars the Society entirely rejects. The ease with which they get over in the packets and traders between Dublin and Liverpool, gives encouragement to their emigration. The passage-money is only half-a-crown a head; they lay in no provisions, and trust to their own ingenuity for a supply on landing. Mr. Wakefield says that when the packet has been kept out three or four days, they have been almost starved; that once he was afraid many of them would have died from want, in consequence of being becalmed.---(p. 26.)

To

To check these emigrations would be one great step towards clearing the streets of vagrants. The children of these people are encouraged in begging; they are driven to it by their parents, that they may frequent the gin-shops; they refuse to let them go to a protestant school, lest their religious principles should be contaminated, and to a Catholic one, because they can earn two, three, or four shillings a day by begging. We know no other means of checking the evil but to lay a duty of twenty or thirty shillings on their importation, to be repaid, as a drawback, on their voluntary return, to be levied on the master of the vessel who brings them over when not able to pay it themselves. As long as these shoals of Irish are allowed to find their way to the capital, nothing can possibly rid the streets of them but strict confinement and compulsory labour.

We shall not attempt to anticipate the views of a future committee; the present one has made no report but the evidence, because they consider the inquiry as incomplete; they appear, however, to be of opinion 'that some new provision is necessary for preventing the intolerable inconvenience now experienced from the conduct of the idle and profligate vagrants.' We cannot say that we entirely agree with them on this score. The old provisions, if duly executed, will do the business. We believe that in all the countries of Europe wherever there has been a serious determination to get rid of street-beggars, the experiment has succeeded; the means of doing it have been various, but all of them have answered. In Munich, where the swarms of beggars had become so numerous, their impudence so great, their importunity so persevering, that they attacked passengers, and absolutely forced them to satisfy their clamorous demands, adding, as Count Rumford tells us, to their importunity, insolence, and threats; 2,600 of them were, in one week, dragooned by several regiments of cavalry into confinement, where they were fed gratis, and afterwards entered to work voluntarily. This cannot be done in London; and if it could, we doubt very much whether any of our sturdy beggars would return to make a second meal on Count Rumford's soup. In Vienna, beggars are suppressed, not by any superabundance of charitable institutions; but by the strictness of a military police. In Holland, they have the fear of the houses of correction, which are found in every town, where they are compelled to earn their scanty fare, by rasping *lignum vitæ*, teasing oakum, &c. In Prussia, there is a law which imposes a penalty on any one who shall give alms to a street-beggar; and the members of the institution of Hamburgh for the suppression of beggars, voluntarily imposed a fine on themselves if any of them should give indiscriminate alms.

No charitable institutions, however numerous, or however amply  
endowed

endowed, will prevent or even diminish the number of street-beggars. The public and private charities of London alone have been estimated to amount from £900,000 to 1,000,000 annually. Spain swarms with beggars clothed in rags, though the principal cities and towns abound in hospitals for the indiscriminate reception of all sorts of persons. The charitable institutions of Naples and Rome can only be exceeded by those of London: into the former all are received, and, if we may believe Baretti, every one, who will submit to become an object of charity, is considered as poor enough to deserve it—and yet in Italy, it has been said that every tenth person is a beggar.

Societies for the suppression of beggars, for the relief of occasional distress, and for the encouragement of industry among the poor, have been eminently successful in Edinburgh, in Bath, Bristol, Oxford, and several other large towns of England; and if in London each parish would form a society of the same kind, the evil would soon be very much diminished, though perhaps not wholly removed. The Rev. Henry Budd thinks that little can be expected until beggars are deprived of the pretext for begging, and that this can only be done by a large penitentiary system, and four or five establishments in different parts of the town, 'where every person knocking at the door might have admission;' and he adds, 'the great mass of misery which floats on this metropolis, I am fearful, can never be removed unless there is such a penitentiary system as that to which I have alluded.' These penitentiary houses are not meant to be, like the parish workhouses, mere nurseries for idleness; but, like the great *Hospicio*, or general workhouse at Cadiz, they would be supplied with spinning-wheels, carding-engines, looms, stocking-frames, for the women; and working benches with tools for carpenters, joiners, turners, tailors, shoe-makers, &c. into which all the distressed poor, whether parochial or not, ought to be admitted; where work would be found for those who are able to work, and food for all. No inquiries nor scrutiny into their previous history should be demanded; but, as Baretti says of similar institutions in Italy, 'the gates of such places, like the gates of heaven, should be opened wide to the distressed man, to the helpless babe or orphan, to the repenting prostitute, to every creature that knocks.'—And though it is not to be expected that each house would earn sufficient for its entire maintenance, yet it is no trifling consideration, as a matter of parochial economy, if institutions of this kind should be found to diminish by one half, or even one third, that unequal and oppressive tax now levied for the support of the poor.

ART. VII. *Tracts relative to the Island of St. Helena; written during a Residence of five Years.* By Major-General Alexander Beatson, late Governor, &c. 4to. London. 1816. pp. 330.

THE island of St. Helena had long been considered as a natural curiosity, and we had some books, and a great number of drawings and engravings which conveyed to Europe a very adequate notion of this extraordinary spot of ground; which, of all existing islands, certainly most deserves the fanciful description of 'a gem set in the ring of the sea.\*' The selection of this place as the residence of Buonaparte has revived and increased the public curiosity on this subject; and, as usually happens, we have been, for the last six months, epidemically over-run with accounts, plans, and views of St. Helena, most of which are borrowed and deteriorated from former publications. The work now before us is, however, of a different character. It contains little else than statistical, meteorological and agricultural observations on the island, and plans for its better administration and cultivation, made by General Beatson during his government. The Tracts of which the volume is composed were published from time to time in St. Helena, for the purpose of stimulating and directing the efforts of public industry; and if Buonaparte had never communicated any share of the interest which he inspires, to St. Helena, we suppose that General Beatson might nevertheless have collected these essays into one volume; but it would have been, we presume, a volume of more modest dimensions and more moderate price.—Buonaparte seems to infect every thing he approaches with an unnatural pomp and inflation, and his residence at St. Helena has, we have no doubt, swelled out General Beatson's book, from its natural size and price of a six shilling octavo, to an ostentatious two guinea quarto, wire-wove, hot pressed, and adorned with engravings.

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\* The following curious allusion to St. Helena is to be found in Sir Paul Rycault's translation of the Spanish Critic, 1681.

'Within the chrysaline center of the hemisphere lies enamelled a small isle, or pearl of the sea, or esmerald of the land; to which the august empress gave it her own name, that it might be queen of all other isles, and crown of the ocean. This isle of St. Helena, (for so it is called,) in the passage from one world to the other, yields refreshment to the grand cargason of Europe, and hath always been a free port, preserved by Divine Providence between those immense gulfs to afford entertainment for the eastern catholic fleet.'

It is a singular coincidence that this author, describing a person shipwrecked on this island, should instance such a circumstance as one of the modes of terminating an illustrious political or warlike existence. 'The land,' he says, 'seemed too narrow a theater to act the tragedies of death, until man found a passage to his destiny through both elements. Perils do both fear and respect great persons whom death itself is sometimes ambitious to spare; thus the serpents spared Alcides, the tempests Cæsar, the sword Alexander the Great, and the bullets had no commission for Charles the Fifth.'

A future translation will find it very 'germain to the matter' to add, that the *guillotine* spared Buonaparte, destined, we hope, to end his days in this very island.

The only portion of this gaudy volume, which is of any interest or value to Europeans, is the introductory chapter, in which, as a foundation for the practical details which ensue, General Beatson endeavours to shew that the island is capable of great improvement, and, if wisely improved, of affording a rich and inexhaustible depôt of fresh provisions and vegetables to the trade of the southern and eastern world. Hitherto its supplies have been scanty; and, as the demand was precarious, there was occasionally much disappointment, and always great extortion. The common opinion has been 'that the island is rocky and unproductive, mostly devoid of soil, scantily supplied with water, subject to severe and unusual droughts, and infested with vermin;' and that, under those disadvantages, a better cultivation was impracticable. General Beatson undertakes to prove, that all these assertions are greatly exaggerated, whenever they are not wholly unfounded.

He finds the island pre-eminently fruitful in corn and every species of fruit and vegetable;—abundantly supplied with fine springs and currents of water, which have long flowed *idly* into the sea, but which might be applied (as they have already been, in some instances, with signal success) to the purposes of irrigation. With regard to the supposed droughts, he proves, by the rain-gage, that the fall of rain at St. Helena is somewhat more than in London; nor does the rain come down at once in tropical torrents, because, except in *very dry* seasons, there is rain in every month in the year; and, on an average, the number of days on which rain falls, is 135. In the year 1810, for example, there were 141 days on which rain fell, of which the number in each month was as follows:

Jan. 11	Apr. 10	July 10	Oct. 17
Feb. 6	May 17	Aug. 13	Nov. 10
Mar. 17	June 10	Sept. 8	Dec. 12

Of the climate in general he, like all former writers, speaks in the most favourable terms. It is a happy medium between dull equability and violent vicissitude—the average temperature is, at the Plantation House, from 61 to 73 deg. of Farenheit; at James Town, on the sea shore, it is about 5° higher; and at Longwood, 2000 feet above the sea, about 5° lower than at the Plantation House. On the alleged plague of rats, General Beatson's experience is equally satisfactory;—by a little ordinary care, he cleared his farms and gardens of vermin more completely than he could probably have done in England.

The greatest want, however, under which the island labours is that of fuel. Coals have been actually sent from Newcastle to St. Helena, for the consumption of the island; and, under existing circumstances, we apprehend that this singular trade must be carried to a greater extent than heretofore. Fortunately the climate does



not require a great expense of fuel; and General Beatson asserts, that, in a very few years, with ordinary care, the island might be made to produce wood for its own consumption of fuel, and for all the other purposes of life.

We cannot follow General Beatson into the useful but dull details of the agricultural processes which he proposes, nor the various calculations with which he supports his doctrine: to our readers, they would be uninteresting, and in a great part unintelligible, though to the practical St. Helena farmer, they must have been very useful and necessary, as our readers will judge when we acquaint them that, though it is three hundred and thirteen years since the island was discovered, General Beatson has the honour of being its *Triptolemus*, and of first introducing the plough; and that, of two thousand acres fit for the purpose in the island, only eighty-eight are under cultivation.—p. lxiii.

We shall now present to our readers a slight sketch of the appearance of the island; such as it is exhibited in the General's introductory chapter.

St. Helena is a mass of rock,  $10\frac{1}{2}$  miles long,  $6\frac{1}{2}$  broad, and 28 in circumference; it is distant from Ascension Island, the nearest land, 600 miles,—from Africa, 1200 miles,—and from South America, 1800. It has every appearance of being the creation of a submarine volcano, or, what is more probable, the summit of a great submarine mountain, which formerly was a volcano. The coast is, on all sides, fenced by stupendous and almost perpendicular cliffs, rising to the height of from five hundred to more than twelve hundred feet above the sea. The principal inlets by which the island can be approached, are James Town, Rupert's Bay, Lemon Valley, on the N. W. side, and Sandy Bay on the S. E. All these landing-places are regularly and strongly fortified; but besides these principal places, there are also several ravines where persons *may*, though with difficulty, land; but most of these are also protected by batteries, or are so easily defended by rolling stones from the heights, that no body of men, attempting to gain the interior by any of these ravines, could, as General Beatson thinks, have the smallest prospect of success, (p. lxxii.); and he states his opinion, that two or three men stationed on the heights above the entrance of any one of these ravines, would render it utterly impossible for any number of troops, however great, to approach them; and this opinion is, he states, founded on repeated experiments made at Goat Pound Ridge, which is over the landing-place of Young's Valley. The account of these experiments appears to us to savour a little of exaggeration; our readers shall judge—

‘ A single stone, which weighed about eighty pounds, being set off from

from the top of this ridge, very soon acquired a rotatory motion, and at first rebounded greatly on the declining surface. As the velocity of the stone was accelerated, the force with which it rebounded and struck the loose and brittle rocks of course increased, and at each rebound, numerous stones and fragments of rock were detached; these following in continued succession, and spreading to the right and left, operated precisely as the first stone; so that by the time it had reached the bottom of the hill, myriads were in its train, which covered a space of at least one hundred yards, and flew with such prodigious force across the ravine that many of the larger stones ascended to the height of sixty or eighty feet upon the opposite hill. Such was the astonishing effect produced by this single stone, that it seemed to me that if *a whole battalion* had been drawn up in the ravine, not a man could have escaped alive.—  
p. lxxxiii.

When, to these means of defence, even though they may be a little exaggerated, it is added that no vessel can approach in any direction without being descried at the distance of sixty miles, and her appearance instantaneously communicated over the whole island, we are not surprized that General Beatson declares it to be, with ordinary care, and a moderate garrison, absolutely impregnable.

A more interesting question than the possibility of *invasion*, is, at this moment, the possibility of *evasion*,—a question to which General Beatson does not allude, unless by the inference which may be drawn, that if the former is so difficult, the latter can be hardly less so; but this inference we are inclined to deny. With at least a dozen places where embarkation is possible, and with a general state of fine weather, we do not doubt that any one or two individuals, having the command of a certain degree of naval assistance from without, may (not reckoning on any treachery within) escape from St. Helena, unless they are watched personally all day, and closely imprisoned all night.

The custody of Buonaparte, which Europe has confided to us, is a very ticklish point, and, do as we may, we shall hardly escape censuréd; if he be not actually confined, he may, and probably will, escape—if he be confined, we shall have all the *Oppositions* in Europe crying shame.

We shall never cease to think, and we therefore honestly avow the opinion, that the conduct pursued by the allied governments, with regard to Buonaparte, was weak, indiscreet, unjust, and unjustifiable.—He should have been brought to the block; his life should have been the forfeit of his rebellion against the king of France, and his treason against all the nations of Europe. He who caused them should have expiated by his own death, the murders of Provence, La Vendée and Waterloo. We talk not of his former crimes—they were screened by the treaty of Fontainebleau;

and though, when he broke that treaty, he destroyed the screen, we would not revert to offences which had been once forgiven; but for the hundred thousand deaths which his cruelty, treachery and ambition inflicted in the course of three months on desolated and exhausted Europe, is there no punishment?—Does

*One murder make a villain,  
Millions a hero?—*

Are the deaths of the Duke of Brunswick—of our own Picton and Ponsonby—of La Roche Jacquelin, the honour of French chivalry—and of the countless thousands of all nations, who have been immolated to the ambition of this *outlawed* usurper, are they to be unrevenged? Why have Labedoyère and Ney been executed? and, above all, why Murat? What crime have they committed, of which Buonaparte is innocent? These are questions of strict *justice*;—what reply *expediency* can make, we cannot guess: we only know, that the example of this man's impunity has given confidence to the disaffected of all nations; and that his life maintains and vivifies the distractions and dangers of France and of Europe.

But to the return from the prisoner to the prison.

The internal face of the island corresponds, in its general features, with the coast; it is in an extraordinary degree precipitous, irregular, and 'escarpé.' Several of the peaks exceed the height of two thousand feet above the level of the sea;—Diana's peak, the highest, is two thousand seven hundred feet. In the midst of the craggy desolation of these peaks and the interposing ravines, are several spots of ground fit for cultivation, and a number of residences are scattered over the irregular face of the mountain. There are but two *plains* on the whole surface; and it seems to the observer so little surprizing that there should be no more, that General Beatson, after a good deal of discussion, professes himself not to be able to understand how those spots should have escaped the general desolation, particularly the larger of them, called Longwood. This plain, comprizing one thousand five hundred acres of fine land, is elevated two thousand feet above the sea, and slopes gently towards the south-west. In former times it was covered with wood, and was called the Great Wood;—it is now entirely covered with grass. Its gentle slope, and smooth surface, and its fertility, formed so striking a contrast to the surrounding parts, that one might be disposed, says General Beatson (p. v.), to believe it 'a remnant of primitive land, which has remained untouched and unshaken, amidst the dreadful convulsions which have agitated and overturned every thing in its vicinity.'

On this plain is the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor of the island; and this situation, with a very generous attention to his comforts,

comforts, and particularly his predilection for exercise on horse-back, has been chosen for the residence of Buonaparte.

It was at first intended to place him at the Governor's plantation house, but it is said that Napoleon preferred Longwood; and on all occasions in which his wishes can with propriety be complied with, he is, it seems, indulged. While the house at Longwood was preparing for his reception, he resided at the Briars, the seat of Mr. Balcombe, a small but romantic villa, at the head of James's Valley, about three miles from the sea, and at the foot of the cascade where the stream, that forms the ravine of James's Valley, falls down a perpendicular rock of nearly three hundred feet high. The body of water is not considerable; but the wildness of the surrounding objects is, in the highest degree, sublime and even terrific. This scene is given in one of the engravings of General Beatson's work, from a beautiful drawing by that very ingenious gentleman Mr. Samuel Davis, now one of the Directors of the East India Company.

We have heard, and have been sorry to hear, all sorts of absurd stories about the magnificence of the house and furniture which the Government has prepared to send out for the accommodation of Buonaparte; such extravagant splendour would be in the highest degree unsuitable and mischievous; a great deal too much attention has been already shewn him—much more than is consistent with good morals or good policy; and we are glad to be able to state that the reports which we allude to, are wholly unfounded. Furniture of all kinds it has been, of course, necessary to provide; but such only, we understand, has been ordered as would suit an English gentleman's country-house.

The great increase of the numbers to be suddenly accommodated with permanent residences on an island where there are neither the materials of building nor workmen to build, made it indispensable to send out some wooden houses in frame, both as barracks for the garrison and as residences for the persons attached either to Buonaparte or to the Governor, or to the Commissioners of the other powers; but nothing has been done more than was necessary, or in a style beyond what common convenience required.

The necessity of sending out frames for houses, leads one to remark on the contrariety of the evidence which travellers give of the plainest and most obvious facts. We understand the majority of opinions have stated this measure to be absolutely necessary, as the island affords no materials for building: General Beatson, on the contrary, asserts that there is (besides building stone, of which there is clearly no lack) abundance of limestone, and a vast quarry of pozzolana, (p. xxii.) which he has used, with the greatest success, as a cement. The progress of building with stone and

pozzolana doubtless would have been too slow for the present emergency; but it seems extraordinary, that so very wide a difference of opinion could exist on so simple a fact, as that which we have stated.

We presume that the addition of so many intelligent officers to the population of St. Helena will lead to the decision of all disputed questions of this kind, and will furnish us with what seems to be much wanted, a scientific survey and accurate classification of the natural history of this very extraordinary portion of the earth. On this point, Governor Beatson's work gives but little information; and we must repeat that, notwithstanding its great pretensions, it has added very little to our stock of general information, and does the Governor more honour as a farmer, than as an author.

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ART. VIII. *An Account of the Kingdom of Caubul and its Dependencies in Persia, Tartary, and India; comprizing a View of the Afghaun Nation, and a History of the Dooraunee Monarchy.* By the Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone, &c. &c., &c. 4to. London. 1815.

MR. ELPHINSTONE will not, we suspect, find much cause to be satisfied with the forward zeal of some interested or indiscreet friend, in a contemporary journal, in extolling his acquirements and talents in a strain of extravagant panegyric, and in exhibiting him as the author of 'an important and distinguished work.' Every addition, indeed, however trifling, to our stock of knowledge respecting countries but seldom visited is always of some importance, and may, from local or peculiar circumstances, be more or less interesting; and, in this restricted sense, the 'Account of Caubul' will be both interesting and important; but there is nothing in it that merits the lofty epithet of 'distinguished.' It was, at any rate, premature to pronounce a work to be *distinguished* while the sheets were yet wet from the press. Far be it from us to detract one iota from the merits of the author in question, who is evidently a modest, sensible, and industrious man; one who has observed much, and collected more, with attention and caution, and who has told his story in plain and perspicuous language without affectation or parade. Whatever is stated as having fallen within his personal observation, may be received as truth, with full confidence; and in selecting and arranging the information of others, he appears to have exercised sound discretion. We suspect, indeed, that the book is a transcript nearly of his official report of the mission; and this, in our opinion, is no slight praise.

It is deeply to be regretted, however, that missions of this kind are

are not accompanied by men of general science, as well as by those who have made particular branches of human knowledge their study. In the whole of this large volume we cannot trace a single vestige of antiquarian research, nor, which is much more to be regretted, any single department of physical science, not even zoology, botany, or mineralogy. We can readily believe that, in India, science is a commodity with which the market is not over abundantly stocked; but we also believe that, like most other marketable articles, it is always to be purchased even there; and we may add, seldom can be purchased at too high a price. On the present occasion, there was every inducement to enlist into the service of the mission the best talents that our Indian empire could supply.

This defect, however, is no fault of Mr. Elphinstone, but rather of those who sent him. The only charge we have to bring against him, is something very like affectation in deviating from the ordinary established system of spelling oriental words, as now adopted by our best Asiatic scholars. We should have thought that the failure of a feeble attempt by a namesake of his, to change the whole orthography of the English language, would have warned him from following so dangerous an example. When the broad sound of *a*, in *call*, would, according to Mr. Gilchrist's plan, have conveyed the true pronunciation of *Câbul*, it was, we think, quite unnecessary for him to write it *Caubul*. Some words, indeed, are so disfigured as scarcely to be recognized; our old and well-known friends the Cossacks, for instance, are converted into *Kuzzuks*, and Cashgar is disguised in *Kaushkaur*. Badakshan is lengthened out into *Budukhshaun*; and, very needlessly, in our opinion, all the final *tâns*, or countries, into *tauns*. It may not be wrong, but it is at best an uncalled-for innovation.

Câbul, Kobul, Kabool, or, as we here have it, Caubul, is the name of the kingdom, as well as of its capital, known to the Persians by the appellation of Affganistan, intermediate between the two great empires of Hindostan and Persia; by both of which it has frequently been overrun, and to both of which it has, in its turn, given a new race of sovereigns; and having on the north and on the south, and on all its flanks, tributary states, or provinces, who own but a nominal dependence, and pay no other allegiance than that which is enforced by the power of the sword, it would be difficult to assign its precise boundaries. According to Mr. Elphinstone, it has the great range of Hindoo Coosh on the north, the Lower Sind on the south, Heraut and the Lake of Zirrah on the west, and the Indus on the east. Its length, from north to south, may be taken roughly at about 550, and breadth, from east to west, 600 miles; its area is, consequently, about 330,000 square

square miles ; the population, as estimated, rather on vague grounds, by one of the gentlemen of the mission, fourteen millions, composed of the following heterogeneous materials :

Afghans	-	-	-	4,300,000
Beloches	-	-	-	1,000,000
Tartars of all descriptions	-	-	-	1,200,000
Persians, (including Tadjeks)	-	-	-	1,500,000
Indians, (Cushmerees, Jauts, &c.)	-	-	-	5,700,000
Miscellaneous tribes	-	-	-	300,000

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Total 14,000,000

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A country thus situated, with so considerable a population, a great part of which is composed of hardy mountaineers, bred to arms, and accustomed to plunder, could not, under the sway of an active, enterprising, and warlike prince, be viewed with indifference by our Indian government, especially at a time when it was known that its sovereign, Zemaun Shah, had received large pecuniary offers from Tippoo Sultaun, for his assistance to drive the English out of the Peninsula ; and that Ali Bonaparte was instigating both to the same end, and had effected a landing in Egypt with the same view. It became the more alarming when Zemaun Shah had so far succeeded as to march into the Punjaub, to drive the Seiks from their country, and get possession of Lahore ; when the Mahomedans of the Peninsula, also, did not conceal their anxious wishes for the advance of the champion of Islaum ; and the Rohillas, among whom the disappointed and disaffected of Hindostan always find a welcome reception, were arming for a campaign. England, however, has survived all these mighty preparations, and triumphed, not less by her justice than her bravery, over all her foes both at home and abroad ; the most inveterate, powerful, and active of them, is sunk as low as his bitterest enemies could desire ; Tippoo Sultaun has long been disposed of, and Zemaun Shah is eyeless and in exile. The recent Nepaul war revived, in some degree, the drooping hopes of the disaffected ; but the latent spark, long smothering in the embers, had hardly time to shew itself before it was extinguished, and, we hope, for ever.

There are, however, and always will be, certain perturbed spirits, so utterly unfitted for a state of tranquillity, that their feverish imaginations are perpetually hatching some object of uneasiness and alarm. That object, for the present moment, is Russia. By the powerful aid of a sort of second-sight they actually behold the Russian eagle on the wing for the eastern hemisphere. There was nothing very preposterous in the caricature which represented Catherine with one foot on Saint Sophy, and the other on the Kremlin ;

Kremlin : but the speculation of the present day is not confined to Turkey—Persia, and Caubul, and Hindostan, and China, with its immense Tartarian provinces, are now the objects of Russian ambition; and we are actually presented with the gigantic and amusing portrait of the modern Alexander, perched with one foot on the minarets of Teheraun, and the other on the battlements of Delhi; and while with terrific grasp his right hand seizes the pinnacle of St. Sophy, with the left he lays hold of the five-clawed dragon on the summit of the palace of Pekin. In this stupendous stride of the imagination the difficulty of keeping open a chain of posts, extending from the Dardanelles to the Indus, is indeed hinted at; but then it is more than compensated by the easy substitution of ‘a chain of capitals,’ which would have the further recommendation of furnishing this modern parallel to the ‘Macedonian madman,’ with the means of making ‘imprisoned governments hostages for the conduct of their subjects, and instruments for exacting pay and provisions for the invading army.’ It must be quite consoling to Alexander to be assured, from *such* authority—‘that his armies might visit Pekin with a facility a hundred-fold greater than that with which they have already twice visited Paris,’ especially as his own experience must have taught him how much easier was the march of the French army from the Niemen to Moscow than the unmolested journey of the Russians in waggons, from Warsaw to Paris.

We should apologize to our readers for noticing these wild and incoherent ravings, if they were not seriously put forward as the result of a profound and unerring political sagacity, in exact unison with the maxims of policy that are now hatching, and very little dissembled, at St. Petersburg; ‘even,’ we are informed, ‘during the paroxysm of friendship under which kings and emperors at present labour.’ We are not to be told how little is to be trusted to the personal friendship of sovereigns; but, happily for Europe, some better security has been obtained, something like the old balance of power has been restored, to check the progress of despotism when it ventures beyond its own limits: could we, however, imagine past experience so thrown away upon the autocrat of all the Russias, that he was still weak enough to desire to add to the tenth part of the habitable globe, which he already possesses, a few more square leagues of wastes and deserts, we should recommend him to beware of entering far into Persia, where every man is armed with a sword and a dagger: let the present king of that country follow the plan, which his uncle Aga Mahomed Khan had intended to act upon against the Russians, and he has nothing to fear. ‘Their shot,’ said this experienced leader, ‘shall never reach me; but they shall possess no country



country beyond its range; they shall not know sleep; and, let them march where they choose, I will surround them with a desert.' As little is there to apprehend for the safety of India from the whole power of Russia, though the wonderful discovery has been made of a few fur merchants passing the deserts to Bokhara, to exchange their skins, hardware and woollens, for horses, shawls, and silks: but even these traders, it is confessed, travel in winter for the sake of melted snow for themselves and their cattle, and to avoid the burning sands of summer, destitute of water—excellent encouragement for a Russian army!

With regard to China, we shall only add, that the man who could be so stupidly wicked as to lead an army to perish in the deep sandy deserts of Sha-moo and Kobi, would well deserve to have, at the end of the first day's journey, a tumulus of sand of a hundred fathoms high heaped upon him, as an everlasting monument of his insanity. But it is time to return to Mr. Elphinstone, who has too much good sense to indulge in such idle speculations and visionary projects.

The mission to Caubul was undertaken by the Indian government in consequence of the embassy of General Gardanne, in 1808, from Buonaparte to the King of Persia; the object, of course, was to establish a friendly relation with its sovereign Shah Shujah, and, at any rate, to examine the nature of the country, and sound the disposition of the court, in the event of the French attempting to push their conquests into Asia. The preparations for its equipment were made at Delhi in a style of suitable magnificence. The suite consisted of a secretary, two assistant secretaries, two surveyors, two captains of the army, six lieutenants, an escort of two hundred cavalry and two hundred infantry. The first object worthy of notice that occurred, was the great Indian desert, which commenced about a hundred miles from Delhi. The sand-hills were at first covered with bushes; then appeared naked piles of loose sand, rising one after another like the waves of the sea, and marked on the surface by the wind like drifted snow. On entering the Rajaput country the desert grew more dreary, yet in the very bosom of it they found a handsome town built of stone, on the skirts of a hill six hundred feet high. The Raja was a little man with large eyes, inflamed by the use of opium; his appearance wild and fierce; his dress plain; his speech and manners rude and unpolished. Mr. Elphinstone saw him several times; but he was always drunk, either with opium or brandy, which is the case, he says, with all the sirdars of the tribe, who are only fit for business during the brief intervals of sobriety and stupefaction.

Two marches more brought them to another handsome town, with some trees and gardens, which somewhat enlivened the surrounding desert. Each of its five chiefs had here a castle: in their

their eyes and countenances some of them bore strong marks of the effects of opium : they were all cousins, and seemed to live in great harmony ; ' but scarcely,' says Mr. Elphinstone, ' had I crossed the desert, when I heard that Shaum Sing, whom I thought the mildest of them all, had murdered three of the others at a feast, stabbing the first of them with his own hand.'—(p. 3.)

They next entered the territory of the Rajah of Bikaner, the least important perhaps among the five Rajaput princes, with a revenue of about 50,000*l.* a year, out of which, by assignments of land, he is able to keep 2000 horse, 800 foot, and 35 pieces of field artillery. Chooro, the second town in his dominions, situated in the midst of sand-hills, had a handsome appearance with its white walls of limestone mixed with shells, and terraced roofs. From this place to Pooggul is a distance of 180 miles, over hills and valleys of loose and heavy sand, the former rising from 20 to 100 feet in height ; they are said to shift their positions, and to alter their shapes, according as they are affected by the wind. At this time, however, it being winter, they bore a kind of grass, bushes of *Baubool*, (*Mimosa Arabica*,) jujuba, and a shrub called *phoke*, that gave them an appearance of something like verdure. Beyond this, and among the most distant hills of sand, a village occasionally occurred, consisting of a few round huts of straw, with low walls and conical roofs, like little stacks of corn, surrounded by hedges of thorn branches stuck in the sand, and in the neighbourhood a few miserable plantations of the *holcus spicatus*, each stalk straggling at the distance of several feet from its neighbour. The water was drawn from wells more than 300 feet deep, and only 3 feet in diameter, always brackish, and unwholesome, and at the same time so scanty, that two bullocks working for a night easily emptied a well : in the midst of all this misery the water melon grows in profusion. ' It is really,' says Mr. Elphinstone, ' a subject of wonder to see melons three or four feet in circumference, growing from a stalk as slender as that of the common melon, in the dry sand of the desert.'—(p. 6.)

The miserable inhabitants of these hovels of the desert are called Jauts ; small of stature, black, ill-featured, wearing the marks of poverty and wretchedness ; their rulers are Rajapoots, stout and handsome men with hooked noses and Jewish features ; haughty in their demeanour, indolent, and almost always drunk with opium. Their live stock consists of bullocks and camels trained to every purpose ; the wild animals, of antelopes, the goorkhur, or wild ass ; foxes, some with black bellies, others white—one appearing, as Mr. Elphinstone says, ' as if it had been wading up to the belly in ink, and the other in whitewash ;' to these may be added a rat, not unlike

- like the jerboa, which burrows in the sand in innumerable multitudes.

The next part of the desert, from Pooggul to Bahawalpore, about one hundred miles, being totally destitute of inhabitants, water, or vegetation, some preparation was necessary for crossing it. It consisted of six hundred camels, and twelve or thirteen elephants. The water was put in bags made of sheep-skins and ox hides, besides twenty-four large copper vessels, two of which were a load for a camel. With the addition of 100 horse and 50 foot, which they engaged to protect the baggage, the line of march, when in the closest order, was two miles long. From the effects of fatigue, bad water, and the excessive use of water-melons, no less than forty persons expired during the first week of their halt at Bikaner.

On the 5th November they discovered the walls of this capital, 'which presented the appearance of a great and magnificent city in the midst of a wilderness;' so great that it became a matter of dispute whether it or Delhi were the most extensive. It had a fine white wall, round towers, crowned with the usual Indian battlements, temples with lofty spires, high houses, and shewy forts; but all its beauties were external; within, it was mostly composed of huts with mud walls painted red; but it swarmed with population—and well it might, for the country had been driven in, and Bikaner was invested by no less than five different armies, one of which, Mr. Elphinstone tells us, belonging to the raja of Joudpore, was 15,000 strong. But the raja of Bikaner had filled up all the wells within ten miles of his capital, and trusted for deliverance to the desolation which surrounded him.

Eleven days were passed at Bikaner. The Raja Soorut Sing paid the envoy a visit at his camp, carried on men's shoulders, in a vehicle like the body of an old-fashioned coach; he had a long nose and Rajpoot features; a good face, and a smiling countenance; and though it is *suspected* that he poisoned his elder brother, whom he succeeded, and *certain* that he murdered an agent sent from the Vizier of Hindostan to the King of Caubul; yet, as he is strict in his devotions, and eats no fish, he enjoys from his subjects the character of a saint. On returning the visit, Mr. Elphinstone observed how much fairer the courtiers were than other Hindostanees, and how strongly marked with Jewish features. 'The raja and his relations had turbans of many colours, richly adorned with jewels, and the raja sat resting his arms on a shield of steel, the bosses and rim of which were set with diamonds and rubies.'

On the night of the 16th November they left Bikaner, again to encounter the desert of 'wavy sand-hills;' at Pooggul they purchased rain water preserved in reservoirs, the well water being brackish.—Nothing could be more horrible than this place. 'If,'

says

says Mr. Elphinstone, 'I could present to my reader the foreground of high sand-hills, the village of straw huts, the clay walls of the little fort going to ruins as the ground which supported them was blown away by the wind, and the sea of sand without a sign of vegetation, which formed the rest of the prospect, he probably would feel as I did, a sort of wonder at the people who could reside in so dismal a wilderness, and of horror at the life to which they seemed to be condemned.'—(p. 15.)

From hence the desert takes the character of a hard naked surface of clay, without water or verdure. In passing it they were met by an officer of a khaun of one of the King of Caubul's provinces, with one hundred camels laden with four hundred skins of water for their use, and four brazen jars of water from the Hyphasis, for his (the envoy's) own use, sealed with the khaun's signet.

In travelling towards evening, 'many persons,' says Mr. Elphinstone, 'were astonished with the appearance of a long lake, inclosing several little islands: notwithstanding the well known nature of the country, many were positive that it was a lake; and one of the surveyors took the bearings of it. It was, however, only one of those illusions which the French call *mirage*, and the Persians *sirraub*.' Two days after they again saw 'a most magnificent mirage,' which looked like an extensive lake or a very wide river: 'the water seemed clear and beautiful, and the figures of two gentlemen who rode along it, were reflected as distinctly as in real water.'—(p. 17.)

At length, on the 26th, they were gratified by the novel sight of trees, and soon reached a spot where the desert and the cultivated country were separated as if by a line; 'a long row of trees ran along the edge of the sands; and beyond it, were clumps of trees, green fields, and wells of abundant and clear water, with houses and every sign of fertility and cultivation.' They now passed under the walls of Bahawalpore, crowded with spectators, very different from those on the eastern side of the desert; these were robust, strong, dark, and harsh featured; wore their hair and beards long, and caps oftener than turbans, and spoke a language unintelligible to their Hindostanee attendants. They soon reached the Hyphasis, but were disappointed in its breadth, and the appearance of its shores; 'but it was impossible to look without interest on a stream which had borne the fleet of Alexander.'

Here reciprocal visits passed between the Bahawal Khaun and the envoy. He was a pleasant man; spoke freely on all subjects; said he had never seen the King of Caubul, and, please God, he never would; for he could live in his desert and hunt his deer, and had no desire to follow courts. He shewed the envoy a clock made by one of his people, and an excellent gun-lock; and he presented

sented him with two fine hawks, some greyhounds, two horses with gold and enamelled trappings, a beautiful matchlock, richly enamelled, and some cloths, the manufacture of the place.

Bahawalpore is described as being about four miles in circumference; but there are gardens of mango trees within its walls; the walls of the city, and of the houses, were unburnt bricks or mud; the inhabitants are Hindoos and Mahomedans, and the place is famous for the manufacture of silken girdles and turbans. The country, for four or five miles on each side of the Hyphasis, is inundated by that river; it is very rich, and where not cultivated, covered with coppices of the tamarisk, which abound with wild boars and hog-deer, wild geese, partridges, florikens, and various other fowl.

Between this and Moultan, villages were pretty numerous, and near them fields of wheat, cotton, and turnips, all in a thriving condition. Moultan stands about four miles from the left bank of the Chenaub, or Acesines; is four miles and a half in circumference, surrounded with a fine wall from forty to fifty feet high, flanked with towers at regular distances; the country around it pleasant, well cultivated, and watered from wells; the water being drawn up by the Persian wheel. Wheat, millet, cotton, turnips, carrots, and indigo, were the chief articles of produce. The melia, the date palm, the ficus religiosa, and the tamarisk, were the most frequent trees. The principal manufacture is that of silks, and a kind of carpet inferior to that of Persia.

Here the mission remained nineteen days waiting for a Mehmaundaar (a sort of chamberlain) from the King of Caubul. Their approach had alarmed the governor, Sirafranz Khaun, who was so panic-struck, that he ordered the gates of the city to be shut against them, and doubled his guards. They, however, exchanged visits, and the khaun, having got rid of his alarm, was civil and agreeable enough; but he shewed symptoms of his jealousy of the English during the stay of the mission at Moultan.

Passing over the little desert between the Hydaspes and the Indus, they crossed the latter on the 7th January, at the Kaheree ferry, in flat bottomed boats built of fir, from thirty to forty tons burden each. The main stream was 1010 yards broad, and there were several parallel streams. The appearance of the people had improved; their farm-yards were neat, and always enclosed, had gates of three or four bars, and contained sheds for the cattle, dung-hills, &c. the people were remarkably civil and well behaved, and their complexion and dress continued to improve till they got to the ferry; but the notions which they entertained of the Europeans were not a little extraordinary.

‘They believed we carried great guns packed up in trunks, and that we had certain small boxes, so contrived as to explode and kill half a dozen

dozen men each without hurting us. Some thought we could raise the dead; and there was a story current that we had made and animated a wooden ram at Multaun; that we had sold him as a ram, and that it was not till the purchaser began to eat him, that the material of which he was made was discovered.'—(p. 28.)

At Dera Ismail Khaun they were met by Futteh Khaun, who governed Beloches as deputy for one of the king's brothers, to whom that, as well as Leia, had been assigned. He and his companions talked much of the greatness of their master; of the strength of his twenty forts, the number of his cannon, and the forty blacksmiths employed night and day to make shot for them. Here they remained near a month, waiting for a Mehmaundaur. This gave them an opportunity of seeing the country, and of visiting various pastoral tribes of Afghauns, some of whom were large and bony men, with long coarse hair, loose turbans, and sheep-skin cloaks; plain, and rough, but not displeasing in their manners: their children were very numerous, most of them handsome; the girls, in particular, had aquiline noses and Jewish features; the men were generally dark, though some were quite fair. Scarcely one of them understood any language but Pushtoo.

At length it was told them that the king was on his way to Peshawer, which was at no great distance; and being joined by Moolla Jaffer, they left Dera for that place on the 7th February. On the same day they met a body of Persian horsemen, bearing a letter for the envoy from the king; and twenty mules laden with the fruits of Caubul, apples, grapes, &c. Here also the envoy was invested with a dress of honour, to which he was previously instructed to make a bow; a shawl was also bound round his hat, and another round his waist; 'the dress was rich, and the shawls costly.'

In their route over hill and dale and desert, in a contrary direction to the stream of the Indus, their rear-guard was frequently plundered by Beloches and Skaiks of Arabian descent, and by Afghauns, 'of an independent and manly air,' who did it with all possible civility and decency.

At a place called Calla-baugh the Indus is compressed between two mountains into a deep channel only three hundred and fifty yards broad, and along the base of one of them a road is cut for upwards of two miles. The town of Calla-baugh actually overhangs this road, being built on the steep face of the hill, with each street rising like steps above its neighbour. Beyond this, the road was cut out of solid salt, at the foot of cliffs of that mineral, rising sometimes to the height of more than a hundred feet above the river. This salt is hard, clear, and nearly pure, but streaked, and tinged in parts with red: large blocks of it were lying ready for exportation, either

to India or Khorassaun. Several salt springs issue from the foot of the rocks, and leave the ground covered with a crust of the most brilliant whiteness. 'The earth,' says Mr. Elphinstone, 'is almost blood red; and this, with the strange and beautiful spectacle of the salt rocks, and the Indus flowing in a deep and clear stream through lofty mountains past this extraordinary town, presented such a scene of wonder as is seldom to be witnessed.'—(p. 37.)

Having gained the head of the narrow pass, which continues for twelve or thirteen miles, they left the Indus on the right. The country was rugged and mountainous; and all the high mountains to the northward were covered with snow; the little valleys were beautiful and picturesque, well clothed with wood, and generally watered by clear mountain streams. The plain of Cohaut is a circle about twelve miles in diameter, surrounded with hills, varied and picturesque; those above the town had snow. 'The climate is delightful; the plain was covered with verdure, and here and there were little groves scattered over its surface; it was said to produce the fruits and flowers of all climates. A stream as clear as crystal, issuing from three fountains, runs near the town; 'it is hot in winter, and cold in summer.' Mr. Elphinstone means, we suppose, that it preserves an equal temperature, which makes it *appear* warm when the atmosphere is below, and cold when above, that degree of temperature. Here they were gratified with the sight of a garden mostly filled with English plants; the hedge that enclosed it was chiefly of raspberry and blackberry bushes; it contained apple, plum, and peach-trees; the green sod looked English, and there were growing clover, chick-weed, plaitain, rib-grass, dandelions, common docks, and many other English weeds: they saw a bird resembling the goldfinch, and some of the gentlemen thought they heard thrushes and blackbirds.

The next place they reached was a valley inhabited by the Kheiberes, a tribe so notorious for their robberies, that none dare to pass through it unarmed. The people were seen in great numbers sitting on the hills, and looking wistfully at the camels as they went by: some of them came down, and asked for a present, but Moosa Khaun, who had been sent to conduct the mission to court, told them to come to the camp when every thing had passed, and he would consider of it. 'It gave me a strange notion,' says Mr. Elphinstone, 'of the system of manners in Caubul, that these avowed robbers should ask for a present; and that Moosa Khaun, in his rich dress and golden arms, should sit almost unattended in the midst of their match-locks, and refuse them.'

They now entered the plain of Peshawer, and encamped the same day at Budabeer, six miles from the city. This plain is nearly thirty-five miles in diameter. It is bounded on the north by the Hindoo

Hindoo Coosh, or Indian Caucasus, and is well watered by three branches of the Caubul river, besides the Barra and Budina, which flow from the northern range of mountains: these mountains were, in March, covered with snow, while the plains were clothed with the richest verdure, and the climate was delicious; the new foliage was just budding forth, exhibiting a freshness and brilliancy unknown in the perpetual summer of India. 'The orchards contained a profusion of plum, peach, apple, pear, quince, and pomegranate trees, which afforded a greater display of blossom than I ever before witnessed; and the uncultivated parts of the land were covered with a thick elastic sod, that perhaps never was equalled but in England. Never was a spot of equal extent better peopled.' Thirty-two villages within the circuit of four miles were observed from one height, large, neat, and adorned with trees. Little bridges of masonry were thrown over the streams, each ornamented at the ends with two small towers.

The town of Peshawer is built on an uneven surface; it is upwards of five miles round, and contains about 100,000 inhabitants; the houses are generally of unburnt brick, three stories high, the lowest of which are chiefly used as shops; the streets are narrow, with pavements sloping to a kennel in the middle. Several brooks, skirted with mulberry-trees and willows, run through the town, and are crossed by bridges. There are many mosques, palaces of the nobility, and a fine caravansera in the Balla Hissaur, or strong castle, built on an eminence, the residence of the King. Hindoos are the principal inhabitants, but there are to be found here people of all nations and languages, in every variety of dress and appearance.

'Persians and Affghauns in brown woollen tunics or flowing mantles, and caps of black sheep-skin or coloured silk; Khyberees, with the straw sandals, and the wild dress and air of their mountains; Hindoos, uniting the peculiar features and manners of their own nation, to the long beard and the dress of the country; and Hazaurehs not more remarkable for their conical caps of skin, with the wool appearing like a fringe round the edge, and for their broad faces and little eyes, than for their want of the beard, which is the ornament of every other face in the city.'—(p. 57.)

The Affghauns are remarkably fond of hunting and hawking, and nothing was more common than to meet a man of the lower class with a hawk on his fist, and a pointer at his heels. The gentlemen of the embassy frequently enjoyed this sport, to which the civility of the country people often invited them; they were welcomed in every village, asked to breakfast and visit the gardens:—one of those belonging to the king is particularly described.

'It is called the garden of Shauh Lemaun. Its shape is oblong. Some



Some handsome structures belonging to the Balla Hissaur form the southern side; and part of the hill on which that castle stands is included in the garden: the other sides are inclosed with walls. The northern part of the garden, which is cut off from the rest, is laid out irregularly, and is full of trees. The remainder forms a square, divided by avenues which cross each other in the middle of the garden. That which runs from east to west is formed by stately rows of alternate cypresses and planes, and contains three parallel walks, and two long beds of poppies. At the east end of this walk is the entrance, and at the west, a handsome house, containing a hall and two other apartments. The space from north to south is also bordered by cypresses and planes, beneath which are bushes, planted very thick, of red, white, yellow and china roses, white and yellow jessamine, flowering cistus, and other flowering shrubs, of which I have seen some in England or India, and others were entirely new to me. At the north end of this opening is a house such as I have already described. The space between the walls is filled up by six long ponds, close to each other; and so contrived, that the water is continually falling in little cascades from one to another, and ending in a bason in the middle of the garden. In the centre of this bason is a summer-house, two stories high, surrounded by fountains; and there are fountains in a row up the middle of all the ponds: there are sixty-nine fountains altogether, which continued to play during the whole day we spent at the garden, and were extremely agreeable, as the summer was then far advanced. The rest of the garden was filled up with a profusion of fruit trees which I have mentioned as growing at Peshawer.—(pp. 60, 61.)

The views up the avenues are described as grand and beautiful, more especially that which opens north and south.

‘ We stood under the Balla Hissaur, which on this side is very handsome. The fountains were sparkling with the sun, whose rays shone bright on the trees, shrubs and flowers on one side, and made a fine contrast with the deep shades of the other. The buildings looked rich, light, and suited to a garden. The country beyond was green and studded with clumps and single trees; and the mountains, which are there very high, gave a fine termination to the prospect; and, being in several ranges, at different distances, displayed the greatest variety of tint and outline. After rambling over the garden, we visited the gentlemen who were appointed to entertain us, whom we found sitting by one of the ponds, and cooling themselves by steeping their hands in the water.’—(p. 61.)

These agreeable rambles, however, were all of them after the presentation to the king; for till that ceremony was over, none of the gentlemen of the mission left their lodging: and this was delayed a week in consequence of some dispute about the forms of presentation, which appeared to the envoy to be a little unreasonable.

‘ The ambassador to be introduced,’ he was told, ‘ is brought into a court

court by two officers, who hold him firmly by the arms. On coming in sight of the king, who appears at a high window, the ambassador is made to run forward for a certain distance, when he stops for a moment, and prays for the king. He is then made to run forward again, and prays once more; and, after another run, the king calls out "Kellut!" (a dress), which is followed by the Turkish word "Getsheen!" (begone) from an officer of state; and the unfortunate ambassador is made to run out of the court, and sees no more of the king, unless he is summoned to a private audience in his Majesty's closet.—(p. 47.)

The delay, however, might have been occasioned by the prejudice and distrust with which Mr. Elphinstone tells us the mission was regarded at court. The king of Caubul, he says, has always been the resource of the disaffected in India. Tippoo Sultaun—Vizier Ally—Holkar—all looked towards Caubul for support. The Rajah of the Punjaub did all he could to impress the king of Caubul with the dangerous nature of the embassy; the Haukims of Leia, of Mool-taun and of Sind used every endeavour to thwart its success; and the Dooraunee lords of Afghanistan were averse to an alliance which might strengthen the king to the detriment of the aristocracy; even the king himself was disposed to think that the English meant to profit by the internal dissensions of his kingdom, and to endeavour to annex his dominions to their Indian empire; and Mr. Elphinstone seems to think that nothing but the exaggerated reports of the splendour of the embassy, and of the sumptuous presents by which it was accompanied, would have induced him to admit the mission, and to give it an honourable reception.

At length the negotiations respecting the ceremony were brought to a conclusion, and on the morning of the 5th March, they set out in procession for the palace. The streets were lined with spectators, and the side of the hill on which the castle stands was covered with people like the audience at a theatre. They passed the gateway, dismounted, and, ascending a flight of steps, entered the guard-room filled with lords and khauns, some of whom had their caps ornamented with jewels and surmounted by plumes. From hence they were conducted up a sloping passage and through another gate, and passing along a large screen they suddenly issued into a spacious court, at the upper end of which sat the king in an elevated building. As this was the last kingly exhibition that poor Shujah Shah was destined to make to a foreign ambassador, our readers may not think the description of it less interesting on that account.

The court was oblong, and had high walls painted with the figures of cypresses. In the middle was a pond and fountains. The walls on each side were lined with the king's guard three deep; and at various places in the court stood the officers of state, at different distances from the king, according to their degree. At the end of the court was a

high building, the lower story of which was a solid wall, ornamented with false arches, but without doors or windows; over this was another story, the roof of which was supported by pillars and Moorish arches, highly ornamented. In the centre arch sat the king, on a very large throne of gold or gilding. His appearance was magnificent and royal: his crown and all his dress were one blaze of jewels. He was elevated above the heads of the eunuchs who surrounded the throne, and who were the only persons in the large hall where he sat: all was silent and motionless. On coming in sight of the king, we all pulled off our hats and made a low bow: we then held up our hands towards heaven, as if praying for the king, and afterwards advanced towards the fountain, where the Chaous Baushee repeated our names without any title or addition of respect, ending, "They have come from Europe as ambassadors to your majesty. May your misfortunes be turned upon me!" The king answered in a loud and sonorous voice, "They are welcome!" on which we prayed for him again, and repeated the ceremony once more, when he ordered us dresses of honour. After this, some officer of the court called out something in Turkish, on which a division of the soldiers on each side filed off, and ran out of the court, with the usual noise of their boots on the pavement, accompanied by the clashing of their armour. The call was twice repeated, and at each call a division of troops ran off: at the fourth the Khauns ran off also, with the exception of a certain number, who were now ordered to come forward. The king in the mean time rose majestically from his throne, descended the steps, leaning on two eunuchs, and withdrew from our sight.—pp. 49, 50.

Mr. Elphinstone, and Mr. Strachey the secretary, were then conducted up a staircase into the hall where the king was seated on a low throne. The governor-general's letter was read, to which the king made a suitable answer, expressing his friendship for the English nation, &c. and 'when he understood that the climate and productions of England greatly resembled those of Caubul, he said the two kingdoms were made by nature to be united, and renewed his professions of friendship,'—we should have suspected that his majesty professed too much—but that this is the current coin in all eastern courts.

'The king of Caubul was a handsome man, about thirty years of age, of an olive complexion, with a thick black beard. The expression of his countenance was dignified and pleasing; his voice clear, and his address princely. We thought at first that he had on armour of jewels, but, on close inspection, we found this to be a mistake, and his real dress to consist of a green tunic, with large flowers in gold and precious stones, over which were a large breast-plate of diamonds, shaped like two flat fleurs de lis, an ornament of the same kind on each thigh, large enamelled bracelets on the arms, (above the elbow,) and many other jewels in different places. In one of the bracelets was the Cohenoor\*,

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\* There is a print of it in Tavernier's travels.

known to be one of the largest diamonds in the world. There were also some strings of very large pearls, put on like cross-belts, but loose. The crown was about nine inches high, not ornamented with jewels as European crowns are, but to appearance entirely formed of those precious materials. It seemed to be radiated like ancient crowns, and behind the rays appeared peaks of purple velvet: some small branches with pendants seemed to project from the crown; but the whole was so complicated, and so dazzling, that it was difficult to understand, and impossible to describe. The throne was covered with a cloth adorned with pearls, on which lay a sword and a small mace, set with jewels. The room was open all round. The centre was supported by four high pillars, in the midst of which was a marble fountain. The floor was covered with the richest carpets, and round the edges were slips of silk, embroidered with gold, for the Khauns to stand on. The view from the hall was beautiful. Immediately below was an extensive garden, full of cypresses and other trees, and beyond was a plain of the richest verdure: here and there were pieces of water and shining streams; and the whole was bounded by mountains, some dark and others covered with snow.—p. 51, 52.

In the midst of this blaze of gold and rubies and diamonds, Mr. Elphinstone thought he perceived ‘less the appearance of a state in prosperity, than of a splendid monarchy in decay.’ In the meanness and rapacity of the officers who had charge of the royal presents he could not be mistaken. They not only kept the camels for themselves which bore them, but seized four riding camels that had unfortunately entered the palace by mistake; they stripped the elephant drivers of their livery; and gravely insisted that *two English servants*, who had been sent to put up the lustres, were part of the present.

Mr. Elphinstone and Mr. Strachey had a night interview with the sovereign of Caubul, to which they were conducted through many a winding passage dimly lighted. In a room more elevated than the rest, the king sat in a recess, ‘and a eunuch stood in each of its six corners with his hands crossed before him.’ The king wore a mantle or shawl embroidered with gold, and a border wrought with jewels; a high red cap with a broad border of jewels on black velvet, with a magnificent ornament in front; from this border rose two narrow arches of gold and jewels, which crossed each other like those of an European crown. They made a bow on entering, and sat down; the king welcomed them, and was remarkably civil; he hoped, he said, they would see Caubul and all his territories, which were now to be considered *as their own*—this was generous! An eunuch then brought in his majesty’s culleau, which is described as ‘most magnificent; it was of gold, enamelled, and richly set with jewels: the part where the tobacco

was placed was in the shape of the peacock, about the size of a pigeon, with plumage of jewels and enamel.' It was late at night when the attendant Imaum gave the hint to withdraw, and they were let out through the same secret and silent passages by which they entered. We confess we should have liked to know a little more of the conversation that passed, but this we conclude to be a diplomatic secret with which we have no concern; our readers must not therefore blame us for giving them no other information than that the culleoun was 'magnificent,' and that the king of Caubul 'preserved his dignity,' and had the 'manners of a gentleman.'—(p. 54.)

The situation of Shah Shujah ool Moolk was at this time rather embarrassing. To explain this more clearly, it will be necessary to observe that, on the death of Timour Shah in 1793, without naming a successor to his throne, the partizans of one of his younger sons, Zemaun Shah, got him declared king; on which occasion a largess was issued to the troops, and the princes, his brothers, were sent into confinement in the upper fort of Caubul. His eldest brother Hoomauyoom, conceiving himself to have been defrauded of the crown, raised the standard of rebellion, and was seconded by a half brother of the name of Mahmood; being, however, soon afterwards seized at Leia on the east bank of the Indus, his eyes were put out, and he was kept in close confinement, for the rest of his life. Mahmood was not only pardoned, but appointed governor of Heraut, where he again rebelled;—and, after various successes, partly by the assistance of the Persians, and partly by treachery, he contrived to secure the person of his benefactor, Zemaun Shah, who, as is usual on such occasions, was deprived of sight. During the confinement of the deposed sovereign under the roof of the wretch who had betrayed him, he secreted the Cohenoor diamond already mentioned, with some other valuable jewels, in the wall of his apartment, where they were afterwards discovered.

Mahmood's first reign was neither long nor prosperous. Either through want of talent, or activity, he suffered the distant provinces to assume something like a state of independence. Shujah ool Moolk, the full brother of Zemaun Shah, had been left, in the absence of the king, at Peshawer, with a small party of guards, having under his charge the jewels and other valuable property of the crown. Encouraged by some khans, he availed himself of the opportunity, and caused himself to be proclaimed king. He was, however, defeated, and obliged to take refuge among the mountains of the Caukers, where he subsisted himself and his followers, for some time, by the money obtained from the sale of his jewels, and the hospitality of the people: when this resource failed, they were driven to the necessity of plundering a caravan that had entered the

the town of Shawl, the prince giving the merchants his promissory notes for payment at a future day, which he punctually discharged.

Shujah, however, in his turn, contrived, by treachery, to get Mahmood into his hands, whom he sent into the Balla Hissaur of Caubul, but spared his eyes; a piece of clemency which he had afterwards sufficient reason to regret, and which, as Mr. Elphinstone observes, was probably the first example in Afganistaun; for Mahmood soon effected his escape, a third time rebelled, and took Candahar, but was driven from it by Shujah, who returned to Peshawer just before Mr. Elphinstone entered it. Mahmood, however, being reinforced, was again marching towards Caubul, and Shujah preparing to set out to meet him.

This critical state of affairs not making the longer residence of the English envoy at Peshawer advisable, he commenced his return, on the 14th June, towards the Indus, and was plundered, within four miles of Peshawer, by a band of robbers, who carried off a mule, laden with rupees to the value of 1000*l.*, and some fine shawls. They reached the Indus opposite Attock, where it was about 260 yards broad; its banks of black stone were polished by the force of the stream, and shone like marble. Here they crossed in boats; but many people were seen passing, and floating down the river, on skins of oxen inflated, riding astride, with a great part of their bodies in the water; which brought to their recollection, Mr. Elphinstone says, the common practice in the time of Alexander, as mentioned by Arrian.

At Hassun Abdaul the mission was to have waited the decision of the fate of Caubul; but here Mr. Elphinstone received his recall. It was necessary, however, to procure the permission of the Seiks to pass through their territories. Before they departed, the arrival of the haram of the king of Caubul boded no good—in fact, his minister, shortly after, brought an account of the total defeat of his sovereign, and consequent exile.

The Seiks they found disposed to be friendly, and even courteous: they were manly in appearance, tall, thin, and at the same time muscular; they wore little clothing; their legs, half their thighs, and generally their arms and bodies, being bare; their beards and hair looked as if they had never been touched by the scissars. Jewunt Sing, one of the principal chiefs of the Punjaub, paid them a visit;—he was distinguished from his followers only by the superior decency of his appearance and manners. They seemed to be all on a footing of equality. ‘When we wished to return his visit,’ says Mr. Elphinstone, ‘we found that he and all his attendants were drunk; but, about four in the afternoon, he was reported sober, and received us in a little smoky hovel in a small garden; his

his people in confusion as before. Most of them continued to sit, while he got up to receive us.'—(p. 76.)

Here the haram of the unfortunate Shah Shujah overtook them, and with it came another unfortunate member of that house, whose name for some time created considerable uneasiness in India—Shah Zemaun:

'We visited him on the 10th July, and were not a little interested by the sight of a monarch whose reputation at one time spread so wide both in Persia and India. We found him seated on a plain couch, in a neat but not a large tent, spread with carpets and felts. We stood opposite to him, till he desired us to be seated. His dress was plain: a white mantle, faced with Persian brocade, and a black shawl turban; but his appearance was very kingly. He looked about forty when we saw him; he had a fine face and person. His voice and manners strongly resembled Shauh Shujau's; but he was taller, and had a longer, more regular face, and a finer beard. He had by no means the appearance of a blind man; his eyes, though plainly injured, retained black enough to give vivacity to his countenance; and he always turned them towards the person with whom he was conversing. He had, however, some appearance of dejection and melancholy. After we were seated, a long silence ensued; which Shauh Zemaun broke by speaking of his brother's misfortunes, and saying they had prevented his shewing us the attention he otherwise would. He then spoke of the state of affairs, and expressed his hopes of a change. He said, such reverses were the common portion of kings, and mentioned the historical accounts of the astonishing revolutions in the fortunes of various princes, particularly in that of Tamerlane. Had he gone over all the history of Asia, he could scarcely have discovered a more remarkable instance of the mutability of fortune than he himself presented; blind, dethroned, and exiled, in a country which he had twice subdued.'—p. 77.

In ten marches farther they reached the Hydaspes, between which and the Indus, a space of about one hundred and sixty miles, the country is described as one of the strongest that can be imagined. The mission crossed the Hydaspes at Jollalpoor, where the difference of the two banks was very striking; the left having all the characteristics of the plains of India, while the right, formed by the end of the salt range of Calla-baugh, 'had an air of ruggedness and wildness that must inspire a fearful presentiment of the country he was entering into the mind of a traveller from the east.' It, however, inspired the present travellers with a high degree of interest, for 'so precisely does Quintus Curtius's description of the scene of Porus's battle correspond with the part of the Hydaspes where they crossed, that several gentlemen of the mission, who read the passage on the spot, were persuaded that it referred to the very place before their eyes.' (p. 80.)

The crossing of the Punjaub occupied them from the 26th July to

to the 29th August; the fertility of this tract, so much extolled by our geographers, was very inferior to that of the British provinces in Hindostan, and still more so to Bengal, which it has been thought to resemble. A considerable part of it is pastured by oxen and buffaloes; that which lies on the Sutledge, though the most sterile, was the best cultivated; but not a third part was under cultivation. Nearly the whole of the Punjaub belongs to Runjeet Sing, who had assumed the sovereignty of all the Seiks, and with it the title of king. It has many fine villages and large towns; but Umritsir, the sacred city of the Seiks, alone appeared in a prosperous state. Lahore seemed hastening fast to ruin; 'but the domes and minarets of the mosques, the lofty walls of the fort, the massy terraces of the garden of Shaulimar, the splendid mausoleum of the Emperor Jehangheer, and the numberless inferior tombs and places of worship that surround the town, still rendered it an object of curiosity and admiration.'

Having crossed the Sutledge, they entered the British territories; and, after a further journey of 200 miles, reached Delhi, from which they had set out.

It is obvious, from the small portion of Afghanistaun travelled over by Mr. Elphinstone, that, from personal knowledge, he can give but an imperfect account of its geography, climate, and productions, or of the manners and condition of the numerous tribes of people by which this country is inhabited: he has, however, done much in collecting, comparing, and digesting the reports of others. The geography must necessarily be defective; and a map constructed from the routes of different persons, and estimated in different denominations of measure, cannot, of course, be very correct. It might be wished that the one placed at the head of the work had been less obscured by the deep shading of the mountains.

The climate and productions of Afghanistaun are as varied as its surface. It embraces every degree of temperature; from that of mountains clothed in perpetual snow, to that of burning sands visited by the fatal simoom and the delusive siraub; while the central parts, broken into hill and dale, enjoy a middle temperature;—but the average heat of the year, Mr. Elphinstone says, does not reach that of India, nor the cold that of England. In the plain of Peshawer, surrounded by mountains, the thermometer stood, for several days, at  $112^{\circ}$  and  $113^{\circ}$ ; but frost continued through the winter to the first week in March, when the peach and plum-trees began to blossom; the apple, quince, and mulberry-trees put forth in the same week; and before the end of the month they were in full foliage: early in April barley was in the ear, and was cut down the first week in May. In summer, the heat is intolerable, except where it is mitigated by the wind from the Snowy Mountains. Mr.

Elphin-



Elphinstone states, from recollection, the extreme height at 120°; and the greatest depression of the mercury at 25°. In Damaun the heat is still more oppressive, during the night as well as in the day. Here the inhabitants are obliged to wet their clothes before they go to sleep; and every man has a vessel of water by his side, when he lies down; but Sewee is so much worse than all the rest, that it is a common saying, 'O Lord! when you had Sewee, why need you have made hell?'

Lions, tigers, leopards, wolves, hyænas, jackalls, and all the other animals of Hindostan, abound in Afghanistan; besides various kinds of camels and dromedaries. They have abundance of horses, mules, oxen, and buffaloes; but the principal stock of the pastoral tribes are the broad-tailed sheep. Being fond of hunting, their dogs are very good, especially their greyhounds and pointers. They are also fond of hawking, and their falcons are well trained; one of them, called the *chirk*, is taught to strike the antelope, and to retard its speed by fastening on its head till the greyhounds come up. Herons, cranes, storks, wild swans, geese, and ducks, are plentiful; as are partridges, quails, pigeons, &c.

The common trees are two species of oak, pines, cedars, cypresses, walnuts, and wild olives. The pistachio tree grows wild in the Hindoo Coosh. In the plains are the mulberry, the tamarisk, the willow, the plane, and the poplar, with many others, of which, as Mr. Elphinstone is no botanist, we are left in ignorance.

To those who may feel disposed to read, at second-hand, detailed descriptions of the other two large cities of Afghanistan, Caubul and Candahar, of the mountains, hills, and valleys of this extensive kingdom, we warmly recommend the perusal of Mr. Elphinstone's book. They are too long for us to touch upon; and our account of the various tribes of people that inhabit Caubul, though far more interesting, must necessarily be very concise. Of the original inhabitants, the Afghauns, very little appears to be known; but that little is exceedingly interesting; as every thing must be that tends to elucidate and confirm that most ancient and authentic record of the history of the human race—the Bible.

In the second volume of the Asiatic Researches, there is a translation of a Persian historical fragment, in which the descent of the Afghauns is traced from the Jews, Afgan being stated as the son of Berkia, the son of Saul; he is represented as a man distinguished by great corporal strength, who established himself and his progeny in a state of independence in the valleys formed by the numerous ramifications of the Hindoo Coosh. To this paper is annexed the following note by the President of the Asiatic Society.

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‘ This account of the Afghans may lead to a very interesting discovery. We learn from Esdras, that the ten tribes, after a wandering journey, came to a country called Arsareth, where we may suppose they settled. Now the Afghans are said, by the best Persian historians, to be descended from the Jews ; they have traditions among themselves of such a descent ; and it is even asserted that their families are distinguished by the names of Jewish tribes, although, since their conversion to the Islam, they studiously conceal their origin. The Pushtoo language, of which I have seen a Dictionary, has a manifest resemblance to the Chaldaic ; and a considerable district under their dominion is called Hazareh, or Hazaret, which may easily have been changed into the word used by Esdras. I strongly recommend an inquiry into the literature and history of the Afghans.’

No one, however, has as yet attempted to institute such an inquiry. Mr. Elphinstone avows his inability for the task ; their own accounts of their origin appear to him to be fabulous ; but all their histories, he says, begin with relating the transactions of the Jews from Abraham down to the captivity : he adds, that this narrative appears to agree with that of the other Mahomedans ; and that, although interspersed with some wild fables, it does not essentially differ from Scripture. Sir John Malcolm observes that almost all the Mahomedan writers claim this descent for the Afghans ; and that he himself possessed a genealogical table, in which it was attempted to prove that all the principal families of Afghanistan were direct descendants of the kings of Israel ; but although they differ remarkably in their personal appearance, dress, customs, and language, from the Persians, the Tartars, and the Indians, yet, as the Pushtoo has no affinity with the Hebrew, as he *understands*, he seems to lay little stress on the written traditions of their origin. Now, if the fact were established, of a total want of similarity between the two languages, we should not deem it a circumstance more conclusive against their Jewish origin, than their marked resemblance in all other respects, as well as their own and their neighbours’ traditions, are in favour of it : but the missionaries of Serampore, in the account of their proceedings down to June, 1814, differ very widely on this point from Sir John Malcolm and Mr. Elphinstone ; and the authority of such men as Carey and Marshman will, perhaps, as far as language is concerned, be rated higher than that of either of the former. These learned men state distinctly,—that ‘ the Pushtoo language (into which they have translated nearly the whole of the New Testament) contains a greater number of Hebrew words than is to be found in that of any nation in India ;’—that ‘ the Pushtoo and Baloochee appear to form the connecting link between those of Sungskrit and those of Hebrew origin ;’—that a learned Afghaan says, ‘ his nation are Beni Israel, but

but not Yuhodi'—sons of Israel, but not Jews;—and that Mr. Chamberlain (a resident missionary) writes, 'Many of the Afghans are undoubtedly of the race of Abraham.' All of which is highly encouraging for the prosecution of that inquiry recommended by Sir William Jones.

The Afghaun nation was originally divided into four principal tribes, who are again divided into clans, and subdivided into petty chieftainships, or khails, and further into families, each forming a little commonwealth within itself. The khauns are the chiefs of tribes. They compose, according to Mr. Elphinstone, a sort of 'clannish commonwealth;' but, unlike that of the Highlanders, 'the clannish attachment of the Afghauns is rather to the community than to the chief.' The tribes seem to be generally at war with each other. The general law of the kingdom is that of the Koran; but they still preserve their own customary code called the Pooshtoonwulle, which authorizes the injured party to retaliate on the aggressor, by exacting 'an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth.' He may even wreak his private vengeance on a relation of the offender, if the latter should escape; and thus quarrels become hereditary, and are often transmitted from father to son for several generations. Criminal offences, however, are generally tried before a Jeerga, which is an assembly composed of khans, elders, and moollahs, or priests: they are supposed to decide according to the merits of the case; and the penalty always includes a public apology: in serious cases, a certain number of young women from the family of the criminal are given in marriage to the person aggrieved and to his relations. It is curious to learn the value which these people seem to attach to women. For a murder, six of them are given with portions, and six without; six also are the penalty for cutting off a hand, an ear, or a nose; and three for breaking a tooth: but equivalents, fixed at a very low rate, are frequently taken. If an offender flies the country for some serious crime, (murder, for instance,) but at length determines to submit to justice, he has only to throw himself in the way of the offended party, dressed in a shroud, and, offering him a naked sword, to say that his life is in his power, and propose a compensation; and an accommodation follows of course:—but, for the powers of the oolooses, or tribes, the khauns, the judicial jeergas, and other matters connected with the internal government of the Afghauns, we must refer to the details given by Mr. Elphinstone.

The following are among the principal tribes. The Berdoo-raunees, so named by Ahmed Shah, who inhabit the north-eastern part of the country, to the northward of the salt range of mountains, and who are mostly agricultural. They cultivate wheat, rice, Indian

dian corn, barley, pulse, sugar-cane, tobacco and cotton. The Eusofzyes, or offspring of Yusof; these consist of about thirty little republics: they are reported to be a turbulent set, proud of their independence, litigious, quarrelsome, and boastful of a legacy left them by one of their chiefs—‘that they should always be free but never united;’—they are supposed to amount to 900,000 souls: the Fakeers, or villains, nearly as numerous, like the villains in the feudal times of Europe, are protected by their masters from all ill usage, except that which is inflicted by those very protectors, who arrogate to themselves the power of life and death. They are employed chiefly in the fields; or in feeding cattle on the mountains. The Eusofzyes seclude their own women, but hire other females to sing and dance at their entertainments. Like the Quakers, they never suffer one of their own tribe, who has maintained a good character, to fall into distress. They affect to be exceedingly religious, but, like many of those who aspire to be ‘righteous over much,’ are, in fact, a vicious and debauched people. The mountaineers, on the contrary, while they avow their ignorance and indifference as to religious matters, are amiable and virtuous. Some of these simple people, on observing a Moollah copying the Koran, struck off his head, observing, ‘You tell us these books come from God, and here you are making them yourself.’ The Khyberees are a lean but muscular race, with large gaunt faces, high noses and cheek-bones, and black complexions; whereas most of the Berdooraunee tribes have fair complexions, grey eyes and red beards.

The tribes of Damaun dwell to the southward of the salt range, and are mostly pastoral, merchants or carriers. They are described as a simple and honest race, less bigoted and intolerant, and less addicted to debauchery, than their northern neighbours. The men are large, bony and fair: the women are without restraint.

The Sheeraunees are the principal of the mountain tribes of Solimaun; a stout, hardy, active race of men, with bold features, grey eyes, high cheek-bones, having a wild but manly appearance; they live in huts cut into the side of the hills, closed generally in front with a thorn bush: the common people wrap themselves in sheep skin cloaks, the more wealthy have a black blanket bound round the waist and another thrown over the shoulders: they cultivate grain, but depend merely on their sheep, oxen, goats, and asses; they rear no horses. Robbers by profession, there is yet so much honour among them that they never break their faith; and even a stranger, when once under their protection, may consider himself perfectly safe.

The Vizarees, still higher to the northward, are more rude than the Sheeraunees—some living in caves, and others in tents. The women of this tribe have gained such an ascendancy, that they are allowed

allowed to chuse their own husbands. Of the western Afghauns, the Ghiljees and Dooraunees are the principal tribes. Eight centuries ago, Ghiznee or Ghuznee, in the centre of the Ghiljee country, (the birth-place of Sultaun Mahmood, who formed an empire reaching from the Tigris to the Ganges and from the Jaxartes to the Persian gulph,) was the metropolis; it is now reduced to a town, containing about 1500 houses; and Caubul is become the capital of the Ghiljee country, and a place of very considerable trade. The Ghiljees are a warlike race;—they inhabit a country about 180 miles in length, and 85 in breadth: the last of the kings whom they gave to Persia was expelled by Nadir Shah. Some of these tribes are pastoral, and others wholly employed in agriculture.

The sceptre, however, has passed away from the Ghiljees and is now vested in the Dooraunees, an extensive tribe of Afghauns, who border on Persia, and whose country is about 400 miles in length, by 120 in breadth; deducting its deserts, about equal to Scotland, but inferior to it in population; Candahar is the capital, and a place of great trade. Heraut is another large city, and the country adjoining to these places is richly cultivated; but the Dooraunees are for the most part pastoral; and Mr. Elphinstone describes the charms of the pastoral life in such glowing colours as to think it necessary to warn his readers in a note, not to mistake the Dooraunee shepherds for Arcadians. The king is the chief of the Dooraunee tribe, and they hold their lands on the express condition of military service. Mr. Elphinstone seems to lay great stress on the influence of the Dooraunee aristocracy over the king's conduct, as favourable to the happiness of the people; we suspect, however, that this supposed counteracting power is but imaginary. The king and his army are every thing. It is true, as Mr. Elphinstone observes, that in most Asiatic governments, there are no limits to the power of the crown, but those of the endurance of the people: nothing short of a general insurrection of the people, which is of rare occurrence, or the defection of the principal chiefs, and the army, which perpetually occurs, can oppose the sovereign's will. His sceptre, being for the most part gained by the sword, must be maintained by the sword. The crown is every where held to be hereditary, but is every where the prize to be contended for by active and audacious robbers, who, like Nadir Shah, are rarely ashamed to avow the baseness of their origin. This fortunate adventurer openly derided royal birth and hereditary succession. We are told that 'when the pride of the royal house of Delhi required that Nadir's son, who was to marry a princess of that family, should give an account of his male ancestors for seven generations, the conqueror exclaimed, "Tell them that he is the son of Nadir Shah, the son of the sword, the grand-son of the sword,"

sword; and so on till they have a descent of *seventy* instead of *seven* generations."\*

The crown of Caubul is considered as hereditary in that branch of the house of Suddozye, which is descended from Ahmed Shah; and the Dooranee lords name the son that is to succeed; the rest are shut up in the Balla Hissaur, or castle, where, as in Persia, they are generally deprived of their eyes: if they are spared this inhuman outrage, or escape from confinement, they are sure to collect a band of soldiers under some disaffected khauns, turn robbers, or raise the standard of rebellion; the people in the mean time, who go for nothing, regard the struggles for power with perfect indifference, and submit without resistance to all the exactions required of them:—like the ass in the fable, so they carry but the panniers to which they have been accustomed, it is much the same to them who girds them on.

The king of Caubul's title is Shaubee Doorree Doorraun; his court is called Derree Khauneh, which signifies the gate, implying, in the spirit of oriental adulation, that a subject ought to intrude no farther into the palace, even in his thoughts. The king alone can coin money. He is judge himself of all state-criminals, but cannot put to death one of his own tribe. He is at the head of religious affairs; he makes war and peace; appoints all the officers of state, except some few that are hereditary; has the entire controul of the revenue—in one word, he may be said to be absolute as long as he can maintain his dominion. Mr. Elphinstone, however, says that the Afghaun government is marked by moderation towards its subjects, and mildness in its punishments; that the chiefs alone suffer for rebellions; that the Persian practice of blinding or maiming the common people is unknown;† and that during the time the embassy was at Peshawer, there was but one execution, which was that of a Sheeah dervise for blasphemy. Though we have no room to follow Mr. Elphinstone through his details of the several clans, we cannot resist laying before our readers, as a favourable specimen of the work, his general view of Afghanistan and the character and condition of the people as they would appear to a traveller arriving among them from the west, and to another from the east.

“ If a man could be transported from England to the Affghaun coun-

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\* Malcolm's History of Persia.

† In the horrible massacre of Kermaun, by the infamous Aga Mahomed, uncle to the present king of Persia, 7000 men were deprived of sight. Sir J. Malcolm distributed alms to more than a hundred of these poor creatures at Shirauz, on our King's birthday.

try, without passing through the dominions of Turkey, Persia, or Tarry, he would be amazed at the wide and unfrequented deserts, and the mountains covered with perennial snow. Even in the cultivated part of the country, he would discover a wild assemblage of hills and wastes, unmarked by inclosures, not embellished by trees, and destitute of navigable canals, public roads, and all the great and elaborate productions of human industry and refinement. He would find the towns few, and far distant from each other; and he would look in vain for inns or other conveniences which a traveller would meet with in the wildest parts of Great Britain. Yet he would sometimes be delighted with the fertility and populousness of particular plains and valleys, where he would see the productions of Europe mingled in profusion with those of the torrid zone; and the land laboured with an industry and a judgment no where surpassed. He would see the inhabitants, following their flocks, in tents, or assembled in villages, to which the terraced roofs and mud walls give an appearance entirely new. He would be struck at first with their high, and even harsh features, their sun-burnt countenances, their long beards, their loose garments, and their shaggy mantles of skins. When he entered into the society, he would notice the absence of regular courts of justice, and of every thing like an organized police. He would be surprized at the fluctuation and instability of the civil institutions. He would find it difficult to comprehend how a nation could subsist on such disorder; and would pity those who were compelled to pass their days in such a scene, and whose minds were trained by their unhappy situation, to fraud and violence, to rapine, deceit and revenge. Yet he would scarce fail to admire their martial and lofty spirit, their hospitality, and their bold and simple manners, equally removed from the suppleness of a citizen, and the awkward rusticity of a clown; and he would, probably, before long discover, among so many qualities that excited his disgust, the rudiments of many virtues.

But an English traveller from India, would view them with a more favourable eye: he would be pleased with the cold climate, elevated by the wild and novel scenery, and delighted by meeting many of the productions of his native land. He would first be struck with the thinness of the fixed population, and then with the appearance of the people; not fluttering in white muslins, while half their bodies are naked, but soberly and decently attired in dark coloured woollen clothes; and wrapt up in brown mantles, or in large sheep-skin cloaks. He would admire their strong and active forms, their fair complexions and European features; their industry and enterprize; the hospitality, sobriety, and contempt of pleasure, which appear in all their habits; and, above all, the independence and energy of their character. In India he would have left a country where every movement originates in the government or its agents, and where the people absolutely go for nothing; and he would find himself among a nation where the control of the government is scarcely felt, and where every man appears to pursue his own inclinations, undirected and unrestrained. Amidst the stormy independence of this mode of life, he would regret the ease and security in which the  
state

state of India, and even the indolence and timidity of its inhabitants, enable most parts of that country to repose. He would meet with many productions of art and nature that do not exist in India; but, in general, he would find the arts of life less advanced, and many of the luxuries of Hindostan unknown: on the whole, his impression of his new acquaintances would be favourable; although he would feel that, without having lost the ruggedness of a barbarous nation, they were tainted with the vices common to all the Asiatics. Yet, he would reckon them virtuous, compared with the people to whom he had been accustomed; would be inclined to regard them with interest and kindness; and could scarcely deny them a portion of his esteem.—pp. 149, 150.

Mr. Elphinstone has subjoined to this, a chapter on the literature of the Afghans: it is not altogether so summary as that of Horrebow 'On Owls;' yet it informs us of little more than that the Afghans have no literature. There is, however, no lack of poetry among them; and we should judge from the specimens of it with which Mr. Elphinstone has favoured us, that the bards of this remote country are gifted with no inconsiderable portion of genuine enthusiasm.

The most popular of their poets, he says, is Rehmaun; in whose odes, however, as they were translated to him, he could discover no merit: but this does not, as Mr. Elphinstone very justly adds, prove that he is unworthy of his reputation. His favourite, however, seems to be Kooshhaul, khaun of the Khuttucks, a tribe situate to the east of Peshawar. This poet was the contemporary of Aurengzebe, against whom he maintained, during the whole of his life, a fierce but unequal struggle. One of his poems gives a curious and interesting account of himself and his family.

'Come, and listen to my story,  
In which both good and evil are displayed.  
I am Kooshhaul, the son of Shahbaur khaun;  
Descended from a race of warriors.  
Shahbaur was the son of Yeheia,  
Like whom was there never another youth.—  
Any enemy that appear'd against him  
Soon found his place in the tomb:  
He had both the sword and the board,  
Both courage and constancy.'

He goes on to tell how, after his father's death, he became the khaun of the tribe, and lived in greater splendour than any of his ancestors:—he then alludes to his misfortunes, and bursts into bitter invectives against the Moguls, and some of his sons, who had been seduced by the prospect of advancement to join the enemies of their country.

'I am the enemy of Aurengzebe,  
Though my head be on the mountain and in the wilderness,



I am for the honour of the Afghaun name;  
 And they have taken part with the Moguls:  
 They prowls about like hungry dogs  
 After the bread and soup of the Moguls:  
 They are always in pursuit of me,  
 My hand could reach them even now,  
 But I will not destroy my own soul.'—p. 194.

Mr. Elphinstone compares this intrepid chief to Wallace. But Kooshhaul fought less for the liberty than for the superiority of his tribe; and bore, we think, a more striking resemblance to Sevagee than to the enemy of Edward. One of his odes, which Mr. Elphinstone has given entire, and which proves his unwearied ardour in kindling new animosities against Aurengzebe, opens in this characteristic and beautiful manner:—

'Whence has this spring appeared again,  
 Which has made the country all one rose garden?  
 The anemone is there, the iris and the daffodil,  
 The jasmine, the narcissus, and the pomegranate flower.  
 The flowers of the spring are of all colours,  
 But the cheek of the red tulip glows most among them all.  
 The maidens have handfuls of roses in their bosom,  
 The youths have bunches of flowers in their turbans,  
 The musician applies his bow to the cheghauneh,  
 And searches out the melodies of every string.  
 Come, O cup-bearer, bring full, full cups;  
 Let me be satiated with wine and revelry.'—p. 195.

This description, Mr. Elphinstone says reminds him of the old English romance. He might surely have found a nobler prototype. To us it strongly recalls the wild and fervid strains of Aneurim and Taliessin: and we could scarcely persuade ourselves through the whole of this animated ode, that we were not listening to the 'Hirlas-horn,' and the poems of the Gododin.

Mr. Elphinstone winds up his account of the Afghauns with a brief summary of their character. 'Their vices,' he says, 'are revenge, envy, avarice, rapacity and obstinacy; on the other hand, they are fond of liberty, faithful to their friends, kind to their dependants, hospitable, brave, hardy, frugal, laborious, and prudent; and they are less disposed than the nations in their neighbourhood to falsehood, intrigue, and deceit.' This character is rather more favourable than that which is given of the same people by that extraordinary traveller Forster; but the difference may be well accounted for by the different circumstances under which they saw them: the one travelling not much unlike a mendicant—the other, in all the splendour of an oriental ambassador.

His account of the provinces of Sind, Heraut, Belochistaun, &c. we must pass over in silence, that we may spare room for a glance

glance beyond the Himmaleh, and the Hindoo Coosh. Of the tributary province of Cashmeer, which is an indented basin in the bosom of these lofty ranges, we can desire nothing more than is to be found in the lively and interesting descriptions of Bernier and Forster. The city of Cashmeer, Mr. Elphinstone says, is the largest in the Dooraunee dominions, containing from 150 to 200,000 inhabitants: the inquiries made by Mr. Strachey enable us to add a short account of the shawl manufactory here, which is said to employ sixteen thousand looms.

A shop, shed, or tent, has generally three working-people; and a remarkably fine shawl will occupy them a whole year or more, while other shops make six or eight in the same period. Of the best kind three people will work only about a quarter of an inch in a day: sometimes shawls are made in separate pieces and afterwards joined together; the plain shawls are woven with a shuttle; the variegated ones are worked with wooden needles, each different coloured thread having a distinct needle. The Oostaud, or head workman, directs them as to the thread and colours they are to use in order to make the figure; and though the rough side of the shawl is uppermost on the frame, and the pattern perhaps quite new, he never mistakes the regularity of the most figured patterns. The wool of the shawl-goat is imported from Tibet and other parts of Tartary, and is spun by women. The best is from Rodauk, and it bears in Cashmeer a price of half-a-crown to three shillings a pound. Mr. Strachey thinks that the probable number of shawls manufactured at Cashmeer in one year may be about eighty thousand.

The Appendix to Mr. Elphinstone's book contains a curious and most interesting account of Caufirstaun, collected from the report of a Mussulman whom he employed to penetrate into that country, and supported by other respectable authorities. Major Rennell, in his admirable Memoir, has stated, on the authority of the late Colonel Kirkpatrick, that there is a certain tribe inhabiting modern Bijore, (Bajour,) who pretend to be the descendants of certain persons belonging to Alexander's army; and who continue to preserve that ascendancy over their neighbours, which their ancestors may be supposed to have possessed when they first settled there. The authority from which this opinion was derived, Mr. Elphinstone says, they were soon obliged to give up; but they learned that the Caufirs, situated in the mountains north of Bajour, had many points of character common with the Greeks—they were celebrated for their beauty and European complexion, worshipped idols, drank wine in silver cups or vases; used chairs and tables, and spoke a language unknown to their neighbours.' The country inhabited by these people occupies a

great part of the range of the Hindoo Coosh, and a portion of Beloot Taugh. It is bounded by Kaushkaur, Badakshan, and Bulkh, and its easterly extent, behind the Himmaleh mountains, is beyond the meridian of Cashmeer.

This alpine country is composed of snowy mountains, deep pine forests, intersected with few roads, and those impassable but on foot; it is well watered by mountain-streams and rapid torrents, that are crossed by wooden bridges, or ropes made of withy and other pliant trees. Its towns and villages are always built on the slope of a hill, the roof of one house forming the street leading to the one above it. The deep glens or valleys are fertile in wheat, various kinds of millet, grapes wild and cultivated; and feed abundance of cattle. Each valley has its tribe; these tribes are separated by the Mussulmans into *Tor* Caufirs, (black infidels,) and *Speen* Caufirs, (white infidels;) the former wearing a vest of black goat skins, the other of white cotton. Their language has a close connection with the Sanscrit; a circumstance which Mr. Elphinstone thinks fatal to their supposed descent from the Greeks. Our conclusion would have been just the contrary. Any of the Greeks that followed Alexander, and remained behind, must have been left in the Panjaub, and a few stragglers could not do otherwise than learn the language of the country in which they were doomed to reside; this language their descendants may be supposed to have carried with them to their retreat in the mountains. The close resemblance in the mechanism of the Greek and Sanscrit languages would render the latter sufficiently easy to the people of the former nation; and we have very little doubt that, if Mr. Elphinstone had been fortunate enough to obtain a vocabulary of the Caufir language, we should be able to make a considerable addition to the Sanscrit roots already to be found both in the Greek and Latin languages, especially in the latter. It is no weak argument in favour of a current opinion in these mountains, that the descendants of the Greeks did find their way thither, that the king of Derwauz, a tribe of Kisghis Tartars, still farther north than the Caufirs, should claim a descent from Alexander the Great, and that all the neighbouring tribes should admit his pretensions.

The Caufirs worship one God, called by some Imra, by others Dagon; but great men are sometimes deified and considered as intercessors with him. They attach considerable importance to the virtues of liberality and hospitality. They eat all kinds of animal food, except fish, which they abhor. The women do all the drudgery of the family, and even till the land. They take as many wives as they please, and domestic slavery is very common. All their slaves are Caufirs; the Mussulman prisoners taken by them being invariably put to death; for they hold them in detestation, and undertake

undertake long and difficult expeditions against them. In their solemn festivals, each man wears a turban in which is stuck a feather for every Mussulman he has killed; the number of bells worn round the waist is also regulated by the same rule; and no Caufir, who has not killed his man, is allowed to flourish his battle-axe above his head in the dance. This exasperation against their Mahomedan neighbours must, no doubt, have been occasioned by cruelties and persecutions on their part; for the Caufirs are represented as a harmless, affectionate, kind hearted people; easily appeased when in anger; playful, fond of laughter, and altogether of a sociable and joyous disposition.

Their marriage and funeral ceremonies greatly resemble those of the Chinese; and, like this people, they seek for posthumous reputation by the erection of a gate near the way-side, something like those which the catholic missionaries have dignified with the name of triumphal arches. Like the Chinese, also, they shave the head, excepting a long tuft which is left on the crown, and pluck the hair from the upper lip, cheeks, and neck.

The dress of the common people consists of four goat skins, two of which form a vest, and two a kind of petticoat; the long hair of the skins being outward. Those in good circumstances have a shirt beneath the vest; the women wear the shirt only. The upper ranks wear cotton cloth or black hair cloth, or the white blankets of Kaushkaur, like Highland plaids, fastened with a belt, and reaching to the knee. They also wear cotton trowsers, worked with flowers in red and black worsted. The women's dress is nearly the same; but their hair is plaited and fastened on the top of the head, over which they wear a small cap, and round it a little turban, ornamented with silver and cowries. Both sexes wear ear-rings, neck-rings, and bracelets; those that can afford it, have them of silver; the common people, of brass or pewter. Their houses are of wood; they have stools and tables shaped like drums; bedsteads of wood and thongs of leather. The Caufirs cannot, like other Asiatics, sit on their haunches, but stretch out their legs like Europeans.

Their food consists chiefly of cheese, butter, and milk, with bread made something like a sweet pudding; they eat flesh of all kinds, generally half dressed, and their common fruits are walnuts, grapes, apples, almonds, and wild apricots; they wash their hands and say grace before meals. They drink their wine, of which they have several sorts, out of large silver cups, during their meals, to a certain degree of elevation, but not so far as to become quarrelsome. They are so hospitable, that on hearing of the approach of a stranger, they run out to meet and invite him in. He is expected to visit every person of note in the village, and with every

one he must eat and drink. Their favourite amusement is dancing, in which all ages and sexes join. Their dances are rapid, full of gesticulation, raising the shoulders, shaking the head, and flourishing the battle-axe: they beat the ground with great force; their instruments are the pipe and tabor, which the dancers frequently accompany with the voice; their music is quick, varied, and wild.

We are inclined to think that much of the earliest periods of the human history still remains to be discovered in these upper regions of Asia. Except Manning, who contrived to get into Tibet, the only European, we believe, that has yet crossed the Himmaleh, or place of snow, sometimes called Hemmachal, or the snowy mountains, is Mr. Moorcroft, an account of whose extraordinary journey is anxiously looked for. Being sent to purchase horses at a fair held at Cossipoor, he discovered that the great mart for this noble animal was at Bokhara; and conceiving that it might be of infinite service to the army in India if a direct communication could be opened with the original breeders, he engaged a Brahmin to accompany him, and, at his own risk and responsibility, set out on the frightful journey, having, however, first taken the precaution of putting on a native dress. He struck into the forests beyond Cossipoor, traversed the province of Kemaon, crossed the Gurwhal ko, and after a march of twenty-eight days, among the passes of this vast chain of mountains covered with eternal snow, and whose height has been found to extend from twenty-one to twenty-four thousand feet above the level of the plain out of which they spring, he reached a place of which geography is silent, called Neetee, situated in a part of Tartary ceded by the Emperor of China, in jaghire, to the grand Lama. Here he was detained twenty-three days, on pretence that the Lama had recently left this lower world, and was not yet regenerated. At length he was allowed to proceed, and in five days more cleared the great range of Hemmachal, and reached the table-land of Tartary, near the borders of which was situated the frontier town named D'leapa.

Here he met with whole droves of horses, which he might have purchased at 60 rupees, (about 7*l.* sterling) a head. He wished to have proceeded in a northerly direction, but was prevented, to the sacred lake of Mansaroer, out of which it was long supposed the Ganges took its rise, but which river has been recently ascertained to have its sources in the glaciers, and from the melted snow of the southern side of the Himmaleh. The two streams which the lamas of Kang-Shee, who were sent by that emperor to ascertain the source of the Ganges, observed to flow to the westward, the one rising out of the Mansaroer lake, and the other from under Mount Kentaisse, the highest point of the Moos Taugh, and which, after their junction below Ladac, they concluded

cluded to be the first great branch of the Ganges, would now appear, from the information collected by Mr. Moorcroft, to be incorrectly assumed; the stream issuing from the sacred lake of Mansaroer, being the source of a river of very inferior note, that of the Sutlaj, or Sutledge, the western boundary of our Indian empire, which works its way through the Snowy Mountains close under the high peak of Cantal, immediately west of the vale of Cashmeer; while the northern stream, flowing westerly to a considerable distance, turns to the southward, and, forcing a passage through the Hindoo Coosh, forms a branch, perhaps the principal one, of the Indus.

A war which was then raging between the Ghorkalees and their northern neighbours prevented Mr. Moorcroft from proceeding; and on his return he was seized by a chief of the former, and kept in close confinement for seventeen days. From the moment he had descended the Himmaleh mountains on the north side, he met with the shawl wool goat, and the yak or Tartarian cow; the latter animal, it seems, has an under coating of soft wool or fur, equal to that of the beaver, being a natural felt of the finest kind; the wool of the former is monopolized by the Latakté Tartars, and sold to the Cashmerians; who, for every lack of rupees expended, procure a return of ten or twelve. Both of these animals, but the goat especially, seem, from the temperature of the climate, as well as from their habits, to be exactly suited for the Highlands of Scotland, or the Hebrides; but the heats of the south of India, through which they must pass, or the inconveniences of a long voyage, have hitherto rendered every attempt to import them ineffectual. Mr. Moorcroft obtained a living specimen of each animal, but we believe he lost them when thrown into prison.

He saw behind the mountains great numbers of wild horses and the Ghurk-hur, or wild ass: but horses seemed the staple commodity of the country. Tartary appears to be in fact the indigenous country of the horse. From Pegu to the Caspian, over all that extensive region which sweeps to the northward of the Himmaleh and the Hindoo Coosh, the horse is the most thriving animal, improving in size, strength, and beauty, as we proceed to the westward. In all this vast tract he is every where the companion of man—he shares with him his food, his tent, and his clothing. A Tartar horse-race is well calculated to try the bottom of the animal. The Turcomans have no idea of a short heat; they assemble a great multitude of horses at a spot where they are to start, generally a good day's journey from the winning-post. The rider of the winning horse (which is always reserved as a stallion) receives from the khan, or chief, a sum of money, a dress, and a horse; the second gets a suit of clothes, a saddle and bridle; and the

the others receive prizes proportioned in value to the order in which they respectively come up to the winning-post; to the last is given a large ball of barley-meal to refresh himself and his horse; all these animals, except the first, are castrated. By these and other attentions to the breed of horses, they may challenge the world to match this noble animal.

'The Turcoman horse,' says Sir J. Malcolm, 'is a fine animal, between fifteen and sixteen hands high; and there are probably no horses in the world that can endure so much fatigue. I ascertained, after the minutest examination of the fact, that those small parties of Turcomans who ventured several hundred miles into Persia, used both to advance and retreat at the average nearly of one hundred miles a day. They train their horses for these expeditions as we should for a race; and the expression they use to describe a horse in condition for a *Chapow*, (which may be translated a *foraye*,) is, that "his flesh is marble."

Mr. Moorcroft was not a little surprized to find that Russian traders were in the habit of frequenting the markets of Toorkistaun, and particularly that of Bokhara, to receive, in exchange for their furs and cloths, silks, shawls, and other Indian commodities. Even English broad cloths, notwithstanding the prohibition of the Russian government, are, we believe, carried across Siberia and the deserts to clothe the Turcomans, between whom and our Indian provinces, there is but a single ridge of mountains. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the Nepaul treaty has opened an extended market for our English broad cloths; and we doubt not that with a little encouragement the shawl trade of Cashmeer might easily be transferred from the Afghauns and Persians to the East India Company.

Bulkh, or Bactria, situated behind the Hindoo Coosh, is a part of Toorkistaun, particularly famous for its strong and active breed of horses. It is claimed as a tributary province of the Afghauns, and is, like the rest of the distant provinces, either really or nominally, so, according to the power and activity of the reigning monarch. The city of Bulkh, Mr. Elphinstone says, is considered by all Asiatics as the oldest city in the world, and is distinguished by the title of Omool Belaud, the *mother of towns*. It is now, however, reduced to insignificance; its ruins, covering a great extent, are surrounded with a wall, but one corner only is inhabited. The country around it is described as flat, fertile, and well cultivated; possessing three hundred and sixty villages, watered by eighteen canals from a reservoir in the Paropamisan mountains. The inhabitants are chiefly Usbeck Tartars, or that division of these northern hordes, known by the name of Toorkomans, and from whom the Turks originally sprung.

The sovereign is absolute; but each tribe has its chief, or khan, who

who is generally appointed by the king. In the army also, the sovereign appoints to all places of rank: 'We find,' says Mr. Elphinstone, 'Mungbaushees, Euzbaushees, Choraghausees, (commanders of a thousand, of an hundred, and of ten,) which shews that the division of the army is arbitrary, and does not proceed on the principle of having the contingent of each tribe, clan, or village, under its hereditary chief.' And in Bokhara, the men are told off into messes of ten each, who have a tent, a boiler, and a camel between them. Both the King of Bokhara and the King of Bulkh are great bigots, or affect to be so. The former styles himself 'Commander of the Faithful,' teaches the doctrine of the koran a great part of the day, and spends a considerable portion of the night in prayers and visits. Kilich Ali Beg, the present ruler of Bulkh, always walks in the street, lest, if he rode, his feet might be higher than the heads of the true believers.

The Usbecks are described, by Mr. Elphinstone, as short, stout men, with broad foreheads, high cheek-bones, thin beards, and small eyes; their complexion clear and ruddy, their hair black. They wear a shirt and trowsers of cotton; a loose tunic of silken or woollen cloth, bound with a girdle, and a gown of woollen cloth, or felt, over it; a cap of broad cloth, lined with fur, for the winter, or a pointed silken cap called a calpauk, with a large white turban over it. Both men and women wear boots; and the dress of the latter differs only from that of the former in being somewhat longer; they wear gold and silver ornaments, and plait their hair into a long queue, which hangs down from the middle of the head like that of the Chinese. Their favourite food is horse flesh, and mare's milk, made into kimmiz; they drink tea boiled with milk, and oil made from the fat tails of the Doombel sheep. They live partly in tents and partly in houses resembling those of the Afghans. In Bokhara, and the tract of country between that and the Caspian sea, the greater part of the people reside in tents, and follow pasturage; their stock consists of sheep, camels, and horses; the latter are so common and so numerous, that every Turkoman has his horse, and even beggars travel on horseback.

The Usbecks are represented as a good sort of people; sincere in their professions and honest in their dealings; and Mr. Elphinstone thinks there are few countries in the east where a stranger would be more at ease. He assigns to Bulkh a million of inhabitants; and says that the city of Bokhara is equal in population to Peshawer, and consequently superior to any in England, except London; that it contains numerous colleges, capable of accommodating from sixty to six hundred students, each; that it abounds with caravan-sarais, where merchants meet with great encouragement; and that all



all religions are tolerated by a prince and people above all others attached to their own belief.

It is to be hoped that our late treaty with the Gorka Rajah has given us a passage over that part of the Hinmaleh crossed by Mr. Moorcroft; and that the government of India will avail itself of the occasion to open a friendly communication with Killich Ali of Bulkh, and Hyder Turrah chief of Bokhara; and we are not ashamed to confess that we have so much old-fashioned prejudice about us, in favour of our own countrymen, as to wish that no foreigner, however gifted, and from whatever quarter recommended, may be thought worthy of a preference to the protection of the British power in India, in any attempt to explore the countries situated beyond the Snowy Mountains.

ART. IX. *Emma; a Novel. By the Author of Sense and Sensibility, Pride and Prejudice, &c.* 3 vols. 12mo. London. 1815.

**T**HERE are some vices in civilized society so common that they are hardly acknowledged as stains upon the moral character, the propensity to which is nevertheless carefully concealed, even by those who most frequently give way to them; since no man of pleasure would willingly assume the gross epithet of a debauchee or a drunkard. One would almost think that novel-reading fell under this class of frailties, since among the crowds who read little else, it is not common to find an individual of hardihood sufficient to avow his taste for these frivolous studies. A novel, therefore, is frequently 'bread eaten in secret;' and it is not upon Lydia Languish's toilet alone that Tom Jones and Peregrine Pickle are to be found ambushed behind works of a more grave and instructive character. And hence it has happened, that in no branch of composition, not even in poetry itself, have so many writers, and of such varied talents, exerted their powers. It may perhaps be added, that although the composition of these works admits of being exalted and decorated by the higher exertions of genius; yet such is the universal charm of narrative, that the worst novel ever written will find some gentle reader content to yawn over it, rather than to open the page of the historian, moralist, or poet. We have heard, indeed, of one work of fiction so unutterably stupid, that the proprietor, diverted by the rarity of the incident, offered the book, which consisted of two volumes in duodecimo, handsomely bound, to any person who would declare, upon his honour, that he had read the whole from beginning to end. But although this offer was made to the passengers on board an Indiaman, during a tedious out-

outward-bound voyage, the 'Memoirs of Clegg the Clergyman,' (such was the title of this unhappy composition,) completely baffled the most dull and determined student on board, and bid fair for an exception to the general rule above-mentioned,—when the love of glory prevailed with the boatswain, a man of strong and solid parts, to hazard the attempt, and he actually conquered and carried off the prize!

The judicious reader will see at once that we have been pleading our own cause while stating the universal practice, and preparing him for a display of more general acquaintance with this fascinating department of literature, than at first sight may seem consistent with the graver studies to which we are compelled by duty: but in truth, when we consider how many hours of languor and anxiety, of deserted age and solitary celibacy, of pain even and poverty, are beguiled by the perusal of these light volumes, we cannot austere condemn the source from which is drawn the alleviation of such a portion of human misery, or consider the regulation of this department as beneath the sober consideration of the critic.

If such apologies may be admitted in judging the labours of ordinary novelists, it becomes doubly the duty of the critic to treat with kindness as well as candour works which, like this before us, proclaim a knowledge of the human heart, with the power and resolution to bring that knowledge to the service of honour and virtue. The author is already known to the public by the two novels announced in her title-page, and both, the last especially, attracted, with justice, an attention from the public far superior to what is granted to the ephemeral productions which supply the regular demand of watering-places and circulating libraries. They belong to a class of fictions which has arisen almost in our own times, and which draws the characters and incidents introduced more immediately from the current of ordinary life than was permitted by the former rules of the novel.

In its first appearance, the novel was the legitimate child of the romance; and though the manners and general turn of the composition were altered so as to suit modern times, the author remained fettered by many peculiarities derived from the original style of romantic fiction. These may be chiefly traced in the conduct of the narrative, and the tone of sentiment attributed to the fictitious personages. On the first point, although

The talisman and magic wand were broke,  
Knights, dwarfs, and genii vanish'd into smoke,

still the reader expected to peruse a course of adventures of a nature more interesting and extraordinary than those which occur in his own life, or that of his next-door neighbours. The hero no longer

longer defeated armies by his single sword, clove giants to the chine, or gained kingdoms. But he was expected to go through perils by sea and land, to be steeped in poverty, to be tried by temptation, to be exposed to the alternate vicissitudes of adversity and prosperity, and his life was a troubled scene of suffering and achievement. Few novelists, indeed, ventured to deny to the hero his final hour of tranquillity and happiness, though it was the prevailing fashion never to relieve him out of his last and most dreadful distress until the finishing chapters of his history ; so that although his prosperity in the record of his life was short, we were bound to believe it was long and uninterrupted when the author had done with him. The heroine was usually condemned to equal hardships and hazards. She was regularly exposed to being forcibly carried off like a Sabine virgin by some frantic admirer. And even if she escaped the terrors of masked ruffians, an insidious ravisher; a cloak wrapped forcibly around her head, and a coach with the blinds up driving she could not conjecture whither, she had still her share of wandering, of poverty, of obloquy, of seclusion, and of imprisonment, and was frequently extended upon a bed of sickness, and reduced to her last shilling before the author condescended to shield her from persecution. In all these dread contingencies the mind of the reader was expected to sympathize, since by incidents so much beyond the bounds of his ordinary experience, his wonder and interest ought at once to be excited. But gradually he became familiar with the land of fiction, the adventures of which he assimilated not with those of real life, but with each other. Let the distress of the hero or heroine be ever so great, the reader reposed an imperturbable confidence in the talents of the author, who, as he had plunged them into distress, would in his own good time, and when things, as Tony Lumpkin says, were in a concatenation accordingly, bring his favourites out of all their troubles. Mr. Crabbe has expressed his own and our feelings excellently on this subject.

For should we grant these beauties all endure  
 Severest pangs, they've still the speediest cure;  
 Before one charm be wither'd from the face,  
 Except the bloom which shall again have place,  
 In wedlock ends each wish, in triumph all disgrace.  
 And life to come, we fairly may suppose,  
 One light bright contrast to these wild dark woes.

In short, the author of novels was, in former times, expected to tread pretty much in the limits between the concentric circles of probability and possibility ; and as he was not permitted to transgress the latter, his narrative, to make amends, almost always went beyond the bounds of the former. Now, although it may be urged that the vicissitudes of human life have occasionally led an indi-

individual through as many scenes of singular fortune as are represented in the most extravagant of these fictions, still the causes and personages acting on these changes have varied with the progress of the adventurer's fortune, and do not present that combined plot, (the object of every skilful novelist,) in which all the more interesting individuals of the *dramatis personæ* have their appropriate share in the action and in bringing about the catastrophe. Here, even more than in its various and violent changes of fortune, rests the improbability of the novel. The life of man rolls forth like a stream from the fountain, or it spreads out into tranquillity like a placid or stagnant lake. In the latter case, the individual grows old among the characters with whom he was born, and is contemporary,—shares precisely the sort of weal and woe to which his birth destined him,—moves in the same circle,—and, allowing for the change of seasons, is influenced by, and influences the same class of persons by which he was originally surrounded. The man of mark and of adventure, on the contrary, resembles, in the course of his life, the river whose mid-current and discharge into the ocean are widely removed from each other, as well as from the rocks and wild flowers which its fountains first reflected; violent changes of time, of place, and of circumstances, hurry him forward from one scene to another, and his adventures will usually be found only connected with each other because they have happened to the same individual. Such a history resembles an ingenious, fictitious narrative, exactly in the degree in which an old dramatic chronicle of the life and death of some distinguished character, where all the various agents appear and disappear as in the page of history, approaches a regular drama, in which every person introduced plays an appropriate part, and every point of the action tends to one common catastrophe.

We return to the second broad line of distinction between the novel, as formerly composed, and real life,—the difference, namely, of the sentiments. The novelist professed to give an imitation of nature, but it was, as the French say, *la belle nature*. Human beings, indeed, were presented, but in the most sentimental mood, and with minds purified by a sensibility which often verged on extravagance. In the serious class of novels, the hero was usually

‘A knight of love, who never broke a vow.’

And although, in those of a more humorous cast, he was permitted a license, borrowed either from real life or from the libertinism of the drama, still a distinction was demanded even from Peregrine Pickle, or Tom Jones; and the hero, in every folly of which he might be guilty, was studiously vindicated from the charge of infidelity of the heart. The heroine was, of course, still more immaculate;

culate; and to have conferred her affections upon any other than the lover to whom the reader had destined her from their first meeting, would have been a crime against sentiment which no author, of moderate prudence, would have hazarded, under the old *régime*.

Here, therefore, we have two essential and important circumstances, in which the earlier novels differed from those now in fashion, and were more nearly assimilated to the old romances. And there can be no doubt that, by the studied involution and extrication of the story, by the combination of incidents new, striking and wonderful beyond the course of ordinary life, the former authors opened that obvious and strong sense of interest which arises from curiosity; as by the pure, elevated, and romantic cast of the sentiment, they conciliated those better propensities of our nature which loves to contemplate the picture of virtue, even when confessedly unable to imitate its excellences.

But strong and powerful as these sources of emotion and interest may be, they are, like all others, capable of being exhausted by habit. The imitators who rushed in crowds upon each path in which the great masters of the art had successively led the way, produced upon the public mind the usual effect of satiety. The first writer of a new class is, as it were, placed on a pinnacle of excellence, to which, at the earliest glance of a surprized admirer, his ascent seems little less than miraculous. Time and imitation speedily diminish the wonder, and each successive attempt establishes a kind of progressive scale of ascent between the lately deified author, and the reader, who had deemed his excellence inaccessible. The stupidity, the mediocrity, the merit of his imitators, are alike fatal to the first inventor, by shewing how possible it is to exaggerate his faults and to come within a certain point of his beauties.

Materials also (and the man of genius as well as his wretched imitator must work with the same) become stale and familiar. Social life, in our civilized days, affords few instances capable of being painted in the strong dark colours which excite surprize and horror; and robbers, smugglers, bailiffs, caverns, dungeons, and mad-houses, have been all introduced until they ceased to interest. And thus in the novel, as in every style of composition which appeals to the public taste, the more rich and easily worked mines being exhausted, the adventurous author must, if he is desirous of success, have recourse to those which were disdained by his predecessors as unproductive, or avoided as only capable of being turned to profit by great skill and labour.

Accordingly a style of novel has arisen, within the last fifteen or twenty years, differing from the former in the points upon which the interest hinges; neither alarming our credulity nor amusing our imagination

imagination by wild variety of incident, or by those pictures of romantic affection and sensibility, which were formerly as certain attributes of fictitious characters as they are of rare occurrence among those who actually live and die. The substitute for these excitements, which had lost much of their poignancy by the repeated and injudicious use of them, was the art of copying from nature as she really exists in the common walks of life, and presenting to the reader, instead of the splendid scenes of an imaginary world, a correct and striking representation of that which is daily taking place around him.

In adventuring upon this task, the author makes obvious sacrifices, and encounters peculiar difficulty. He who paints from *le beau idéal*, if his scenes and sentiments are striking and interesting, is in a great measure exempted from the difficult task of reconciling them with the ordinary probabilities of life: but he who paints a scene of common occurrence, places his composition within that extensive range of criticism which general experience offers to every reader. The resemblance of a statue of Hercules we must take on the artist's judgment; but every one can criticize that which is presented as the portrait of a friend, or neighbour. Something more than a mere sign-post likeness is also demanded. The portrait must have spirit and character, as well as resemblance; and being deprived of all that, according to Bayes, goes 'to elevate and surprize,' it must make amends by displaying depth of knowledge and dexterity of execution. We, therefore, bestow no mean compliment upon the author of *Emma*, when we say that, keeping close to common incidents, and to such characters as occupy the ordinary walks of life, she has produced sketches of such spirit and originality, that we never miss the excitation which depends upon a narrative of uncommon events, arising from the consideration of minds, manners, and sentiments, greatly above our own. In this class she stands almost alone; for the scenes of Miss Edgeworth are laid in higher life, varied by more romantic incident, and by her remarkable power of embodying and illustrating national character. But the author of *Emma* confines herself chiefly to the middling classes of society; her most distinguished characters do not rise greatly above well-bred country gentlemen and ladies; and those which are sketched with most originality and precision, belong to a class rather below that standard. The narrative of all her novels is composed of such common occurrences as may have fallen under the observation of most folks; and her dramatic persons conduct themselves upon the motives and principles which the readers may recognize as ruling their own and that of most of their acquaintances. The kind of moral, also, which these novels inculcate, applies equally to the paths of common life, as

will best appear from a short notice of the author's former works, with a more full abstract of that which we at present have under consideration.

'Sense and Sensibility,' the first of these compositions, contains the history of two sisters. The elder, a young lady of prudence and regulated feelings, becomes gradually attached to a man of an excellent heart and limited talents, who happens unfortunately to be fettered by a rash and ill-assorted engagement. In the younger sister, the influence of sensibility and imagination predominates; and she, as was to be expected, also falls in love, but with more unbridled and wilful passion. Her lover, gifted with all the qualities of exterior polish and vivacity, proves faithless; and marries a woman of large fortune. The interest and merit of the piece depend altogether upon the behaviour of the elder sister, while obliged at once to sustain her own disappointment with fortitude, and to support her sister, who abandons herself, with unsuppressed feelings, to the indulgence of grief. The marriage of the unworthy rival at length relieves her own lover from his imprudent engagement, while her sister, turned wise by precept, example, and experience, transfers her affection to a very respectable and somewhat too serious admirer, who had nourished an unsuccessful passion through the three volumes.

In 'Pride and Prejudice' the author presents us with a family of young women, bred up under a foolish and vulgar mother, and a father whose good abilities lay hid under such a load of indolence and insensibility, that he had become contented to make the foibles and follies of his wife and daughters the subject of dry and humorous sarcasm, rather than of admonition, or restraint. This is one of the portraits from ordinary life which shews our author's talents in a very strong point of view. A friend of ours, whom the author never saw or heard of, was at once recognized by his own family as the original of Mr. Bennet, and we do not know if he has yet got rid of the nickname. A Mr. Collins, too, a formal, conceited, yet servile young sprig of divinity, is drawn with the same force and precision. The story of the piece consists chiefly in the fates of the second sister, to whom a man of high birth, large fortune, but haughty and reserved manners, becomes attached, in spite of the discredit thrown upon the object of his affection by the vulgarity and ill-conduct of her relations. The lady, on the contrary, hurt at the contempt of her connections, which the lover does not even attempt to suppress, and prejudiced against him on other accounts, refuses the hand which he ungraciously offers, and does not perceive that she has done a foolish thing until she accidentally visits a very handsome seat and grounds belonging to her admirer. They chance to meet exactly as her prudence had begun to subdue her prejudice; and

and after some essential services rendered to her family, the lover becomes encouraged to renew his addresses, and the novel ends happily.

*Emma* has even less story than either of the preceding novels. Miss Emma Woodhouse, from whom the book takes its name, is the daughter of a gentleman of wealth and consequence residing at his seat in the immediate vicinage of a country village called Highbury. The father, a good-natured, silly valetudinary, abandons the management of his household to Emma, he himself being only occupied by his summer and winter walk, his apothecary, his gruel, and his whist table. The latter is supplied from the neighbouring village of Highbury with precisely the sort of persons who occupy the vacant corners of a regular whist-table, when a village is in the neighbourhood, and better cannot be found within the family. We have the smiling and courteous vicar, who nourishes the ambitious hope of obtaining Miss Woodhouse's hand. We have Mrs. Bates, the wife of a former rector, past every thing but tea and whist; her daughter, Miss Bates, a good-natured, vulgar, and foolish old maid; Mr. Weston, a gentleman of a frank disposition and moderate fortune, in the vicinity, and his wife an amiable and accomplished person, who had been Emma's governess, and is devotedly attached to her. Amongst all these personages, Miss Woodhouse walks forth, the princess paramount, superior to all her companions in wit, beauty, fortune, and accomplishments, doated upon by her father and the Westons, admired, and almost worshipped by the more humble companions of the whist table. The object of most young ladies is, or at least is usually supposed to be, a desirable connection in marriage. But Emma Woodhouse, either anticipating the taste of a later period of life, or, like a good sovereign, preferring the weal of her subjects of Highbury to her own private interest, sets generously about making matches for her friends without thinking of matrimony on her own account. We are informed that she had been eminently successful in the case of Mr. and Miss Weston; and when the novel commences she is exerting her influence in favour of Miss Harriet Smith, a boarding-school girl without family or fortune, very good humoured, very pretty, very silly, and, what suited Miss Woodhouse's purpose best of all, very much disposed to be married.

In these conjugal machinations Emma is frequently interrupted, not only by the cautions of her father, who had a particular objection to any body committing the rash act of matrimony, but also by the sturdy reproof and remonstrances of Mr. Knightley, the elder brother of her sister's husband, a sensible country gentleman of thirty-five, who had known Emma from her cradle, and was the



only person who ventured to find fault with her. In spite, however, of his censure and warning, Emma lays a plan of marrying Harriet Smith to the vicar; and though she succeeds perfectly in diverting her simple friend's thoughts from an honest farmer who had made her a very suitable offer, and in flattering her into a passion for Mr. Elton, yet, on the other hand, that conceited diving totally mistakes the nature of the encouragement held out to him, and attributes the favour which he found in Miss Woodhouse's eyes to a lurking affection on her own part. This at length encourages him to a presumptuous declaration of his sentiments; upon receiving a repulse, he looks abroad elsewhere, and enriches the Highbury society by uniting himself to a dashing young woman with as many thousands as are usually called ten, and a corresponding quantity of presumption and ill breeding.

While Emma is thus vainly engaged in forging wedlock-fetters for others, her friends have views of the same kind upon her, in favour of a son of Mr. Weston by a former marriage, who bears the name, lives under the patronage, and is to inherit the fortune of a rich uncle. Unfortunately Mr. Frank Churchill had already settled his affections on Miss Jane Fairfax, a young lady of reduced fortune; but as this was a concealed affair, Emma, when Mr. Churchill first appears on the stage, has some thoughts of being in love with him herself; speedily, however, recovering from that dangerous propensity, she is disposed to confer him upon her deserted friend Harriet Smith. Harriet has, in the interim, fallen desperately in love with Mr. Knightley, the sturdy, advice-giving bachelor; and, as all the village supposes Frank Churchill and Emma to be attached to each other, there are cross purposes enough (were the novel of a more romantic cast) for cutting half the men's throats and breaking all the women's hearts. But at Highbury Cupid walks decorously, and with good discretion, bearing his torch under a lanthorn, instead of flourishing it around to set the house on fire. All these entanglements bring on only a train of mistakes and embarrassing situations, and dialogues at balls and parties of pleasure, in which the author displays her peculiar powers of humour and knowledge of human life. The plot is extricated with great simplicity. The aunt of Frank Churchill dies; his uncle, no longer under her baneful influence, consents to his marriage with Jane Fairfax. Mr. Knightley and Emma are led, by this unexpected incident, to discover that they had been in love with each other all along. Mr. Woodhouse's objections to the marriage of his daughter are overpowered by the fears of house-breakers, and the comfort which he hopes to derive from having a stout son-in-law resident in the family; and the facile affections of Harriet Smith are transferred, like a bank bill,

by

by indorsation, to her former suitor, the honest farmer, who had obtained a favourable opportunity of renewing his addresses. Such is the simple plan of a story which we peruse with pleasure, if not with deep interest, and which perhaps we might more willingly resume than one of those narratives where the attention is strongly riveted, during the first perusal, by the powerful excitement of curiosity.

The author's knowledge of the world, and the peculiar tact with which she presents characters that the reader cannot fail to recognize, reminds us something of the merits of the Flemish school of painting. The subjects are not often elegant, and certainly never grand; but they are finished up to nature, and with a precision which delights the reader. This is a merit which it is very difficult to illustrate by extracts, because it pervades the whole work, and is not to be comprehended from a single passage. The following is a dialogue between Mr. Woodhouse, and his elder daughter Isabella, who shares his anxiety about health, and has, like her father, a favourite apothecary. The reader must be informed that this lady, with her husband, a sensible, peremptory sort of person, had come to spend a week with her father.

'While they were thus comfortably occupied, Mr. Woodhouse was enjoying a full flow of happy regrets and fearful affection with his daughter.

'My poor dear Isabella,' said he, fondly taking her hand, and interrupting, for a few moments, her busy labours for some one of her five children—'How long it is, how terribly long since you were here! And how tired you must be after your journey! You must go to bed early, my dear—and I recommend a little gruel to you before you go.—You and I will have a nice basin of gruel together. My dear Emma, suppose we all have a little gruel.'

Emma could not suppose any such thing, knowing, as she did, that both the Mr. Knightleys were as unpersuadable on that article as herself;—and two basins only were ordered. After a little more discourse in praise of gruel, with some wondering at its not being taken every evening by every body, he proceeded to say, with an air of grave reflection,

'It was an awkward business, my dear, your spending the autumn at South End instead of coming here. I never had much opinion of the sea air.'

'Mr. Wingfield most strenuously recommended it, sir—or we should not have gone. He recommended it for all the children, but particularly for the weakness in little Bella's throat,—both sea air and bathing.'

'Ah! my dear, but Perry had many doubts about the sea doing her any good; and as to myself, I have been long perfectly convinced, though perhaps I never told you so before, that the sea is very rarely of use to any body. I am sure it almost killed me once.'

MS

'Come,

'Come, come,' cried Emma, feeling this to be an unsafe subject, 'I must beg you not to talk of the sea. It makes me envious and miserable;—I who have never seen it! South End is prohibited, if you please. My dear Isabella, I have not heard you make one inquiry after Mr. Perry yet; and he never forgets you.'

'Oh! good Mr. Perry—how is he, sir?'

'Why, pretty well; but not quite well. Poor Perry is bilious, and he has not time to take care of himself—he tells me he has not time to take care of himself—which is very sad—but he is always wanted all round the country. I suppose there is not a man in such practice any where. But then, there is not so clever a man any where.'

'And Mrs. Perry and the children, how are they? do the children grow?—I have a great regard for Mr. Perry. I hope he will be calling soon. He will be so pleased to see my little ones.'

'I hope he will be here to-morrow, for I have a question or two to ask him about myself of some consequence. And, my dear, whenever he comes, you had better let him look at little Bella's throat.'

'Oh! my dear sir, her throat is so much better that I have hardly any uneasiness about it. Either bathing has been of the greatest service to her, or else it is to be attributed to an excellent embrocation of Mr. Wingfield's, which we have been applying at times ever since August.'

'It is not very likely, my dear, that bathing should have been of use to her—and if I had known you were wanting an embrocation, I would have spoken to —'

'You seem to me to have forgotten Mrs. and Miss Bates,' said Emma, 'I have not heard one inquiry after them.'

'Oh! the good Bateses—I am quite ashamed of myself—but you mention them in most of your letters. I hope they are quite well. Good old Mrs. Bates—I will call upon her to-morrow, and take my children.—They are always so pleased to see my children.—And that excellent Miss Bates—such thorough worthy people!—How are they, sir?'

'Why, pretty well, my dear, upon the whole. But poor Mrs. Bates had a bad cold about a month ago.'

'How sorry I am! But colds were never so prevalent as they have been this autumn. Mr. Wingfield told me that he had never known them more general or heavy—except when it has been quite an influenza.'

'That has been a good deal the case, my dear; but not to the degree you mention. Perry says that colds have been very general, but not so heavy as he has very often known them in November. Perry does not call it altogether a sickly season.'

'No, I do not know that Mr. Wingfield considers it *very* sickly, except—'

'Ah! my poor dear child, the truth is, that in London it is always a sickly season. Nobody is healthy in London, nobody can be. It is a dreadful thing to have you forced to live there!—so far off!—and the air so bad!'

'No,

'No, indeed—we are not at all in a bad air. Our part of London is so very superior to most others!—You must not confound us with London in general, my dear sir. The neighbourhood of Brunswick Square is very different from almost all the rest. We are so very airy! I should be unwilling, I own, to live in any other part of the town;—there is hardly any other that I could be satisfied to have my children in:—but we are so remarkably airy!—Mr. Wingfield thinks the vicinity of Brunswick Square decidedly the most favourable as to air.'

'Ah! my dear, it is not like Hartfield. You make the best of it—but after you have been a week at Hartfield, you are all of you different creatures; you do not look like the same. Now I cannot say, that I think you are any of you looking well at present.'

'I am sorry to hear you say so, sir; but I assure you, excepting those little nervous head aches and palpitations which I am never entirely free from any where, I am quite well myself; and if the children were rather pale before they went to bed, it was only because they were a little more tired than usual, from their journey and the happiness of coming. I hope you will think better of their looks to-morrow; for I assure you Mr. Wingfield told me, that he did not believe he had ever sent us off all together, in such good case. I trust, at least, that you do not think Mr. Knightley looking ill,—turning her eyes with affectionate anxiety towards her husband.

'Middling, my dear; I cannot compliment you. I think Mr. John Knightley very far from looking well.'

'What is the matter, sir?—Did you speak to me?' cried Mr. John Knightley, hearing his own name.

'I am sorry to find, my love, that my father does not think you looking well—but I hope it is only from being a little fatigued. I could have wished, however, as you know, that you had seen Mr. Wingfield before you left home.'

'My dear Isabella,—exclaimed he hastily—'pray do not concern yourself about my looks. Be satisfied with doctoring and coddling yourself and the children, and let me look as I chuse.'

'I did not thoroughly understand what you were telling your brother,' cried Emma, 'about your friend Mr. Graham's intending to have a bailiff from Scotland, to look after his new estate. But will it answer? Will not the old prejudice be too strong?'

And she talked in this way so long and successfully that, when forced to give her attention again to her father and sister, she had nothing worse to hear than Isabella's kind inquiry after Jane Fairfax;—and Jane Fairfax, though no great favourite with her in general, she was at that moment very happy to assist in praising.—vol. i. pp. 212—220.

Perhaps the reader may collect from the preceding specimen both the merits and faults of the author. The former consists much in the force of a narrative conducted with much neatness and point, and a quiet yet comic dialogue, in which the characters of the speakers evolve themselves with dramatic effect. The faults,

on the contrary, arise from the minute detail which the author's plan comprehends. Characters of folly or simplicity, such as those of old Woodhouse and Miss Bates, are ridiculous when first presented, but if too often brought forward or too long dwelt upon, their prosing is apt to become as tiresome in fiction as in real society. Upon the whole, the turn of this author's novels bears the same relation to that of the sentimental and romantic cast, that cornfields and cottages and meadows bear to the highly adorned grounds of a show mansion, or the rugged sublimities of a mountain landscape. It is neither so captivating as the one, nor so grand as the other, but it affords to those who frequent it a pleasure nearly allied with the experience of their own social habits; and what is of some importance, the youthful wanderer may return from his promenade to the ordinary business of life, without any chance of having his head turned by the recollection of the scene through which he has been wandering.

One word, however, we must say in behalf of that once powerful divinity, Cupid, king of gods and men, who in these times of revolution, has been assailed, even in his own kingdom of romance, by the authors who were formerly his devoted priests. We are quite aware that there are few instances of first attachment being brought to a happy conclusion, and that it seldom can be so in a state of society so highly advanced as to render early marriages among the better class, acts, generally speaking, of imprudence. But the youth of this realm need not at present be taught the doctrine of selfishness. It is by no means their error to give the world or the good things of the world all for love; and before the authors of moral fiction couple Cupid indivisibly with calculating prudence, we would have them reflect, that they may sometimes lend their aid to substitute more mean, more sordid, and more selfish motives of conduct, for the romantic feelings which their predecessors perhaps fanned into too powerful a flame. Who is it, that in his youth has felt a virtuous attachment, however romantic or however unfortunate, but can trace back to its influence much that his character may possess of what is honourable, dignified, and disinterested? If he recollects hours wasted in unavailing hope, or saddened by doubt and disappointment; he may also dwell on many which have been snatched from folly or libertinism, and dedicated to studies which might render him worthy of the object of his affection, or pave the way perhaps to that distinction necessary to raise him to an equality with her. Even the habitual indulgence of feelings totally unconnected with ourself and our own immediate interest, softens, graces, and amends the human mind; and after the pain of disappointment is past, those who survive (and by good fortune those are the greater number) are neither less  
wise

wise nor less worthy members of society for having felt, for a time, the influence of a passion which has been well qualified as the 'tenderest, noblest and best.'

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ART. X. 1. *Poems by William Wordsworth; including Lyricd Ballads, and the Miscellaneous Pieces of the Author, with additional Poems, a New Preface, and a Supplementary Essay.* In two vols. London. 1815.

2. *The White Doe of Rylstone; or, the Fate of the Nortons. A Poem.* By William Wordsworth. London. 1815.

OF the two publications selected for this article, the latter only can be said to come regularly under our cognizance; the contents of the former having been, for the most part, many years before the public: our attention, therefore, must be principally devoted to the prefatory and post-prefatory essays. The topics which these embrace are in themselves of some importance, and such as our author, from the nature of his pursuits, would seem to be professionally qualified to illustrate. We must, therefore, bespeak the patience of our readers for a few remarks upon some of his opinions; premising that we offer them, not so much in the hope of being able to throw any new light upon the subject, as from a wish to obviate an idea which we suspect has gone abroad, that because we admire the poetical talents of Mr. Wordsworth, we are therefore to be numbered as implicitly entertaining all the tenets of his poetical system.

Among those who are really qualified to judge for themselves in matters of taste, we think that one opinion only is entertained respecting the productions of Mr. Wordsworth,—that they exhibit a mind richly stored with all the materials from which poetry is formed;—elevation of sentiment—tenderness of heart—the truest sensibility for the beauties of nature—combined with extraordinary fervour of imagination, and a most praiseworthy love of simplicity both in thought and language. It would appear, however, upon a first view of the fact, that he has by no means turned these valuable endowments to their greatest advantage. If the business of the poet be to please, Mr. Wordsworth's endeavours have hitherto not met with the most flattering success. He professes, indeed, to be well content;—*neque te ut miretur turba, labores*, is his motto; but even among those with whose applause he declares himself so satisfied, we doubt whether he can number the whole of that class whom Horace was so proud to reckon among his admirers.

It is indeed true, that the productions of our author furnish no  
very

very striking proofs of that large and vigorous understanding with which all the writings of the poet just mentioned, as of every other *great* poet, are so strongly impregnated : but neither are the productions of his competitors particularly imposing in this respect : and since they have managed to gain, notwithstanding, such a high place in the public estimation, compared with his own, it seems natural enough that he should be desirous of explaining the reasons for what would appear to be, at first sight, a very mortifying distinction.

Accordingly, in the essay subjoined to the volumes before us, Mr. Wordsworth professes to shew, that a fate similar to his, has in all ages been that of poets greatly endowed with originality of genius ; and that the want of contemporary popularity affords a just criterion of a poet's demerits, only in the case of writers whose compositions have evidently been designed to meet the popular taste prevailing at the time. This essay may be considered as forming a supplement to the preface (now re-published) with which a former edition of his poems was accompanied, and in which the general principles upon which he professes to compose, are explained and enforced at considerable length.

With regard to the style in which Mr. Wordsworth writes, we doubt whether it can be greatly praised. There is indeed a raciness about his language, and an occasional eloquence in his manner, which serve to keep the reader's attention alive. But these advantages are more than counteracted by that same ineffectual straining after something beyond plain good sense, which is so unpleasant in much of his poetry. In other respects the comparison is in favour of the latter. Instead of that graceful softness of manner which forms so principal a charm in his poetic effusions, his prose is distinguished by a tone which, in any other person, we should feel ourselves called upon to treat with some little severity. For a writer to protest that he *prides* himself upon the disapprobation of his contemporaries, and considers it as an evidence of the originality of his genius, and an earnest of the esteem in which he will be held by succeeding generations, is whimsical enough, to say the least of it ; but Mr. Wordsworth ought, at all events, to be consistent with himself ; and since he derives so many auspicious assurances from the opposition which his opinions have met with, he should speak with a little more moderation of those by whom they happen to be opposed. He should remember, moreover, that the public, and those who profess to be the organs of the public voice in these matters, have at least as much right to dislike *his* poetical taste, as he has to dislike *theirs*. If he voluntarily steps forward to make an attack upon the latter, the burthen of proof rests clearly upon him :

him : to be in an ill temper merely because his opponents will not at once surrender at discretion, is surely most unreasonable.

It appears to us, that whatever difference of opinion may be entertained respecting the peculiarities of Mr. Wordsworth's poetical compositions, we might admit, in nearly all their extent, the poetical doctrines which he wishes to introduce, without materially touching upon the questions about which the public are really at issue with him. For example, it is a prominent tenet with him that the *language and incidents of low and rustic life* are better fitted for the purposes of his art, than the language and incidents which we have hitherto been accustomed to meet with in poetry ; his reasons are :—

‘ Because in that condition of life the essential passions of the heart find a better soil in which they can attain maturity, are less under restraint, and speak a plainer and more emphatic language : because in that condition of life our elementary feelings co-exist in a state of greater simplicity, and consequently may be more accurately contemplated, and more forcibly communicated : because the manners of rural life germinate from those elementary feelings, and form the necessary character of rural occupations, are more easily comprehended, and are more durable : and lastly, because in that condition the passions of men are incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of nature.’—vol. ii. p. 366.

Now all this may be true, for aught that we know to the contrary ; it may be very wrong, in a metaphysical point of view, for a person to have a predilection for other subjects ; but the fact obviously is, that people do not resort to poetry for metaphysical instruction ; and the question about which Mr. Wordsworth's readers are interested is, whether other subjects do not afford equal or superior pleasure, not whether they throw greater or less light upon the ‘ elementary feelings,’ and ‘ essential passions,’ and ‘ primary laws of our nature.’ Let us suppose a person were to express a distaste for the subject of the poem, at vol. i. p. 328, upon a bed of daffodils ; it would probably not at all alter his opinion to say that ‘ the subject is an elementary feeling and simple impression (approaching to the nature of an ocular spectrum) upon the imaginative faculty ;’ nor will the pleasure which most readers will probably receive from the lines at vol. i. p. 297, with which the ‘ Poems of the Imagination’ are introduced, be at all augmented, by being told—what few would otherwise have guessed—that the poet was describing ‘ a commutation, or transfer of internal feelings, co-operating with internal accidents, to plant for immortality images of sound and sight in the celestial soil of the imagination.’ How far poetry, upon the principles of Mr. Wordsworth, is capable of being made subservient to a metaphysical analysis of the human mind,



mind, is an inquiry which we apprehend to be quite foreign to our present purpose; the question about which the public are at issue with him is, whether the doctrines which he wishes to establish are likely to open purer or more copious sources of poetical delight than those at which his readers hitherto have drunk.

With respect, then, to the 'primary laws of our nature,' 'elementary feelings,' 'essential passions,' and so forth:—if we are to understand by these words the passions of anger and jealousy, and love and ambition, and all the modifications of moral pleasure and pain which it is the appropriate business of poetry to delineate, we are not aware of any good reason which would lead us to suppose that these feelings are not just as frequently and as powerfully excited in such scenes as Homer, Virgil and Milton have chosen, as in those to which Mr. Wordsworth professes to devote his muse. But we are told that in the scenes of 'low and rustic life,' they *co-exist in a state of more simplicity, may be more easily comprehended, more accurately contemplated*, and so on. No doubt, in proportion as we advance in years, or in station, or in knowledge, our feelings and passions embrace a greater variety of objects, and become more and more complicated and mixed. But although this may be a very sufficient reason why Mr. Wordsworth should prefer subjects taken from low life, it is plainly no reason whatever why his readers should. As in every other production of human intellect, so in poetry; the superior pleasure which one subject affords rather than another, is mainly ascribable to the comparative degree of mental power which they may require; and this, it is plain, must be proportioned to the difficulties that are to be overcome, and not, as in the case of our author's favourite subjects, to the facilities which they afford.

These last, unquestionably, are susceptible, in a high degree, of poetical embellishment; and though Mr. Wordsworth is, we think, occasionally somewhat unlucky in the topics which he selects, yet we know not any writer who, upon the whole, has painted them with more pathos and fidelity. In themselves, however, they would not appear to be of the most difficult nature; it requires no extraordinary degree of judgment and penetration to discriminate the broad rough lines by which the characters of people in low life are commonly chalked out; nor can it require, considering the few and simple objects about which their thoughts must necessarily be conversant, any extraordinary force of imagination to enter into their feelings; natural sensibility, acquaintance with their manners, and a love of the scenes in which they pass their lives, are of course indispensable; other auxiliary qualities may be called in to advantage; but for those higher and rarer qualifications, which have their foundations in the understanding, and not

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in the mere liveliness of a susceptible imagination, we imagine the poet would seldom find occasion.

But Mr. Wordsworth is an advocate, not only for the 'incidents' of 'low and rustic life,' as better suited than any other for poetry, but also for its 'language,' which, on several accounts, he considers as being 'a far more philosophical language than that which is frequently substituted for it by poets.' Now, to talk of one language as being more *philosophical* than another, is, perhaps, not a very philosophical way of speaking; but be it as he supposes; still, we think, he will not deny, that the most convenient language, either for a poet or any other man to make use of, is that by which he can with most precision make himself understood by those to whom he addresses himself. Does our author then write for people in low and rustic life, or for people in high and educated life? If for the former, good; but if for the latter, surely to select a language in which, as he himself partly confesses, vol. ii. p. 390, he necessarily exposes himself to the danger of raising opposite ideas to those which he intended to convey, is paying to mere sounds (be they ever so philosophical) an homage which we can never be brought to believe that they deserve.

It is possible, no doubt, while describing such subjects as Mr. Wordsworth chiefly delights in, to pitch the language in too high a key; and this, perhaps, is a fault which pastoral writers have been too much in the habit of committing. But although we admit that there are some phrases and a sort of diction which a poet cannot, without in some sense violating costume, put into the mouths of characters belonging to a *low and rustic condition of life*, yet to avoid this fault is very different from putting into their mouths, phrases which persons of education have actually banished from their vocabulary. We are told indeed, that the language of 'low and rustic life' should be adopted 'purified from its real defects,' and 'from all lasting and rational causes of dislike and disgust.' But the truth is, if the language of low life be purified from what we should call its *real defects*, it will differ only in copiousness from the language of high life; as to *rational and lasting causes of dislike and disgust*, it is plain that on the subject of language no such causes can, in any instance, be assigned. We suspect that in criticism Mr. Wordsworth feels no great reverence for constituted authorities, or he would, perhaps, have called to mind the lines, beginning:

Multa renascentur quæ jam cecidère, cadentque  
Quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula, si volet *Usus*;  
Quem pænes arbitrium est, et jus, et norma loquendi.

Language, as every body knows, consists merely of arbitrary signs which stand for whatever it may have pleased custom to enact;

enact; and whatever changes may happen among them, are occasioned not by 'rational causes' but by accidental associations of one sort and another, of which, in-general, we defy the most profound metaphysician to give any philosophical account. If a poet has the humour of despising them, he has clearly a right to consult his own pleasure upon the subject; but the chances are that he will draw down such a flight of small critics upon his head—and perhaps deservedly—as will, in all probability, soon teach him the greatness of his mistake.

But although we cannot bring ourselves to approve of Mr. Wordsworth's project for substituting the language of 'low and rustic life' in place of that which we are accustomed to meet with in poetry; yet, in many respects, we feel pretty much disposed to coincide with him in disapproving of the latter. We think, with him, that the language of poetry ought to be language really used by men, and constructed upon the same principles as the language of prose. That this cannot be affirmed of that peculiar sort of diction technically called *poetical*, a slight inspection of the poetry which has prevailed in this country since the Restoration will, we think, sufficiently prove. How far Mr. Wordsworth's account of the origin and distinctive character of this artificial phraseology is just and satisfactory, we are, perhaps, not competent to decide; as far, however, as we were able to enter into his meaning, his observations upon the subject seemed in general well-grounded. To us it appears, that this diction does not essentially consist in any particular choice or arrangement of the words; for, to take the instance quoted by our author, Gray's sonnet to West, with the exception of the 6th, 7th, 8th, 13th and 14th lines, consists, as he justly observes, 'almost entirely of this diction, though not of the worst kind.' If, however, Mr. Wordsworth will refer to the remaining lines, he will immediately perceive that they do not consist 'of the language of passion wrested from its proper use;' perhaps the contrary is the fault which may be found with them; neither are the words inverted from their natural order, or such as, taken separately, would seem to belong to any particular condition of life; but the sun is 'the golden fire of reddening Phœbus;' the song of the birds is their 'amorous descant;' the grass of the fields is their 'green attire;' the produce of the earth is its 'wonted tribute;' and so forth.—Now, as addressed to our *reason*, all these expressions are perfectly intelligible; and supposing poetry to be nothing more than the art of paraphrasing our ideas, this sort of diction may furnish room for the display of much fancy and ingenuity. It is, however, manifest, that this indirect way of signifying things, is not the language of present feeling; and that the effect of it is to fix the imagination rather upon

upon the real or fanciful analogies which objects may seem to possess among one another than upon the particular relations in which they actually stand to us. In those subjects in which Pope and Dryden chiefly excelled, where the poet addresses himself to the fancy and understanding rather than to the heart, we know not but that the method of versification to which we are alluding, may produce a good effect; indeed, in one point of view, it would seem to be that which nature points out. But when the business of the poet is to present us with an image of the scenes and objects among which we are placed, not in abstract description, but as they relate immediately to our feelings, his expressions cannot, as we conceive, be too free from rhetorical ornament. That the exclusion, or at least a more moderate use of this, need not interfere with the utmost degree of strength, nor the most refined harmony and elegance of language, is fully proved by many passages in the writings of our old and excellent dramatists; and indeed it is doing Mr. Wordsworth himself nothing more than justice to say, that in his happier hours of inspiration, when his theories and eccentricities happen to be laid aside, no writer of the day seems to understand better the exact key in which the language of this last kind of poetry should be pitched. Unfortunately these hours are not so frequent with Mr. Wordsworth, as the lovers of poetry could wish; and upon the causes of this we shall now trouble our readers with a few remarks, which will, perhaps, assist us to explain the reasons why his popularity is less—we will not say than he deserves, for this would be to prejudge the question—but less than such talents as he possesses have commonly conferred.

It is impossible to take up the works of Mr. Wordsworth without remarking that, instead of employing his pen upon subjects of durable and general interest, he devotes himself almost exclusively to the delineation of himself and his own peculiar feelings, as called forth by objects incidental to the particular kind of life he leads. Now, although this be a plan apparently contrived to gratify the pleasure which poets, as our author tells us, take in their 'own passions and volitions,' rather than any curiosity which the reader, generally speaking, can be supposed to feel upon the subject, yet, in common cases, it is productive of no very positive inconvenience. Poets, as well as other people, feel, for the most part, pretty much alike; so that what is true with respect to any individual, will commonly be true with respect to mankind at large, under the same circumstances. As long as the feelings of the poet are founded on such occasions as ordinarily give rise to them, although the subjects of his effusions may be particular, yet the interest and the application of them will be, to a great degree, general. But the fact is, that the habits of Mr.

Wordsworth's

Wordsworth's life are not more different from those of people in general, than are the habits of his mind; so that not only the incidents which form the subjects of his poetry, are such as the greater part of his readers take much less interest in, than he imagines, but the feelings, moreover, with which he usually contemplates them are often such as hardly any person whatever can participate.

For example: a sensibility for the beauties of nature is, no doubt, a highly commendable quality, and to illustrate it is, we admit, the great business of descriptive poetry; nevertheless, however warmly we may sympathize with Mr. Wordsworth in his rapturous admiration of the great and striking features of nature;—though we cannot but think that even on this subject, his feelings are tuned much too high for the sobriety of truth;—yet when we are called upon to feel emotions which lie too deep for tears even with respect to the meanest flower that blows, to cry for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, over every ordinary object and every common-place occurrence that may happen to cross our way, all communion of feeling between the poet and those who know no more of poetry than their own experience and an acquaintance with the best models will bestow, is necessarily broken off. But it would be difficult to convey a just idea of the extent to which the peculiar habits of Mr. Wordsworth's mind have affected the character of his writings by citing particular examples. Our readers, however, will probably be able to judge for themselves, when they learn that, instead of looking upon this sort of exuberant sensibility to which we allude as a disadvantage, he regards it as a qualification of singular value; and formally places it, under the technical name of *poetic*, which he always distinguishes from merely *human* sensibility, among what he considers as being the characteristic attributes of the poetical character.

Our author justly observes, that 'poets do not write for poets alone, but for men. Unless, therefore, we are advocates for that admiration which depends upon ignorance, and that pleasure which arises from hearing what we do not understand, the poet must descend from his supposed height, and in order to excite rational sympathy, he must express himself as other men express themselves.' vol. i. p. 384. Nothing can be more true; but surely Mr. Wordsworth cannot but perceive, that if a poet, in order to excite rational sympathy, must express himself as other men express themselves; by a still stronger reason it would seem to follow that he must descend from his supposed height, and feel as other men feel.

Nothing is more easy to conceive than a sense of vision infinitely more acute than that with which it has been thought necessary to endow the human race. Nevertheless, however advantageous the gift

gift of such a superiority might be considered, in a general point of view, yet it would really be inconvenient to a person desirous of turning painter; because, admitting that his pictures might be ever so admirable upon a supposition that other people's organs of sight were constructed upon the same principles as his own, yet they would clearly be of no value whatever except to himself, if we suppose the contrary to be the fact. It is precisely the same in the case of poetry; the merit of a poet does not essentially consist, as is sometimes supposed, in the possession of sensibilities different from or more intense than those of other people, but in the talent of awakening in their minds the particular feelings and emotions with which the various objects of his art are naturally associated. For this purpose he must, of course, consult his own feelings; it is, however, only so far as he knows them to be in unison with those of mankind at large, that he can safely trust himself to their direction; because, if they preserve not the same relative subordination and the same proportions among each other that they possess in the minds of people in general, it is plain that his compositions must appear to the greater part of his readers like pictures constructed upon false principles of perspective, and whatever resemblance they may bear to objects as they appeared to his own mind, may bear no more resemblance to objects as they appear in nature than the fantastical devices of an Indian screen.

We are far from meaning to assert, by way of a general proposition, that the merit of a poem is to be measured by the number of its admirers; different classes of composition, no doubt, are adapted to different classes of readers: whatever it requires extraordinary powers of mind to produce, it must require some corresponding superiority of mind to understand; and we think Mr. Wordsworth intimates somewhere that this is partly the predicament in which his poetry stands. We shall not dispute upon this point; nevertheless we may remark that, although the above consideration will afford a satisfactory explanation of Quintilian's observation, that the *Iliad* is projected upon so vast a scale, as to require considerable greatness of mind even to comprehend its merits; yet this way of evading the dilemma to which Mr. Wordsworth's indifferent success has reduced him, will hardly apply to his case, upon a supposition at least, that his poetry really is what it professes to be: because, when a poet's avowed object is merely to trace in the plain and intelligible language of every-day life, those 'great and simple affections,' those 'elementary feelings' and 'essential passions' which are assumed, by definition, to be common to all men alike,—it would seem but reasonable to expect that it would find readers in every class of society. But then the poet must be supposed truly to perform what he promises; his poetry

must not contain a mere portraiture of his own mind in those points in which he differs from other people, and with respect to which none but his particular friends can be supposed to feel an interest; but an image of human nature in general.

Our familiar matter-of-fact way of talking about an art which Mr. Wordsworth seems to think belongs rather to the divine than to human nature, will not, we fear, tend to impress him with a very favourable opinion of our profoundness;—*mais la vérité est comme il peut*; truth is as it happens, and not always exactly as men of fine imaginations wish it to be.—Accordingly, although we would not choose to be classed among those to whom our author alludes, ‘who converse as gravely about a *taste* for poetry, as they express it, as if it were a thing as indifferent as a taste for rope-dancing,’ yet we candidly confess, that we see nothing at all wonderful or mysterious about the art; nor, if we may judge from experience, any reason to suppose that it requires greater or more uncommon talents than any other among the higher productions of human intellect. In reply to this, Mr. Wordsworth will probably place us in that unhappy sub-division of critics, in which, he says, ‘are found those who are too petulant to be passive to a genuine poet, and too feeble to grapple with him: men, who take upon them to report of the course *he* holds, whom they are utterly unable to accompany—confounded if he turn quickly upon the wing, dismayed if he soar steadily into “the region;” men of palsied imaginations and indurated hearts.’—vol. i. p. 348. All we can say is, that whenever Mr. Wordsworth’s own flights are through ‘the region’ of truth and nature, and sober sense, we accompany him with pleasure; but when he penetrates into the *terra Australis* beyond, then, indeed, our inclination to continue of the party, as well as our ability, leaves us.

Having thus stated our opinions at length, upon the critical dissertations, we shall proceed to give our readers some idea of the poem.

The ‘*White Doe of Rylstone*’ is so out-of-the-way a production, in many respects, that we are not sure but it would be wiser in us gravely to ‘shake the head’ at such a ballad sort of poem, than to risk our authority with the public by recommending it to them as a beautiful performance. It is not, indeed, free from the singularities which arise from the particular point of view in which Mr. Wordsworth likes to look at things; but in the present instance, they fall in not unhappily with the whimsical nature of the subject, and give a tone of colouring to the poem, which, however peculiar, is far from being displeasing. As a mere narrative, it does not possess much interest; the story is told, as it were, in scraps; a few prominent scenes are selected, and the circumstances which connect

connect them left pretty much to the reader's imagination ; and after all, instead of a denouement, we have merely the explanation of a certain strange phenomenon which had puzzled rather than interested our curiosity.

That the poem contains many beauties—exquisite tenderness of feeling, and often great happiness combined with the utmost simplicity of expression, will abundantly appear from the extracts which we shall make ; but then, in other parts, it is just as much distinguished for obscurity and flatness ; and throughout there is a something, not only about the rhythm and the language, but also about the turn of the thoughts and sentiments, which often left us at a loss to determine whether the hesitation which we felt, even as to being pleased, proceeded from mere fastidiousness on our part, or from a mistaken taste in Mr. Wordsworth. The poem, we admit, is written with simplicity ; and so far as this is the indigenous growth of his own mind, it has our warmest praises. But Mr. Wordsworth's love of this first quality of all good poetry has made him resort to artificial means for producing it ; so that instead of the polished simplicity which belongs to an age of so much refinement as the present, he affects that rude kind which the writings of our forefathers exhibit, and which expressed the genuine character of the times. Now, be the merits of this last what it may when met with in our old ballads, it is plain, that in the present advanced stage of society, it can never be *natural* to a man like Mr. Wordsworth ; in *his* writings, the manner which he studies is necessarily an affectation ; and be the imitation ever so successful, a discriminating taste still perceives a something which is different from the native flavour of original simplicity. *Sic enim est faciendum*, says Cicero, in a section of his book *De Officiis*, which we recommend to Mr. Wordsworth's perusal, *ut contra universam naturam nihil contendamus ; eâ tamen conservatâ, propriam naturam sequamur ; ut etiam si sint alia graviora atque meliora, tamen nos studia nostræ naturæ regulâ metiamur.*—*Nec tam enitendum est, ut bona quæ nobis non data sunt sequamur, quam ut vitia fugiamus.*

At Bolton Priory, in Yorkshire, it seems, there is a tradition about a White Doe, who on every Sabbath-day, during the time of divine service, used to pay a visit to the church-yard ; the problem which the poem proposes to solve, is, why the White Doe should do this ? Mr. Wordsworth satisfactorily explains it, by means of an old ballad, in Percy's *Reliques*, called the ' Rising of the North ;' and containing a succinct account of the total destruction which fell upon the Nortons, an ancient family of Yorkshire, in consequence of their share in that fatal act of rebellion.

The first Canto opens with the introduction of the ' White Doe ;' and she is ushered in with some very pleasing lines.



'From Bolton's old monastic tower  
 The bells ring loud with gladsome power;  
 The sun is bright, the fields are gay  
 With people in their best array,  
 Of stole and doublet, hood and scarf,  
 Along the banks of the crystal Wharf,  
 Through the vale retired and lowly  
 Trooping to the summons holy.  
 And up among the woodlands see,  
 What sparklings of blithe company!  
 Of lasses and of shepherd grooms  
 That down the steep hills force their way,  
 Like cattle through the budded brooms;  
 Path or no path, what care they?  
 And thus in joyous mood they hie  
 To Bolton's mouldering priory.  
 What would they there? Full fifty years  
 That sumptuous pile, with all its peers,  
 Too harshly hath been doomed to taste  
 The bitterness of wrong and waste.  
 Its courts are ravaged; but the tower  
 Is standing with a voice of power,  
 That ancient voice, that wont to call  
 To mass or some high festival;  
 And in the shatter'd fabric's heart,  
 Remaineth one protected part;  
 A rural chapel, neatly drest,  
 In covert like a little nest;  
 And thither young and old repair  
 This Sabbath-day, for praise and prayer

While the poet is listening to the service within, his attention suddenly called off: for—

'— Soft!—the dusky trees between  
 And down the path through the open green,  
 Where is no living thing to be seen;  
 And through yon gateway, where is found,  
 Beneath the arch with ivy bound,  
 Free entrance to the church-yard ground;  
 And right across the verdant sod,  
 Towards the very house of God;  
 — Comes gliding in, with lovely gleam,  
 Comes gliding in, serene and slow,  
 Soft and silent as a dream,  
 A solitary Doe!  
 White she is, as lily of June,  
 And beauteous as the silver moon  
 When out of sight the clouds are driven,  
 And she is left alone in Heaven.

Instead,

Instead, therefore, of entering the church, he resolves to watch this mysterious Doe : it is, says he—

‘ A work for Sabbath hours,  
If I with this bright creature go.’—

He then proceeds to speculate upon the object for which she comes—whether as a votaress to perform some rite, or merely out of sorrow and reverence for the desolation and holiness of the place? Meanwhile, the Doe moves on, without solving his doubts.

‘ She sees a warrior carved in stone,  
Among the thick weeds stretched alone ;  
A warrior with his shield of pride  
Cleaving humbly to his side,  
And hands in resignation prest,  
Palm to palm on his tranquil breast :  
Methinks she passeth by the sight,  
As a common creature might :  
If she be doomed to inward care,  
Or service, it must lie elsewhere.

‘ Her’s are eyes serenely bright,  
And on she moves with step how light !  
Nor spares to stoop her head, and taste  
The dewy turf with flowers bestrown ;  
And in this way she fares, till at last,  
Beside the ridge of a grassy grave  
In quietness she lays her down ;  
Gently as a weary wave  
Sinks, when the summer breeze hath died  
Against an anchored vessel’s side ;  
Even so, without distress, doth she  
Lie down in peace, and lovingly.’

Our readers may remember, that in the twelfth year of Queen Elizabeth, a sort of plot was set on foot, at the head of which were the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, for the purpose of inducing Queen Elizabeth to consent to the marriage of the Duke of Norfolk with Mary Queen of Scots. The Earl of Leicester had undertaken to break the matter to the Queen, with the view of gaining her acquiescence; but, in the mean time, the affair reached her ears from some other quarter, and the anger which she evinced so terrified the parties in the business, that those in the north deemed their safest chance would be found in open rebellion. Among them was Richard Norton, a gentleman or large property and warmly attached to the Roman Catholic persuasion, with eight of his sons. His eldest son, Francis, stood aloof, refusing to desert his father, and yet resolved not to raise his arm in a cause, and for a religion, which he, as well as his sister, Emily, strongly disapproved.

The second Canto opens with some account of the banner which Emily, at her father's command, had embroidered for his followers. When the day for raising it was arrived, Francis once more resolved to risk his father's displeasure, by endeavouring to dissuade him from the dangerous enterprize in which he was embarking.

"O, father, rise not in this fray;  
The hairs are white upon your head;  
Dear father, hear me when I say  
It is for you too late a day!  
Bethink you of your own good name;  
A good and gracious queen have we,  
A pure religion, and the claim  
Of peace on our humanity.  
'Tis meet that I endure your scorn,—  
I am your son, your eldest born;  
But not for lordship nor for land,  
My father, do I clasp your knees;  
This multitude of men disband,  
And live at home in blissful ease;  
For these, my brethren's sake, for me,  
And, most of all, for Emily."

The remonstrance was in vain. His father indignantly turned to his son Richard, and, committing the banner to his charge, departed with the rest of his sons and all his tenantry, to join the rebel standard under the Earl of Northumberland. With thoughts of the most bitter despondency, Francis walked forth into the park, where he found his sister Emily, to whom he relates the departure of their father, and explains his own resolution of attending him 'unarmed and naked,' in order to seize whatever occasions may offer of interposing to prevent the ruin about to fall upon him and his house.

"O, sister, I could prophesy!  
The time is come that rings the knell  
Of all we loved, and loved so well;  
Hope nothing, if I thus must speak  
To thee, a woman, and thence weak;  
Hope nothing, I repeat; for we  
Are doomed to perish utterly:—  
Weep, if that aid thee; but depend  
Upon no help of outward friend.  
Espouse thy doom at once, and cleave  
To fortitude without reprieve.  
For we must fall, both we and ours;  
This mansion and these pleasant bowers;  
Walks, pools, and arbours, homestead, hall,  
Our fate is theirs, will reach them all;  
The young horse must forsake his manger,  
And learn to glory in a stranger;

The

The hawk forget his perch---the hound  
 Be parted from his ancient ground :  
 The blast will sweep us all away,  
 One desolation, one decay !  
 And even this Creature"—which words saying  
 He pointed to a lovely Doe  
 A few steps distant, feeding, straying ;  
 Fair creature, and more white than snow !  
 " Even she will to her peaceful woods  
 Return, and to her murmuring floods,  
 And be in heart and soul the same  
 She was before she hither came,  
 Ere she had learn'd to love us all,  
 Herself beloved in Rylstone Hall.  
 But thou, my sister, doom'd to be  
 The last leaf which, by Heaven's decree,  
 Must hang upon a blasted tree ;  
 If not in vain we have breathed the breath  
 Together of a purer faith—  
 If hand in hand we have been led,  
 And thou (O happy thought this day !)  
 Not seldom foremost in the way—  
 If on one thought our minds have fed,  
 And we have in one meaning read—  
 If when at home our private weal  
 Hath suffer'd from the shock of zeal,  
 Together we have learn'd to prize  
 Forbearance and self-sacrifice—  
 If we like combatants have fared,  
 And for this issue been prepared—  
 If thou art beautiful, and youth  
 And thought endue thee with all truth—  
 Be strong—be worthy of the grace  
 Of God, and fill thy destin'd place :  
 A soul, by force of sorrows high,  
 Uplifted to the purest sky  
 Of undisturbed humanity !"

He ended—or she heard no more :  
 He led her from the yew-tree shade,  
 And at the mansion's silent door  
 He kissed the consecrated maid ;  
 And down the valley he pursued,  
 Alone, the armed multitude.'

These lines (with which the second Canto closes) in spite of  
 some expressions which made our critical nerves *wince* a little,  
 afford no unfavourable specimen of that peculiar tenderness of  
 manner for which we think the poem is chiefly remarkable.

The third Canto opens with spirit.

"Now joy for you, and sudden cheer,  
 Ye watchmen upon Brancepeth towers;  
 Looking forth in doubt and fear,  
 Telling melancholy hours!  
 Proclaim it—let your masters hear  
 That Norton with his band is near!"  
 The watchmen, from their station high,  
 Pronounced the word—and the Earls descry  
 Forthwith the armed company.  
 Marching down the bank of Were,  
 Said fearless Norton to the pair,  
 Gone forth to hail him on the plain—  
 "This meeting, noble Lords! looks fair,  
 I bring with me a goodly train.  
 Their hearts are with you:—hill and dale  
 Have helpèd us:—Ure we crossed, and Swale,  
 And horse and harness followed—see  
 The best part of their yeomanry!  
 Stand forth, my sons!—these eight are mine,  
 Whom to the service I commend;  
 Which way soe'er our fate incline,  
 These will be faithful to the end;  
 These are my all."—Voice failed him here:  
 "My all, save one, a daughter dear,  
 Whom I have left, the mildest birth,  
 The meekest child on this blessed earth.  
 I had—but these are by my side,  
 These eight, and this is a day of pride!"

Norton then addressed himself to the Earl of Northumberland; and having stated the justness of the cause for which they were assembled, he took the banner, which his daughter had embroidered, out of his son's hand, and, having explained its device, which was the cross and five wounds of our Saviour, it was accepted with acclamation by the surrounding multitude, as their common standard. The leaders of the insurrection, and their followers, march to Durham, and thence to Wetherby. The description of Norton and his eight sons has much merit.

'Thence marching southward, smooth and free  
 They muster'd their host at Wetherby,  
 Full sixteen thousand fair to see;  
 The choicest warriors of the north!  
 But none of undisputed worth,  
 Like those eight sons; who, in a ring,  
 Each with a lance—erect and tall,  
 A falchion and a buckler small,  
 Stood by their sire on Clifford-Moor,  
 In youthful beauty flourishing,  
 To guard the standard which he bore.

With

With feet that firmly pressed the ground  
 They stood and girt their father round ;  
 Such was his choice—no steed will he  
 Henceforth bestride ;—triumphantly  
 He stood upon the verdant sod,  
 Trusting himself to earth and God.  
 Rare sight to embolden and inspire !  
 Proud was the field of sons and sire,  
 Of him the most ; and sooth to say,  
 No shape of man in all the array  
 So graced the sunshine of that day :  
 The monumental pomp of age  
 Was with this goodly personage :  
 A stature undepressed in size,  
 Unbent, which rather seemed to rise  
 In open victory o'er the weight  
 Of seventy years, to higher height ;  
 Magnific limbs of wither'd state—  
 A face to fear and venerate :  
 Eyes dark and strong, and on his head  
 Rich locks of silver hair, thick spread  
 With a brown morion, half concealed,  
 Light as a hunter's of the field ;  
 And thus, with girdle round his waist,  
 Whereon the banner-staff might rest,  
 At need, he stood, advancing high  
 The glittering floating pageantry.

In the mean time, Francis is described, in some pleasing lines, standing afar off, with ' breast unmailed, unweaponed hand,' watching his father, and keeping the banner ever in sight. Suddenly news is brought that the royal army, in great force, is rapidly marching upon York. Upon this, the leaders of the insurrection resolve upon a retreat to Naworth. Norton strongly remonstrates against what he deems an impolitic and pusillanimous measure ; but the trumpet is sounded, and the retreat immediately commences. While old Norton, in deep despondency, is lingering in the rear, and musing upon his daughter Emily, Francis suddenly appears before him ; and having shewn how vain it is to expect any thing but failure under a chief of so little wisdom and courage, proposes that his father should immediately provide for his own safety, offering to share his fate, whatever it may be. His father, however, rejects both his advice and his services with scorn, and Francis retires, to wait for some happier opportunity of interposing.

The fourth Canto brings the reader back to Rylstone Hall. The description, with which it opens, of the old mansion by moonlight, is among the most successful passages of the poem. The sober tone of the language is well suited to the repose which belongs to the subject.

' From

' From cloudless ether looking down;  
 The moon, this tranquil evening, sees  
 A camp, and a beleaguered town,  
 And castle, like a stately crown,  
 On the steep rocks of winding Tees;—  
 And southward far, with moors between,  
 Hill-tops, and floods, and forests green,  
 The bright moon sees that valley small  
 Where Rylstone's old sequestered Hall  
 A venerable image yields  
 Of quiet to the neighbouring fields;  
 While from one pillared chimney breathes  
 The silver smoke, and mounts in wreaths.  
 The courts are hushed;—for timely sleep  
 The grey-hounds to their kennels creep;  
 The peacock in the broad ash tree  
 Aloft is roosted for the night;  
 He who in proud prosperity,  
 Of colours manifold and bright,  
 Walked round affronting the day light;—  
 Ah! who could think that sadness here  
 Had any sway?—or pain and fear?  
 A soft and lulling sound is heard,  
 Of streams inaudible by day;  
 The garden-pool's dark surface—stirred  
 By the night-insects in their play—  
 Breaks into dimples small and bright;  
 A thousand, thousand rings of light,  
 That shape themselves and disappear  
 Almost as soon as seen:—and lo!  
 Not distant far the milk-white Doe;  
 The same fair creature which was nigh,  
 And feeding in tranquillity,  
 When Francis uttered to the maid  
 His last words in the yew-tree shade;—  
 The same fair creature who hath found  
 Her way into forbidden gound;  
 Where now within this spacious plot,  
 For pleasure made, a goodly spot;  
 With lawns and beds of flowers, and shades  
 Of trellis-work, in long arcades,  
 And cirque and crescent framed by wall  
 Of close clipt foliage, green and tall,  
 Converging walks, and fountains gay,  
 And terraces in long array.  
 Beneath yon cypress spiring high,  
 With pine and cedar spreading wide  
 Their darksome boughs on either side,  
 In open moonlight doth she lie;

Happy

Happy as others of her kind,  
 That far from human neighbourhood  
 Range—unrestricted as the wind—  
 Through park, or chace, or savage wood ;—  
 But where at this still hour is she,  
 The consecrated Emily ?  
 Even while I speak, behold the maid  
 Emerging from the cedar shade  
 To open moonshine, where the Doe  
 Beneath the cypress spire is laid,  
 Like a patch of April snow  
 Upon a bed of herbage green,  
 Lingerin in a woody glade,  
 Or behind a rocky screen ;  
 Lonely relic ! which if seen  
 By the shepherd is passed by  
 With an inattentive eye.  
 Nor more regard doth she bestow  
 Upon the uncomplaining Doe ;  
 Yet the meek creature was not free  
 Herself from some perplexity ;  
 For thrice hath she approached this day  
 The thought-bewildered Emily ;  
 Endeavouring, in her gentle way,  
 Some smile or look of love to gain—  
 Encouragement to sport or play ;  
 Attempts which by the unhappy maid  
 Have all been slighted or gainsaid.'

While Emily is still musing upon the recollections which the scenes around bring to her mind, and offering up a prayer for the success of her brother Francis, all which is told with considerable pathos, she sees an old man, who had grown grey in friendship with her father, and whose offer of service she accepts by requesting him to repair to the army, and procure a report of whatever had happened since the departure of her father and brothers:—unconscious that their fate was already decided ; that the rebels had been dispersed ; and her father and all her brothers, except Francis, taken prisoners, in an assault upon Barnard Castle.

In the fifth Canto, Emily appears, watching the arrival of news, upon the top of Norton tower, when the old man returns, and relates, as gently as he could, the sad tidings which he had to impart. He had found her father in prison, and Francis (though not as a prisoner) with him. He then mentions a conversation which he had witnessed between these two ; in which old Norton had charged his son to regain, if possible, the banner, and to lay it upon St. Mary's shrine at Bolton Abbey, as a memorial of the purity and disinterestedness of the motives for which he had risked all that was dear to him—

“ Yea



"Yea offered up this beauteous brood,  
 This fair unrivall'd brotherhood ;  
 And turned away from thee, my son,  
 And left—but be the rest unsaid,  
 The name untouched, the tear unshed—  
 My wish is known, and I have done :  
 Now promise, grant this one request,  
 This dying prayer, and be thou blest !"  
 Then Francis answer'd fervently,  
 " If God so will, the same shall be."

The promise was scarcely given, when the officers appeared, and old Norton and his eight sons were led forth to execution. The scene is described with considerable effect. Before them went a soldier bearing the banner in question ; as soon as Francis perceived it, he went up, and, with a look of calm command, took it from him, and immediately departed, making his way through the crowd with the banner in his hand.

In the sixth Canto we return to Francis ; who, having quitted the 'doleful city' at the moment when his father and brothers were about to breathe their last, travelled on for many miles, unconscious of every thing except the sad scene which he had quitted ; suddenly he was recalled to himself by the sight of the banner, and by the recollection of the imprudent promise which he had made to his father. After a strong internal conflict, he resolves, 'come weal or woe,' to fulfil it, and however much he disapproved of the cause in which the banner had been raised, to place it nevertheless upon the shrine as a sad relic of those who were now no more. With this determination he journeyed on, and was already within sight of the 'Town of Bolton,' when he was overtaken by a party of horse under the command of Sir George Bowes : no other proof of his treason seemed necessary than that which he bore in his hand ; accordingly, orders are given to secure his person : Francis resists ; he is slain, the banner taken from his grasp, 'and the body left on the ground where it lay.'

'Two days, as many nights, he slept  
 Alone, unnoticed, and unwept ;  
 For at that time distress and fear  
 Possessed the country far and near ;  
 The third day, one, who chanced to pass,  
 Beheld him stretched upon the grass.  
 A gentle forester was he,  
 And of the Norton tenantry ;  
 And he had heard that by a train  
 Of horsemen, Francis had been slain.  
 Much was he troubled—for the man  
 Hath recognized his pallid face,  
 And to the nearest hut he ran,  
 And called the people to the place,

—How

—How desolate is Rylstone-hall !  
 Such was the instant thought of all ;  
 And if the lonely lady there  
 Should be, this sight she cannot bear !  
 Such thought the forester express'd,  
 And all were sway'd, and deem'd it best,  
 That if the priest should yield assent,  
 And join himself to their intent,  
 Then they for Christian pity's sake  
 In holy ground a grave would make,  
 That straightway buried he should be  
 In the church-yard of the Priory.'

The above description is not without poetry. We have, however, quoted it, chiefly because it relates an important circumstance in the story ; in other respects, we fear, the language is too quaint to be generally pleasing.

Previously to the commencement of the seventh and last Canto, the story makes a pause. / In the interval, ' despoil and desolation visit Rylstone's fair domain,' and Emily, having ' wander'd long and far,' at length, resuming fortitude, returns once more to ' her native wilds of Craven.'

' And so—beneath a mouldered tree,  
 A self-surviving leafless oak,  
 By unregarded age from stroke  
 Of ravage saved—sate Emily.  
 There did she rest, with head reclined,  
 Herself most like a stately flower  
 (Such have I seen) whom chance of birth  
 Hath separated from its kind  
 To live and die in a shady bower,  
 Single in the gladsome earth.  
 When with a noise like distant thunder  
 A troop of deer came sweeping by,  
 And suddenly behold a wonder  
 For, of that band of rushing deer,  
 A single one in mid career  
 Hath stopped, and fixed its large full eye  
 Upon the Lady Emily,  
 A doe most beautiful, clear white,  
 A radiant creature silver bright.  
 Thus checked, a little while it stayed ;  
 A little thoughtful pause it made ;  
 And then advanced with stealth-like pace,  
 Drew softly near her—and more near,  
 Stopped once again ; but as no trace  
 Was found of any thing to fear,  
 Even to her feet the creature came  
 And laid its head upon her knee,

And

And looked into the lady's face  
 A look of pure benignity,  
 And fond unclouded memory.  
 It is, thought Emily, the same—  
 The very doe of other years !  
 The pleading look the lady viewed,  
 And by her gushing thoughts subdued  
 She melted into tears—  
 A flood of tears, that flowed apace  
 Upon the happy creature's face.'

From this moment, on whatever side Emily looked, 'all was trouble-haunted ground;' so strongly did the sight of her former favourite recal to her memory the scenes and circumstances in which they had formerly met. She therefore once more quitted the neighbourhood, and secluded herself 'on the deep forth of Annerdale,' attended by her faithful friend the White Doe; and a very pleasing description follows of the mutual attachment which grew up between them, and of the consolation which Emily in particular derived from it.

'What now is left for pain or fear?  
 That presence, dearer and more dear,  
 Did now a very gladness yield  
 At morning to the dewy field,  
 While they side by side were straying,  
 And the shepherd's pipe was playing;  
 And with a deeper peace endued  
 The hour of moonlight solitude.'

In this frame of mind she returned again to Rylstone, and with softened feelings was now able to visit the spots which had formerly overwhelmed her fortitude.

'But most to Bolton's sacred pile  
 On favouring nights she loved to go;  
 There ranged through cloister, court, and aisle,  
 Attended by the soft-paced Doe;  
 Nor did she fear in the still moonshine  
 To look upon Saint Mary's shrine,  
 Nor on the lonely turf that shewed  
 Where Francis slept in his last abode;  
 For that she came; there oft and long  
 She sate in meditation strong;  
 And, when she from the abyss returned  
 Of thought, she neither shrunk nor mourned,  
 Was happy that she lived to greet  
 Her mute companion as it lay  
 In love and pity at her feet.'—

At length the feeble bands which tied Emily to this world were broken asunder by death—she was buried by the side of her mother

mother in Rylstone church, and the White Doe, faithful to the memory as she had been to the person of her mistress, continued

‘ Haunting the spots with lonely cheer  
Which her dear mistress once held dear:  
Loves most what Emily loved most—  
The enclosure of this church-yard ground;  
Here wanders like a gliding ghost,  
And every Sabbath here is found;  
Comes with the people when the bells  
Are heard among the Moorland dells,  
Finds entrance through yon arch, where way  
Lies open on the Sabbath-day;  
Here walks amid the mournful waste  
Of prostrate altars, shrines defac’d;  
Paces softly, or makes halt  
By fractured cell, or tomb, or vault,  
By plate of monumental brass  
Dim gleaming among weeds and grass,  
And sculptured forms of warriors brave;  
But chiefly by that single grave  
That one sequester’d hillock green,  
The pensive visitant is seen.’

Our readers now know why the ‘White Doe’ came from Rylstone to Bolton Priory every Sabbath day during the time of divine service. Whether the explanation will not, upon the whole, disappoint the curiosity which its mysterious appearance excited, we shall not attempt to determine: more particularly as the decision of the question will not very greatly affect the merits of the work, considered as a poem, however it may affect its popularity, considered merely as a story. In the former point of view, we think that our extracts will fully justify the praises which we have bestowed upon it; but we have also said, that it possesses great blemishes, and it now becomes the unpleasant part of our duty to instance a few particular examples.

Mr. Wordsworth, as our readers must have perceived, aims at great simplicity of language; but even supposing no objections to exist against the particular sort of which he is ambitious, still we must be permitted to observe, that mere simplicity of language is no merit at all, if it be purchased at the expense of perspicuity; and this is a price which our author is continually paying for it. We dislike minute criticism, not only for Horace’s reason, of *non ego paucis*, &c. but because we know that in the hands of unfair critics it is an engine by which a writer may be made to appear any thing they please; nevertheless as an example of what we mean, take the following passage: Mr. Wordsworth means to say, that Emily sate upon a primrose bank, neglecting outward

outward ornaments, and having in her countenance a melancholy which seemed not to belong to the sweetness and gentleness of its natural expression ; which is thus laboriously signified :—

‘ Upon a primrose bank——

— — — — —  
Behold her like a Virgin Queen  
Neglecting in imperial state  
These outward images of fate,  
And carrying inward a serene  
And perfect sway, through many a thought  
Of chance and change, that hath been brought  
To the subjection of a holy  
But stern and rigorous melancholy !  
The like authority, with grace  
Of awfulness, is in her face—  
There hath she fixed it ; yet it seems  
To o’er-shadow by no native right  
That face which cannot lose the gleams,  
Lose utterly the tender gleams,  
Of gentleness and meek delight  
And loving-kindness ever bright.’—p. 113.

Surely Mr. Wordsworth cannot need to be told, that such an unaccountable way of expressing himself as this, notwithstanding the humbleness of the style, is directly the reverse of simple. This, perhaps, is an extreme instance ; but the fault is of perpetual recurrence. Again, with respect to his words themselves ; we will not say that they are often too familiar, because we suspect Mr. Wordsworth does not regard that as a fault : but the truth is, that in the senses to which he applies them, they are often absolutely devoid of meaning—The following lines really would seem to have been written by a ‘ Lady of Quality.’

‘ The day is placid in its going  
To a lingering motion bound ;  
Like a river in its flowing ;  
Can there be a softer sound ?’—p. 11.

Speaking of the Doe, wandering through sun and shade,

‘ What *harmonious pensive changes*  
Wait upon her as she ranges  
Round and through the hall of state !’

In this last quotation, we perceive the kind of impression which Mr. Wordsworth meant to convey ; but in the following, we are equally at a loss to understand either the sense in which he uses his words, or the propriety of the sentiment which he intends them to express.

‘ For *deepest sorrows that aspire*  
Go *high*, no *transport* ever higher.’

But

But it is unnecessary to accumulate instances of the extraordinary want of precision with which Mr. Wordsworth is in the habit of expressing himself; he seems to think that if words only have a good character, and mean something pleasant when by themselves, whether they have any relation to one another in a sentence is a matter of no great importance. Hence it is, for we can no otherwise account for it, that Emily is always called the 'consecrated Emily,' and that every pleasant thought is a 'dream' a 'vision,' or a 'phantom,' just as it happens. But it is irksome to expatiate upon particular faults; a task which we the more willingly abridge, because they are more than redeemed by that true feeling of poetry with which the poem is pervaded. In this, as in any other line of poetry to which he may dedicate himself, Mr. Wordsworth has something to learn and a good deal to unlearn; whether he will endeavour to do either at our suggestion, is, perhaps, more than doubtful; he seems to be *monitoribus asper*; in a degree which is really unreasonable; however, this is his business; all we can say is, that if he is not now or should not be hereafter, a favourite with the public, he can have nobody to blame but himself.

ART. XI. *Remains of the late John Tweddell, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, being a Selection of his Letters, written from various parts of the Continent, together with a Republication of his Prolusiones Juveniles; to which is adjoined an Appendix, containing some account of the Author's Journals, MS. Collections, Drawings, &c. and of their extraordinary disappearance. Prefixed is a brief Biographical Memoir by the Editor, the Rev. Robert Tweddell, A.M. London: Mawman. 1815. pp. 480 and 180.*

POSTHUMOUS publications are of two sorts; and a discussion of their merits must be conducted on different principles. They have either been intended by their author to meet the eye of the world, in which case the editor is no more responsible for their merits or defects, than a master of the ceremonies is for the demeanour of those whom he introduces; or they were written without any view to public perusal; and then their faults are to be visited in part upon the head of those, who pledge their own judgment and taste to the merits of their departed friend, and to a certain degree identify their own literary reputation with his. In analyzing productions of the former kind there is no other difficulty than that which may arise from considering, that we are summoning to the bar of criticism him, who is no longer able to defend himself against unmerited censure or accidental misrepresentation; but a review of those posthumous works which were

never intended by the author for publication is a matter of considerable difficulty. It is not easy to determine how far we are at liberty to speak with severity of that, which is, perhaps, reprehensible only when made public, nor rightly to apportion the quantity of blame to be divided between author and editor, between him who was trifling or foolish to himself and his friends, and him who has made those trifles or follies a concern of the world at large.

Of the letters, which form the largest and most interesting portion of the volume before us, few, if any, appear to have been written for the public. They breathe the unstudied language of an affectionate and cultivated mind, confiding its wishes and regrets, its experience and observations, to the friends of its early youth; and afford a beautiful but melancholy portrait of those virtues and talents, the sun of whose excellence shone with unrivalled brightness through the morning of life, but set ' ere half his course was run.' They are, indeed, well calculated to revive those feelings of regret, which all who knew the name of Tweddell experienced, at the extraordinary circumstances which deprived the world of the important and valuable fruits of his labours, and of which the editor has given a very interesting statement. It is impossible not to sympathize with him in those feelings of disappointment with which he has been compelled to abandon the hope of raising to the memory of his lamented brother a monument worthy of his name, and to content himself with forming from these scattered flowers a wreath to suspend upon his tomb.

This wreath might perhaps have been woven with more judgment and discretion; some of the letters, to which we shall have occasion to refer, should undoubtedly have been suppressed. All that is affectingly querulous or uncharitably censorious might have been represented by a due number of asterisks, and there would still have been left abundance of what is sensible, and elegant, and humane. But it is easy to conceive those feelings, which rendered the editor rather anxious to omit nothing which could be considered as a literary relic of his brother, than fearful of making too indiscriminate a display. We now hasten to introduce our readers to some acquaintance with the personal history of the author, whose name has long been familiar to all who have directed their researches to the remains of Grecian elegance and grandeur.

John Tweddell was born on the first of June, 1769, at Threepwood near Hexham, in the county of Northumberland, and educated at Hartforth in Yorkshire, under the care of the Rev. Matthew Raine, father of the late excellent and learned master of the Charter-house. He spent some time, previously to his residing at Cambridge, under the tuition of Dr. Parr; of whom he speaks in becoming terms of respect for his learning, and affection for the qualities

qualities of his heart. His academical career was distinguished by the most brilliant success. The compositions which successively obtained for him the numerous prizes proposed for the encouragement of classical literature by the University of Cambridge, were published by him in the year 1793, under the title of '*Prolusiones Juveniles*,' and have received a well merited tribute of applause from many of his learned contemporaries both at home and abroad. Of these compositions, which have been long before the public and are reprinted in the present volume, it is no part of our duty to speak at length. We will briefly remark that the English exercises are far inferior to the Latin; and that no greater proof could be given of the diligence and assiduity with which Mr. Tweddell cultivated his talents and taste, than the marked difference which is to be observed between the turgid and inverted periods of his academical orations, and the perspicuous and unaffected style of many of the letters before us, which were written when study and observation had matured his judgment and refined his taste. We cannot, however, forbear from observing, that both in his orations and letters we detect a gloomy cast of thought, and a tone of disappointed hope, which led him to view the existing state of things in the worst light, and to speak of liberty, and political integrity, and the conscientious discharge of public duty, as of blessings, which existed only in the golden age.\*

In 1792 Mr. Tweddell was elected fellow of Trinity College; and soon afterwards entered himself a student of the Middle Temple. He seems, however, to have conceived an aversion to the law which he was never able to surmount. Perhaps he never made the attempt in earnest. A powerful mind has its inclinations more under command than it can imagine till the experiment is tried. There is not a more effectual bar to the attainment of substantial distinction and success in the race of life, than the notion that our propensities and aversions are not under our own controul. We are too apt to mistake indolence for inability, and to excuse our reluctance to enter upon the more rugged and laborious paths of science, by pleading antipathies which we have never set ourselves to overcome. With respect to legal studies it must be confessed that the inextricable maze of technicalities, the chief use of which is to perplex the heads of the younger members of the profession, and to swell the purses of the elder, is well calculated to disgust the classical mind, which has hitherto contemplated the principles of jurisprudence only in the polished and harmonious periods of the great pleaders of antiquity.

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\* The good taste of the editor has omitted a note which was suffered to disgrace the first edition of the *Prolusiones*, in which the decision of a public functionary of the University, who had assigned the *second* prize in a literary contest, to Mr. Tweddell, was assigned by him in terms of personal scurrility.



With a view to qualify himself for a diplomatic station, Mr. Tweddell determined to pass some time in acquiring a knowledge of the different countries of Europe. Accordingly he embarked for the continent, and landed at Hamburgh October 5, 1795, at which period his correspondence commences, and is continued through Switzerland, the north of Europe, some districts of Asia, and the provinces of Greece. Here, after visiting several of the islands of the Archipelago, he fixed his residence for four months at Athens, exploring with restless ardour, and faithfully delineating the remains of art and science discoverable amidst its sacred ruins. The hand of a wise, but mysterious Providence, suddenly arrested his career on the 25th of July, 1799. From a letter of M. Fauvel, the French consul at Athens, it appears that his death was accelerated by the imprudent use of antimonial powders during the access of an intermittent fever. The kind attention of M. Fauvel smoothed his death-bed, and paid the last honours to his mortal remains. He was buried in the midst of the temple of Theseus, which the Greeks have converted into a church; and three discharges of musketry, from the Vaivode's guard, announced the conclusion of the ceremony, which consigned to the earth one of the most accomplished and inquisitive travellers who had ever visited the shores of Greece.

It appears that Lord Elgin, when at Athens, drew up a long Latin inscription, which he desired M. Lusieri to engrave, and to place it over Tweddell's grave. This inscription the artist sent to his cousin, Father Daniel, at Naples, a great scholar, who shortened it considerably by expunging its impurities. But before M. Lusieri could engrave it, some English travellers procured a marble slab to be laid over the grave, with a Greek inscription by Mr. Walpole. It was not by the munificence of Lord Elgin that the memory of Tweddell was to be perpetuated,

Σκέψαι γὰρ, εἴ σοι προσφιλῶς αὐτῷ δοκεῖ  
γίγαι τὰδ' οὐκ ἀφαισι δέξασθαι νέκυς,  
ἔφ' οὗ θανὼν ἄτιμος, ὥστε δυσμινῆς,  
ἱμασχαλίσθη.

But to this subject we shall revert hereafter.

Mr. Tweddell very judiciously halted for some time at Hamburgh, to improve his knowledge of French, and to gain some insight into German society and language, while he was yet on the threshold of his journey. He was not one of those whose vanity or indolence prompts them to rely upon the resources of natural genius, and to despise the substantial acquirements of laborious study. He writes to his mother thus :

' You see that my time is fully employed, and, I hope, profitably ;  
the

the surest promise of its continuing to be so is, 'that I am never comfortable when it is not.'

The following observations on the subject of education, addressed to his friend Mr. Losh, are too just to be passed over in silence.

'I perfectly agree with you in your opinion about public schools. They have some advantages, but they have also, in my mind, many disadvantages. They teach a man that confidence in himself, which is useful in a world where modesty is a poor thriver; they teach him to disregard little inconveniencies, which is absolutely requisite in order to live with tolerable composure. But, by way of deduction, they initiate him early in vice, which is always learnt too soon, and which (though I would not have every one advance so hazardous an opinion) I think it better not to learn at all. But every objection that lies against the great schools of all, is of double force against what are called the second great schools, where corruption is more prevalent, and knowledge more rare; and where dissipation and sometimes laxity of principle is acquired, without the poor return of a little learning.'—p. 62.

If these remarks, to the truth of which we can speak from experience, do credit to the writer's good sense, the following affectionate address to his mother on the occasion of her birth-day is no less honourable to his feelings.

'This is a day which I do not recollect ever to have let pass without commemorating (it) by the expression of my sincere duty and affection. I am still less likely to omit that welcome office at this moment, when, rendered naturally more thoughtful by the accession of time, and sobered by a disappointment, the effects of which will never be effaced, I am better enabled to estimate the value of so great a blessing as that of the most affectionate friend in the person of the kindest parent. At this moment, when both pleasure and pain are to me of a very temperate cast, and sometimes approaching almost to indifference; when I am no longer a prey to very piercing sorrow, nor capable of being acted upon by the delirious follies of an earlier age, from which I dare not say that I have been quite free; I find that my attachments become concentrated by degrees, and that I prize most highly those which are most deserving.—You, my dear mother, will easily believe the sincerity of that homage which I render to your early cares of my infancy, and your continued protection and kindness to my youth. I hope that you will long enjoy a portion of health and other human blessings, sufficient to make it desirable that you should stay among us, for our and your happiness; deferring to reap, so long as it may please Providence to spare you, that reward which awaits your many and great virtues elsewhere.—This wish comes from my heart. It is expressed only because it is felt.' p. 75.

We may form some estimate of the value and magnitude of his labours, from his account of the diligence and punctuality with which they were pursued. He informs his sister that 'he always carried pens and paper in his pocket, wrote his observations on the

spot, and transcribed them in a book before he went to bed;' and at an early part of his travels he had 'filled four small quarto books with such remarks.'—p. 93.

The impression which was produced upon the feeling mind, perhaps we may say the morbid sensibility, of Mr. Tweddell by the scenes in which he mingled, was but little akin to that cool indifference, which is usually considered as one essential qualification of a diplomatist.

'All that I see of the great world, of its pleasures, and of its vanities, has no other effect on me than that of convincing me that the *little of happiness which is made for man*\* must be found in the other extreme. I see every where so much folly and so much wickedness, such a mad appetite for vitiating the wholesomeness of nature, that she has become doubly dear to me *since I see* so little of her. The ambitious projects which I will confess that I once had, are dead within me. All that surrounds me in that way, is calculated to make a feeling and reflecting mind groan and weep. After having seen the part which fools play upon the great stage, a few books and a few friends are what I shall seek to finish my days with. In the mean time, being in the bustle, I mix with it: I swim with the tide, and mark how it ebbs and *how it flows*, and all its various eddies and directions. There are many things in this world which it is worth while to see merely to know that they were not worth the pains of seeking.'—p. 146.

This savours of *pessimism*; and yet we find Mr. Tweddell himself, on more than one occasion, speaking with a proper degree of complacency of his intercourse with the great. *Principibus placuisse viris* is a motto which contains nothing revolting to sound philosophy, or incompatible with a manly independence; and an indiscriminate depreciation of those who stand on the vantage ground of society, is in general more nearly allied to disappointed ambition than to philosophical indifference.

Our author seems to have conceived a very unfavourable, and, we think, a very unjust notion of the British envoys residing at the different continental courts which he visited in the course of his travels, of whom he speaks in language which the editor's good sense should have led him to suppress; an exception is made in favour of Sir Charles Whitworth, who was at that time ambassador at Petersburg, and who behaved to Mr. Tweddell with the same kindness and urbanity which have always distinguished that eminent person, and which are acknowledged in terms of proper gratitude and respect.—p. 181.

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\* The expressions which we have given in italics are evidently Gallicisms, and serve to shew, how very soon the habit of speaking and writing a foreign language leads us to encroach upon the purity of our own. The most remarkable instance of this is to be found in the correspondence of Gibbon, during the early part of his residence in Switzerland.

In a letter to Mr. Digby is a diatribe against flesh-eaters, which seems to be quite inconsistent with the usual good sense and just discrimination of the writer.

'I am persuaded we have no other right than the right of the strongest, to sacrifice to our monstrous appetites the bodies of living things, of whose qualities and relations we are ignorant. We are not called upon to bury in our bowels\* the carcasses of animals which a few hours before lowed or bleated—to flay alive, and to dismember a defenceless creature, to pamper the unsuspecting beast which grazes before us with the single view of sucking his blood and grinding his bones, and to become the unnatural murderers of beings, of whose powers and faculties, of whose modes of communication and mutual intercourse, of whose degree of sensibility and extent of pain and pleasure we are necessarily and fundamentally ignorant.'

Of the many answers which might be made to such declamations as these, is not this single one sufficient—'Man is, *by his frame*, as well as his appetite, a carnivorous animal'? They are the words of Arbuthnot. All the arguments which hold good of flesh, are equally applicable to fish; and we may ask how the inhabitant of North Zealand would subsist, if he were to adopt the notions of the Pythagorean, who abstained from fish out of respect to their taciturnity. The fact seems to be, that this strange hallucination proceeded from that morbid sensibility of Mr. Tweddell's mind; which we doubt not must have affected his health, and accelerated the fatal event which cut short his career.

Those who remember to have read the fervid eulogiums with which the author of the *Proslusiones* hailed the commencement of the French Revolution, will be pleased, rather than surprized, to see the change which a few years produced in his view of this question.

'I am the most decided enemy of *the great nation*; their monstrous and diabolical conduct makes me ashamed that I could imagine that their motives were more pure, or their ends more salutary. I abhor and execrate the pretended republic, with all her compulsory affiliations, in the exact proportion of my former hopes from her efforts in the cause of mankind.'—p. 239.

'I am thoroughly persuaded, from every event which has lately come to my knowledge, (and my means of information have not been few,) that the immorality of all other governments is weak and feeble, in comparison of the barefaced vices of the quintuple monarchy. Do not imagine that my principles are changed: it is from my increased zeal for the happiness of mankind, from my heightened attachment to liberty and virtue, that I curse, from the bottom of my soul, the monstrous wickedness of these men, who have destroyed the fairest hopes of

\* He seems to have had his eye upon the well known expression quoted by Longinus, γῆρας ἰμψυχοι τάφου.

an honest and liberal enthusiasm, and the best inheritance of succeeding generations.'—p. 247.

This *palinodia* is so very complete, that some of our brother Reviewers are at a loss how to swallow it; accordingly, they blunt its edge by supposing that Tweddell hated the French, because he saw in their proceedings—'checks to the *necessary reforms* in our own *establishments*.' *Reform* and *establishment* are words of very extensive signification, and have a convenient latitude, which adapts itself to the reader's notions. The truth is, that Tweddell, when he penned the foregoing sentences, had begun to perceive the wildness of his youthful speculations, and was taught by convincing experience that all medicines of the body politic, which are not administered with caution, and suffered to exert a gradual operation, end in convulsions and not in health.

The following passage, in a letter to the Hon. Stephen Digby, gives a striking representation of the effects of a subdued melancholy upon an ardent and vigorous imagination.

'And are we then really so far asunder? Yes, truly; I cannot dissemble with myself so far as to imagine that we are near neighbours. The field of imagination has its limits; and mine is every day curtailed by reason, or encroached upon by experience. I formerly lived only in regions adapted to my taste, and embellished by my fancy. I passed this day here, and to-morrow at the distance of an hundred leagues, without the pain of effort, or the fatigue of motion. But time and sadness have clipped the wings which then transported me. I feel the weight and view the form of what is material and real. I exist where I am, and seldom where I would be, insensible to the cheat of hope, and to the suggestions of youthful rapture. But what is lost by imagination is gained by memory—and past images are there graven in eternal characters—would that some of these were blotted out for ever! But others there are which I love to cherish and to meditate upon; this is one of the chief pleasures that my life knows. The ideas of things so removed, and yet so distinctly seen, are like the scenes now viewed by me on the other side of the Bosphorus. I count every tree and every shrub across the wide extent of the current, and remark without difficulty the contour of the greater and the lesser hills, the mixture of the rock and the green sward. Time and space undergo the same laws. We distinguish with precision what we contemplate with pleasure. The moral world is analogous to the physical; here, disposition corresponds to climate, the fineness of sensation to the transparency of the air.'—p. 251.

Of Madame de Staël, whom he saw at Copet, he says—'She is a most surprizing personage: she has more wit than any man or woman I ever saw; she is plain, and has no good feature but her eyes; and yet she contrives by her astonishing powers of speech to talk herself into the possession of a figure that is not disagreeable.'—p. 118.

At

At Tulczyn, in the Ukraine, our traveller met with Suvárow, the hero of Ismaël.

'He is a most extraordinary character. He *dines* every morning about nine o'clock;' (in this respect he is not more extraordinary than those who *dine* twelve hours later;) 'he sleeps almost naked; he affects a perfect indifference to heat and cold—and quits his chamber, which approaches to suffocation, in order to review his troops, in a thin linen jacket, while the thermometer of Reaumur is at ten degrees below freezing. His manners correspond with his humours. I dined with him this morning; or rather witnessed his dinner. He cried to me across the table, "*Tweddell!*" (he generally addressed me by the surname, without addition,) "*the French have taken Portsmouth—I have just received a courier from England. The KING is in the Tower; and SHERIDAN Protector.*" A great deal of this whimsical manner is affected: he finds that it suits his troops, and the people he has to deal with. I asked him, if after the massacre at Ismaël, he was perfectly satisfied with the conduct of the day. He said, he went home and wept in his tent.'—p. 135.—Crocodile tears!

He thus describes his first sensations at the sight of Athens:—

'I arrived here this morning, after a sail of twenty hours with a brisk wind from the isle of Teno. I have not yet had time, as you will easily imagine, to examine what is to be seen; yet my impatience to visit some of the principal monuments of this illustrious spot, would not permit me either to eat or to sit down, till I had made the circuit of the Acropolis, and had venerated the successful labours of Attic genius. I have seen these stupendous remains only with a glance, and cannot collect words to express my admiration. I feel as if hitherto I had seen nothing—since no comparison can be instituted between all the efforts of human talent which I have hitherto witnessed, and the objects which have this day struck my astonished senses.—I have this day eat some most delicious honey from Mount Hymettus. The ancients were not ill founded in the encomiums which they bestowed on the bees and the flowers of that renowned hill. Their poets were less true where they speak of the powerful streams of the adjacent rivers. The Ilissus is nearly dry, and the Cephissus trickles in a scanty bed.'—p. 277.

But we do not recollect any ancient poet who describes the Ilissus as a powerful stream. Dionysius, indeed, calls it *θεσπεσίου ῥόος Ἰλισσοῖο*, (v. 424.) but he alludes only to its sanctity. Eustathius calls it *οὐ πολλοῦ ἄξιος λόγου*. Sophocles, in opposition to the testimony of Strabo, says that the streams of the Cephissus never fail.\* And Euripides gives it the epithet of *καλλίναος*.† Pausanias seems to recognize two branches of the Cephissus;‡ but even this will not solve the difficulty. For some mention of this river the editor refers us to *Homer*, Il. ii. 29. Now the only mention of Cephissus occurs in v. 522; and that is not the Attic river, but

\* Oed. Col. 717.

† Med. 831.

‡ Attic. pp. 91, 92.

one of the same name, in Phocis, as Mr. Robert Tweddell would have discovered upon *reading* the passage of Strabo, to which he *refers*; for Strabo mentions the *Phocian* Cephissus, and quotes the verse of Homer as his authority.

The enthusiasm with which this ardent and accomplished traveller surveyed the remains of Athenian grandeur, his eminent qualifications for the task of investigating and illustrating antiquities; and the unremitting diligence with which he prosecuted his researches, during the short period which intervened between his arrival at Athens and his final departure for 'a city not built with hands,' inspire us with the most lively regret at the unfortunate and mysterious loss of all his journals and drawings. He had collected a great variety of ancient inscriptions, which filled two volumes; and had ascertained many situations in the neighbourhood of Athens which had been miscalculated by the Abbé Barthélemy. From sun-rise till eleven o'clock, he was occupied, in company with M. Préaux, the artist, in delineation and ichnographical observations. His collections of drawings he considered to be the most complete and curious, in its way, that had ever been collected by an individual. A single view of the Acropolis, by M. Préaux, he estimates at not less than thirty guineas. He thus expresses himself, in a letter to his father, p. 317:—

'My collection of drawings of Athens is the most complete, without any doubt, of all those that have ever been carried out of the country. My portfolio contains fifty views of Constantinople and its environs, more valuable than the hundred which I imagine \* to be lost; fifty more of the Crimea, which are not burnt, I know; forty views of Athens, and one hundred and fifty drawings respecting the ceremonies, and usages, and dresses of the people of this country.'

Of the manner in which the editor has fulfilled the duties of his department, we are sorry not to be able to speak in terms of much commendation. To the motives which prompted him to set off his brother's letters, as he thought, to the best advantage, we are willing to do justice; but, in many parts of the work, his fraternal affection is more conspicuous than his judgment. There are several passages in the letters which the common rules of politeness should have led the editor to suppress; and a regard for the time and patience of his readers might have suggested the same mode of proceeding with respect to his own notes. Dr. Spurzheim would infallibly discover in Mr. Tweddell's *occiput* a new organ,—that of *annotativeness*. Indeed we can give no other account of the discourses *de omni scibili* with which we are deluged, in the form of notes, than to suppose some peculiar conformation of this sort.

\* But which were not lost. They had been rescued from the fire at Péra, which Mr. Tweddell apprehended must have destroyed them, by Mr. Thornton, in whose custody they had been left, and who afterwards delivered them to the Earl of Elgin.

When

When it is said, in one of the letters, that the Marquis de Nadaillac was celebrated by the Abbé Maury, down comes the editor upon us with the pedigree and performances of *le susdit Abbé*, in a note which fills a quarto page. So, because it is said that the Prince de Ligne had a handsome country-house; *presto*, forth comes another note of half a page, to tell us how the said prince lived, and how he was buried. In pursuance of this plan, we have, in detail, the biographies of Count O'Donnell, Count Razoumofski, Professor Wytttenbach, Mr. Fellenberg, Christopher Gottlob Heyne, General Suvarrow, Angelica Kauffman, General Pichegru, &c. together with selections from the 'obituary of a respectable miscellany,' an elegant circumlocution, which is equalled only by that in which we are admonished not to confound 'the consular personage at Teno with Mr. Israel Tarragano, the English consul of the Dardanelles.' The author's remark, that 'the country-houses about Moscow are delightful,' gives occasion to his brother to inform us that 'the largest shoots of asparagus are reared there in winter, in hot-beds.'—p. 155. One is at a loss to discover what connexion there is between a club-house at Stockholm, and the custom of locking the pew-doors in churches; but so it is. After having observed that this subscription-house is, 'in a manner, necessary, because there are no taverns in Stockholm,' he proceeds:—'*By the by*, (now you talk of a gun,) Dr. Thomson, in his account of the churches at Stockholm,' (what an odd association!) 'has this remark;—the pews are all locked, and the Swedes never ask you into any of them; so that if you go into a church you may stand in the passage.' The latter part of the sentence reminds the editor so strongly of what he has often witnessed in the churches of England, that he cannot but think it a fortunate discovery to find it ascertained, on respectable authority, that this antichristian custom, whether it be 'a fragment of the feudal edifice, or a corner of the temple of aristocracy, in this most liberal and enlightened age, is not originally British, but derived and appropriated from the frozen regions'! We think that, by all means, the sextons and vergers of the fashionable churches in the metropolis should forthwith be informed that the custom of taking a shilling for admission into a pew, is an antichristian fragment of the feudal edifice,—or, to say the least, a corner of the temple of aristocracy: they would no doubt receive the hint with thankfulness, and reform their practice.

Geography also comes in for its share of the commentary. One of the letters being dated from Pharsalia, the editor informs us that this is 'the plain near Pharsalus. See Dio. Cass. Plut. in Pomp. et Caes. Lucan, &c. Appian. Civ. Sueton. in Caes.' 'A griesly band!' Nor is there any lack of orthographical and etymological remarks, of which one instance may suffice. 'An ingenious friend



friend suggests that the Comte de Potocki's name should be written Potocki, and pronounced Potozki; the *ski* of the Polish answering to the *us* or *ensis* of the Latins. In female names, however, "*ski* mutatur in *ska*;" so that it is *Mr. Potozki, Mrs. Potozka.*' p. 54. If this be not precious fooling, we know not where to look for it. In a word, we are seriously displeased with the editor for having swelled the volume to an unnecessary bulk, by annotations for the most part as useless as they are cumbersome; which are never original, and frequently impertinent, hanging like a dead weight upon the elegant and interesting correspondence of his brother. The letters themselves want nothing to set them off. They discuss a variety of topics, if not with much depth of thought, or purity of style, yet in a pleasing, unaffected, and manly manner; and convey a higher eulogium upon the acquirements and principles of their writer, than the laboured and pedantic commentary of the editor. We are, however, willing to attribute his misplaced ostentation of learning to an ill-judged zeal for his brother's reputation, and a natural anxiety to present these Remains to the public in the form which he judged to be most complete. In publishing them at all, he has certainly done an act of justice to the character of a distinguished scholar, by exhibiting a lively picture of his superior mind and of his warm and excellent heart.

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\* \* We were about to enter upon the 'Appendix,' which contains a variety of documents relative to the loss of the journals and drawings to which we alluded in a former page; when the appearance of some publications on the subject by Lord Elgin and Dr. Hunt determined us to devote a separate Article to the consideration of this much agitated affair.

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ART. XII. 1. *The Life of Philip Melancthon, comprising an Account of the most important Transactions of the Reformation,* By F. A. Cox, A. M. of Hackney. 8vo. pp. 587. London; Gale and Co. 1815.

2. *The Life of the Right Rev. Father in God, Jeremy Taylor, D. D. Chaplain in ordinary to King Charles the First, and Lord Bishop of Down, Connor and Dromore,* By the Rev. Henry Kaye Bonney, M. A. of Christ's College, Cambridge, Prebendary of Lincoln; Rector of King's Cliffe in the county of Northampton, &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 381. London: Cadell and Davies. 1815.

THIS is an age of biography, good and bad, either of considerable men lately deceased, and to serve the purposes of a party, or, as in the present instance, of great men long since removed to a better state, whose conduct and tempers may be properly proposed

posed as a lesson and a reproof to our own times. If the portraits now before us are not, in point of execution, far above mediocrity, they are, however, faithful copies and striking likenesses of their respective originals. Never, perhaps, was there an era in the church of England when the study of such examples would have operated more beneficially than at present; rent asunder as it is by two great contending parties, the breach daily widening, animosities daily inflamed, and charity almost extinguished by controversial rancour. In this melancholy state of an establishment, which, besides the great duty of brotherly love, has many reasons arising out of prudence and policy to keep her at unity within herself, we earnestly recommend the attentive perusal of these two volumes. In them the reader will be brought to the acquaintance of two divines who flourished in times far more turbulent than our own; men of the clearest understandings, the sweetest tempers, the most profound erudition, the greatest integrity, slaves to no party, bigots to no system of doctrines, yet, for these very reasons, disquieted in their lives, dragged into controversy against their very natures, assailed by the malice of every party in its turn, and indebted, excepting that most inconsiderable of all parties, the wise and good, to the calmer estimate of posterity for applause, or even for justice.

Such is the tax which, in the rage of religious controversy, will ever be levied upon genius and virtue of the highest order, and such the legacy which their possessors have to bequeath to wiser and more peaceful times. The reason of this hard fate, which is almost universal, must be sought for in human nature, and can only be exposed by an examination of some of its modes. Religious controversy has for its object propositions which can only be proved by moral evidence—many of them expansions of simple principles, and not always depending, by necessary consequence, upon each other. Now the effect of such systems on different tempers and understandings will respectively be dogmatism and diffidence, the latter of which dispositions is not qualified to fit out the leaders, or even the followers, of a party. Dogmatism, on the contrary, is equally adapted to the circumstances of both. This quality sometimes arises out of a native stubbornness of temper, and sometimes out of mere mediocrity of intellect. Men naturally set a high value on every thing which has cost them dear; and thus pertinacious students of slow understandings become the greatest of all dogmatists: though a temper impetuous at once and pertinacious is sometimes united to an understanding of the highest order. This union took place in Luther, in Knox, and in Calvin. Fortified by flattery, impatient of contradiction, or even of discussion, seeing far into a subject, and persuaded that they see much farther, such men naturally assume a station at the head of respective hosts; while their toiling and implicit followers wrangle and write, tire  
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synods and spin out folios, in perfect assurance not only that their own tenets are true, but that every shade of distinction in the expositions of others is heretical and damnable. Such is the odium theologicum, the parent of persecution. But should it so fall out in the counsels of Providence that a man appear in the ranks like Melancthon or Taylor, while he incurs the superior hatred of his adversaries by the certainty of the strokes and the depth of the wounds which he inflicts, his independence and reserve, his distinctions and admonitions are ill received by the dulness or bigotry of his friends. And if, to a clear and penetrating intellect, be superadded a calm temper, a certain contempt of dulness, more especially of heated dulness, together with a quick sense of the ridiculous, neither the love nor the discernment of truth will atone for the possession of those inconvenient and dreaded qualifications. For the same qualities, Bossuet, whose dogmatism was that of the heart, not of the head, called Melancthon a Pyrrhonist; and it was the torment of that admirable man through life to suffer almost in equal proportions from the bigotry of friends and enemies. Yet it is that pyrrhonism, falsely so called, in other words diffidence and modesty, which has saved the christian world from becoming universally, what in too large a measure it has been, a scene of bloodshed. Nothing but want of power prevents the dogmatist from being a persecutor. He is certainly right—his antagonist as certainly wrong: truth is to be supported, wholesome severities to be exercised—power passes over to the opposite party—persecution is retorted, and thus universal submission, the effect of power, and not of truth, can alone ensure peace to the world. The authority of the church of Rome is grounded on no other principle—that of Calvin wants only the same facilities to take the same course to universal dominion, for calvinism and popery are alike dogmatical. Meanwhile it might occur to fair tempers, or to good understandings, that moral truth is incapable of that certainty which belongs to mathematical demonstration—that from the incurable diversity of human opinion, revealed truths themselves are capable, as they appear to different minds, of being very differently apprehended. We are not now speaking to persons who suppose themselves to have received a specific revelation of divine truth—they are in a state far above the influence of human reason: but it might be supposed of those who are bigoted without fanaticism, that they would sometimes inquire, what peculiar faculty of discovery belonged to themselves, or what guarantee they possessed for the exclusive property of truth, which appertained not to other men of equal understanding, equal industry, and equal honesty. It is fairly supposable (experience warrants the supposition) that five men, equally gifted in all these ways, may understand and attach as many different senses to the same proposition. Yet the truth, if it is found by either,

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can remain only with one. Where is the evidence to ascertain, where is the authority to decide the point? In this case it cannot be fatal to mistake—it must be criminal to condemn. This consideration does not tend to pyrrhonism, but to peace; it applies as much to the heart as to the head; it leaves a sufficient degree of assurance to act upon, (for we often act on very low moral probabilities,) nay to act upon with vigour and decision; but it subdues first the dogmatizing, and next the persecuting spirit. One, for example, may see in Holy Scripture the doctrine of primitive episcopacy, with sufficient evidence to impose on himself an obligation of acting accordingly, but not with evidence to judge, much less to persuade his brother who cannot perceive the same. To illustrate these remarks, and to prevent the misapplication of our principle, we may compare the characters of two men equally acute, sagacious and good-tempered, equally exposed in their turns to calumny and detraction,—we mean Erasmus and Melancthon. Perhaps both of these great men saw with equal clearness the corruptions of the church of Rome, both perhaps felt with equal force the coarseness, the rude language and the impetuosity of the first reformers. Both were men of taste and elegance, as well as lovers of peace—but Melancthon was an hero, and Erasmus a coward. Erasmus would sacrifice truth itself for ease and personal safety. Melancthon, with all his diffidence, had fixed a limit to concession, which neither terrors nor sufferings would allow him to pass. No convictions of conscience—no sense of the dignity which ever accompanies a bold avowal of unpalatable truths—could induce Erasmus to part with the applause of the great, and the society of the accomplished. Melancthon made one of the noblest sacrifices, that of taste and elegant literature, to a cause which he embraced with sincerity, but not with bigotry; and the man whom Leo, and Sadoleto, and Bembo would have received with open arms, who might have reposed in the sunshine of Italy, and enjoyed all the delights of wealth and learned ease, was content to associate himself in the perilous profession of reviving truth with a set of German professors, and to teach the unsophisticated truths of the Gospel for a poor stipend to a crowd of German boys. So far then is the temper which bigotry slanders under the name of pyrrhonism from leading to a vacillating conduct, or to dereliction of principle. It sees distinctly, reasons calmly, decides firmly—but judges impartially and charitably.

While we are on the subject of pyrrhonism imputed to Melancthon, it is difficult to avoid animadverting on the abusive application of the principle which has been made by Mr. Bayle in his able and penetrating analysis of the character of this great man.

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'Let us,' says this ingenious sceptic, 'admire a peculiar character of the fate of man: his virtues are liable to consequences that are somewhat vicious, and have their inconveniences; his bad qualities, on the contrary, produce good effects on several occasions. Modesty, moderation, love of peace, form in the minds of the most knowing men, a certain principle of *equity*, which makes them, in some measure, lukewarm and unresolved. Pride and passion make a great doctor so dogmatical and self-conceited, that he does not entertain the least doubt, and will undertake and endure any thing for the advancement and propagation of his own opinions. If by good luck he lights upon the truth—what services will he not do it! They will doubtless be greater than if he were of a more moderate temper. I consider the matter only philosophically; and under this notion we may truly say, that as to what concerns the interest of a sect, a man who is obstinate and violent is preferable to a wise man. And if any founder of a sect desires that his disciples should labour with success in spreading and propagating his doctrine, if they pitch upon it before they are capable of weighing well the reasons on both sides, so much the better; they will be the farther from doubting for the future, and the less they doubt the more obstinate and fiery they will be: whereas, those who propose to inform themselves more and more every day, do not think themselves obliged to shew a very great zeal, for they imagine that what appears to them true to day, will appear to them at another time less probable than what they do not at all believe.'

Now if all this means any thing, it is intended to lay such virtues as were most conspicuous in Melancthon, that is to say, candour, modesty, and the absence of party-spirit, under positive discouragements. But we really suspect that it means nothing more than this proposition, which it needed not Bayle's acuteness to discover, that if the leader of a gang of banditti is in want of associates, a thorough-paced ruffian is more to his purpose than one who is troubled with some remains of conscience and humanity.

But the negative of Mr. Bayle's general proposition may easily be maintained. There is something perhaps more revolting and profligate in the terms of his proposition than the philosopher intended. Yet it may fairly be conceded, that for the ends of party, as such, certain vices may be profitable, and certain virtues detrimental. But in such a cause as the Reformation, Mr. Bayle, who had himself abandoned the communion of the church of Rome, ought to have recollected that the proper opposition was, not between certain virtues and certain vices, but between different virtues which could not exist together in the same individual:—besides, the same qualities, according to men's inclinations, or constitutions, are denominated either virtues or their kindred and approximating vices. To illustrate this, let us take the case of Luther and Melancthon: for it was to the former, undoubtedly, that Mr. Bayle alluded when he spoke of the pride and passion which reu-

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plered a great doctor so insupportably dogmatical ; and to the latter, when he considered modesty, moderation, and a certain principle of equity, as tending to render a man lukewarm and unresolved.— That there existed a strong tincture of pride and passion in the constitution of Luther no impartial protestant will deny ; and the present work, if such a testimony had been required, will abundantly prove the predominance of the other amiable qualities in Melancthon. Pride and passion, however, in many instances, are but the abuse and excess of qualities necessary to the success of every great undertaking, when accompanied with danger and difficulty—namely, intrepidity and zeal—besides that these unadulterated qualities are extremely capable of being miscalled after their abuses, by a partial and prejudiced judge. Neither was it true, in fact, that the gentler virtues of Melancthon approximated, as Mr. Bayle supposed, to the weaknesses which usually lie on their confines—to lukewarmness and irresolution. The most fiery bigot to the cause of reformation, the blindest follower of its impetuous leader, never served its interests with greater perseverance, nor with equal effect. He never trimmed or temporized between the two parties—the points which he maintained he would have died for ; but his clear and comprehensive mind, aided by a calm, dispassionate temper, discerned, beyond all his associates, what was essential to the cause of reformation and what was not, and consequently how much could be conceded and what must be refused. To conclude this digression : Mr. Bayle, in the reflexions which he has drawn from the character of Melancthon, as united with the cause in which he was engaged, seems to have forgotten, that for the conduct of its own great purposes, Providence knows how to choose its instruments ; and that mildness and moderation, clearness of intellect, and calmness of temper, in one individual, instead of thwarting and counteracting the effects of opposite qualities as existing in another who is engaged in the same cause—like the lights and shades of a picture, blend and harmonize together. There are seasons proper to the exercise of these different, but not inconsistent virtues, to attack with courage, to persevere with firmness, to concede with prudence, to conciliate by mildness ; and he who understands not the effect produced by the harmony of qualities seemingly inconsistent, when employed by different individuals in the same cause, is unacquainted with some of the most obvious and intelligible combinations of human nature.

The character of the German theologians appears to have undergone a melancholy change since the days of Melancthon. To say nothing of the decay, and almost extinction of that piety which is grounded on orthodox belief, the revolution of somewhat less than three centuries appears to have left little in common between

the two periods but habits of pertinacious study. The perspicacity, the elegance, the comprehensive views of religion, which distinguished many of the great leaders of the Reformation, are no more. Melancthon, who has the additional merit of having revived the study of the classical writers, and of having led the way in classical composition among his countrymen, wrote in Latin with an ease and purity which he could only have learned from Terence. He was no poet, and his attempts at versification were scarcely above contempt. But what must a modern think of the life-exhausting labours of a man, who, beside all the avocations and all the distractions of that restless period, managing an extensive correspondence, composing many theological works, employed in laborious journals, and distracted by that universal tax upon eminence, numerous and needless visits, could for the greater part of the year endure to give lectures to fifteen hundred pupils ! How unaccountable to us, that with such habits, a slender frame, and a constitution never robust, should have been prolonged to sixty-three ! Edacity, the obstinate labour of slow understandings, and want of exercise, its necessary concomitant, usually vacate the professional chairs of that country at a much earlier age of the drowsy occupant. From these predisposing circumstances to apoplexy and death, Melancthon, by constitution and by habit, was exempt. His slender frame appears to have been locomotive and alert, his quick and penetrating mind rendered the acquirement of science little more than a play of the understanding, and the unclouded serenity of his temper, very different from the heavy composure of dulness, delivered him from that perpetual attrition and decay which result from irritation.

We repeat with earnestness that the study of such a character, which is now offered to the public in a tangible and not displeasing form, would be peculiarly seasonable at present.

The fiery zealot in controversy, eager to judge and to condemn his adversary as an enemy to what he has chosen to call the truth ; the sullen, obstinate, calvinistic bigot, who is quite as sure of articles beyond the reach of man's understanding, as if they had been specifically revealed to him from heaven ; the equally positive and dogmatical socinian, who affects to treat articles yet assented to by all the established churches in the world, as antiquated and exploded heresies—all and every one of these would benefit themselves and mankind, (so far as they are in the habit of addressing mankind,) by a careful study of the life of Melancthon. We do not, indeed, expect that such a study, or even that of his admirable works, will cure what is incurable—their uniform mediocrity of intellect ; but it may mend their tempers by teaching them that assurance and positiveness, while they often are, yet never ought to be, inversely as men's

men's faculties for the discovery of truth. That if an understanding so clear and comprehensive as that of Melancthon, saw no more in speculative doctrines than to fix his own faith, and determine his own conduct, while he allowed as much in the arguments or the prejudices of his antagonists—it becomes not ordinary men to convert debate into abuse, and to refuse to all who differ from them, how slightly soever, the attributes either of common sense or common honesty.

Whatever influence the revived example of Melancthon may have on the present generation, where want of feeling, we fear, will harden every sturdy controvertist against its influence; the discernment and moderation of this great man was often profitably employed in his life-time. The humble admirer, the attached and devoted friend of Luther, withstood his mighty master himself when he was to be blamed: how judiciously, may be learned from the points of doctrine and discipline in which they differed. He was willing to retain episcopal government in the church: he corrected Luther's unqualified and dangerous position of justification by faith alone. He opposed the Lutheran opinion of concomitance, (which scarcely differs, but in words, from the real presence,) in the holy communion: and what was the reward he met with for his justice and liberality?—he was by turns reviled as a papist, a legalist, and a Zwinglian.

Where then is the wonder that, with an head and heart like that of Melancthon, a conscience at ease, and a longing desire for certainty in many things which Revelation had not fully disclosed, he should wish to leave a world of rancour and ignorant strife? His reasons for this wish are memorable and edifying:—

First—he consoled himself in the reflexion that by death he should escape the odium theologicum.

Secondly—He should be delivered from the power of sin.

Thirdly—That he should learn why man was created as he is.

Fourthly—That he should discover secrets not given to man to know in the flesh: especially, that he should behold the Father and the Son, and should learn the mystical union between the two natures in Christ.

How much may be inferred from the last wishes and last reflexions of this discerning man! He wished to transplant that Christian philosophy which he had long cultivated, from the blasts and storms of earth, to the unclouded sunshine and eternal calm of heaven, while the bigot and the dogmatist appear to spend their lives in preparing for those future exercises of surviving intellect, which Milton placed among the *amusements* of the damned.

Of the great prelate and extraordinary man, whose life and character are here paralleled with that of Melancthon, almost every



portion and every feature will afford materials for observation. Jeremy Taylor was one of the few distinguished persons whom the town of Cambridge has had the honour of producing—that place having been apparently marked out by Providence as the nurse, and not the mother of genius. He was admitted of Caius college, attracted very early the notice and patronage of Archbishop Laud, became chaplain to Charles the First, was plundered and persecuted, of course, under the Commonwealth, survived the restoration, and, as a reward for his services and sufferings, was thrown away upon an Irish bishopric, in the possession of which he died at the age of fifty-six. These particulars might have entitled him to a place in Sir James Ware's catalogue of Irish bishops, where the name of Taylor might have slept with an hundred more whose lawn was their only distinction; but as a man of genius and eloquence, as a scholar and a Christian, Taylor would, in the lowest rank of his profession, have merited immortality. The ardour of his piety, the purity of his morals, the sweetness of his temper, the universal candour of his mind, while they are admitted without abatement, may be passed over without remark. As a preacher and a writer the superlative excellence of Taylor must be allowed with some material exceptions. The first of these regards the quality for which he has been most applauded—an exuberant imagination. In him, this excess, uncorrected, and unrestrained by a severe critical judgment, often degenerated into wildness, and sometimes even tottered on the verge of absurdity. Whatever were his subjects, in public discourses, in institutions of practical piety, in direct addresses to the deity, in solving points of casuistry, this ignis fatuus was perpetually leading him astray. His style was unmeasured poetry. To this defect, or this superfluity, must be added the universal fault of his age—a tendency to pedantic quotation and reference. What can surpass in absurdities of this kind many passages of his *Holy Living and Dying*? a work intended as much for general use as the *Whole Duty of Man*. He cannot inform his readers that temperance in meat and drink is a direct act of service to God, without quoting Arrian to confirm his position. In order to prove one of his rules of casuistry, (which by the way is incapable of proof,) that no man ought to appropriate what God by a special mercy hath made common—as, for example, medicinal wells—he travels out of his way for miracles and judgments, which, in the abundance of his extravagant reading, he had picked out of Athenæus, Cœlius Rhodiginus, &c.—

‘When the kings of Naples enclosed the gardens of CEnotria, where the best manna of Calabria descends, that no man might gather it without paying tribute; the manna ceased till the tribute was taken off,

off, and then it came again; and so when after the third trial the princes found that they could not have that in common which God made to be common, they left it as free as God gave it. The like happened in Epire, when Lysimachus laid an impost upon the Tragæzan salt, it vanished till Lysimachus left it public. And, when the procurators of King Antigonus imposed a rate upon the sick people that came to Edepsum, to drink the waters which were lately sprung up, and were very healthful—instantly the waters dried up, and the hope of gain perished.

Now, in the name of common sense, what concern have ordinary Christians, desirous only of learning their duty to their neighbours, with King Lysimachus, Edepsum, or the Tragæzan salt? and how ought we to hail the taste of the next race of scholars which delivered us from this impertinence of citation? It is one good effect of the confidence in their own opinion which moderns enjoy, that they no longer account it needful to prop and buttress up their positions with clumsy and unsightly materials borrowed from antiquity. Whatever be our other deficiencies, we surpass them in good sense, and may safely abandon them to themselves on points of morality and casuistry. But the singular passage which we have quoted suggests another reflexion:—Bishop Taylor was certainly one of the most enlightened men of his age, (only the last century but one,) and, though on the credit of ancient gossippers, he really believed these tales, he was also one of the most honest—what then have we not gained during that short interval, both in casuistry and reasonable incredulity! Why should it be thought more unlawful to appropriate an hot-spring than the mineral beds which heat it, or the surface from which it bursts? Why have not the wholesome streams of Bath and Buxton ceased to flow since property began to vest in them? and how did it fail to occur to the writer that if his rule had been good for any thing, he might have found nearer examples to his purpose than the waters of Edepsum, which, after all, as they had recently appeared, were probably volcanic, and might therefore disappear as suddenly without a judgment or a prodigy?—But in the next place, the fancy, the sublimity, the varied imagery of his conceptions, are clouded by the affectation of his style, a circumstance the more deplorable, as it appears to be the produce of elaborate culture, and to have been formed on some perverse, but studied system. Redundancy in a rapid and declamatory style may be endured, and is sometimes even a beauty: but the peculiar calamity of Taylor's periods is the unhappy choice of his epithets and his adverbs. Besides, his sentences are often encumbered with substantives ungracefully piled upon one another, without skill and without selection. The following passage, which is taken quite fortuitously, from the *Life of Christ*, may serve as a specimen:—

‘ But the calling of St. Peter was not to a beholding, but to a participation of his felicities; for he is *strangely* covetous who would enjoy the sun, or the air, or the sea, alone: and this is the nature of grace, to be diffusive of its own excellencies; for here no envy can inhabit. The proper and personal ends of grace are increased by the participation and communion of others. For our prayers are more effectual, our aids increased, our encouragement and examples more prevalent, God more honoured, and the rewards of glory have accidental advantages by the superaddition of every new saint and beatified person. The members of the mystical body, when they have received nutriment from God and his holy Son, supplying to each other the same which they themselves received, and live on in the communion of saints.’

Again:—

‘ Jesus changed Simon’s name, and not the others, and by this change designed him to an eminency of office, at least in signification, principally above his brother, or else separately and distinctly from him, to shew that these graces and favours, which do not immediately co-operate to eternity, but are gifts and offices and impressions of authority, are given to men irregularly, and from those reasons, which God conceals, so they have, without any order of prædisponent causes or probabilities on our part, but are issues of absolute predestination.’

The following affords a fair example of Taylor’s peculiar manner, both with respect to the construction of his sentences, and the whimsical style of his illustrations:

‘ Avoid all curiosity into particulars and circumstances and mysteries: for true faith is full of ingenuity and hearty simplicity; free from suspicion, wise and confident, trusting upon generals without watching and prying into unnecessary or undiscernible particulars.—No man carries his bed into his field, to watch how his corn grows, but believes upon the general order of Providence and Nature, and at harvest finds himself not deceived.’

The following caution to parents not to match their children unsuitably, is in a still wilder strain:

‘ Ever remembering that they can do no injury more afflictive to their children than to join them with cords of a disagreeing affection;—it is like tying a wolf and a lamb, or planting the vine in a garden of cole-worts. Let them be persuaded, with reasonable inducements to make them willing, but at no hand to be forced.—Better to sit up all night than go to bed with a dragon.’

But as good sense and good morality are in our author’s eyes of no value without wit, they are equally devoid of authority without learning; and accordingly this short and easy precept is followed by a string of quotations in their original languages, from Ovid, Euripides, and Plutarch.

The reader who is unacquainted with Taylor’s manner (and he is one of the greatest of all mannerists) may require to be told, that  
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amongst a multitude of better things, almost every page of a work, meant for grave and popular instruction, will supply some instance in which true sense, false wit and pedantic quotation are thus strangely blended. In justice to our amiable and eloquent moralist, we subjoin one of those better things, which displays great power of expression and great exuberance of fancy, both chastised by a severer and more classical hand than ordinary.

‘A rich man is but like a pool to which the poor run, and first trouble it, and then draw it dry—he enjoys no more of it than according to the few and limited wants of a man; he cannot eat like a wolf or an elephant—that variety of dishes ministers but to sin and sickness—that the poor feasts oftener than the rich, because every little enlargement is a feast to the poor, and he that feasts every day feasts no day—that the rich man sleeps not so soundly as the poor labourer—that his fears are more and his needs greater, (for who is poorer, he that wants 5l., or he who wants 5000l ?)—the poor man hath enough to fill his stomach, and the rich hath not enough to fill his eye—that the poor man’s wants are to be relieved by a common charity, and the needs of rich men cannot be supplied but by princes, and they are left to the temptation of great vices to make reparation of their needs; and the ambitious labour of men to get great estates is but like the selling of a fountain to buy a fever; a parting with content to buy necessity; the purchase of an unhandsome condition at the price of infelicity—that princes and they that enjoy most of the world have most of it but in title and reserved rents and reserved privileges, pepper corns, homages, trifling services and acknowledgments; the real use descending to others for more substantial purposes.’

With some such exceptions, however, this defect of style is uniform and constant: in his earliest and latest works, in argument and in declamation, in the exercises of devotion, in the statements of positive theology, and in the intricacies of casuistical refinement, the same incumbered phraseology, the same involved structure of his sentences, load and obscure his sense. This misfortune, the result of a taste pedantic and affected, was partly the fault of the man, and partly of the time. Taylor, indeed, by the fire and vigour of his genius, threw off all the cold phlegmatic pedantry which chilled and clouded the invention of such preachers as Bishop Andrews; but as he was an indefatigable student, he wrought up the product of his reading with the wild productions of his fancy, so as to form a very heterogeneous and unpleasing mass. The truth is, that he stood on a kind of isthmus between the affectations which disgraced the pulpit in the reign of James I. and the classic purity, united with clear ratiocination, which began to develop themselves after the restoration of his grandson. The writings of our first English reformers delight rather from the absence of all affectation,

fection, than from any positive beauty of style: but they display a kind of negligent and homely dignity of language, peculiar to men of considerable powers who are too much absorbed in the importance of their subject, to turn artificial periods, or to stop for the selection of words. But they attain, even under the present advanced period of criticism, a praise which they never courted, and because they never courted it. Hooker rose higher: he had a noble and lofty imagination, with a true and a very chastised sense of dignity in style: though more learned, perhaps, than any of the next race of theologians, he quoted with great reserve, and never but to answer the purpose of his argument: besides that his citations were generally thrown into the margin of his page. His great work too was purely controversial, and was addressed to the adversaries (the learned adversaries) of ecclesiastical discipline in England. But the writers and preachers of the next reign seem to have studied themselves out of their understandings and their taste together. With them, in their popular works, their pulpit declamations, addressed for the most part to congregations more illiterate than their descendants of the present generation, these learned triflers could not prove a point of Christian doctrine from St. Paul, or urge a Christian duty from the words of Christ: their astonished audiences must hear in languages which they had never learned, what a whole series of Christian fathers had said on the one, and a whole tribe of heathen moralists on the other. To render such a mode of public instruction profitable, or even tolerable, the gift of interpreting tongues ought to have revived in the church. These learned and senseless farragos were further disgraced by the spirit of witticism and punning, which proved something worse than the preacher's want of taste—his want of seriousness;—for no man who had a proper sense of the office of a Christian preacher, would have either leisure or inclination to twist a pun, or trifle with the jingle of words. Meanwhile

‘The hungry sheep look'd up, and were not fed.’

It may seem a wild and groundless imagination, that this unedifying and pedantic way of preaching contributed to the downfall of the church, which followed; but it must be remembered that this very depravation in the mode of public instruction gave birth to another style of oratory in the coarse mouths of the puritans, at once slovenly and unlearned, but powerful and enthusiastic, which reached every understanding, moved every heart, and when directed, as it quickly was, against the governors and government of the church, became the most powerful engine in subverting it. During this period, however, two men of genius (though both were trammelled more or less in the fetters of the times) contributed, by the spirit and energy of their discourses, to maintain the credit of the orthodox pulpit—

pulpit—these were Hall and Taylor: the former gifted with all the inspiration of poetry and all the severity of a chastised judgment; in his style quaint rather than pedantic; in his sense clear, manly, and original—Hall could be popular as well as learned, and knew the proper place for each. Taylor ought never to have preached but before an university, or a court; nay, a learned court, such as that of Charles the First. Yet Taylor was an active and useful parish priest; useful, however, rather from the general benevolence of his character than from the faculty in which he was supposed to excel—that of a preacher. His person was graceful; his manner is said to have been captivating. He had previously conciliated the good will of his hearers by kindness and by benefits: yet, we may ask, from the specimens of his popular discourses still remaining, what could his people have thought of him in the pulpit, but as a good man and a good speaker, endeavouring with great zeal to conduct them to heaven by arguments, and in a language which not one in twenty could comprehend?

At the restoration of Charles the Second, the old race of orthodox preachers were either dead or dumb from age, while the rude bawlers of the Commonwealth were condemned to silence or to secret conventicles; profligate however as he was, and indifferent to all doctrines, Charles had a true taste for style; and as the decencies of his station condemned him to hear one sermon weekly, he determined that, whatever became of his conscience, his ear and understanding at least should not be offended. The revolution was instant; nor did the transition appear more abrupt and striking from the sourness of the court of Oliver to the dissolute gaiety of that of Charles, than from the cant, the nonsense, and the sanctified blasphemy of Goodwin, Sterry, and Hugh Peter, to the irresistible reasonings and the majestic energy of Barrow, or, at a somewhat later period, to the more diffuse and captivating eloquence of Tillotson.

It now remains to speak of Taylor as a casuist. The *Ductor Dubitantium*, his last and most ponderous work, is undoubtedly the work of a man acute and subtle, and, though prone to distinctions and refinements, sincerely desirous to conduct his readers in the paths of uprightness. But in this, as in all his works, a kind of hazy atmosphere surrounds his most luminous conceptions. His ideas, as he expresses them, are often not clear, though capable of being translated so as to become perfectly intelligible. The misfortune, therefore, is, not that he thinks but that he speaks obscurely. But in works purely dialectic, this is a radical defect. Rhetoric and amplification, the ornaments of eloquence and the charms of fancy, are here grievously misplaced. There is one talent, however, nearly connected with fancy, which Taylor enjoyed in perfection,

fection, had he known how to use it within bounds—the power of illustration. The compass of his reading, the felicity of his memory, and the faculty of applying what he had read and what he recollected, never failed to present, on every occasion, something at once to elucidate and to enliven the subject. Yet after all that the power of Tayler could do to teach or adorn it, scientific casuistry, in the course of a century and an half, from the improved good sense, and possibly from the more enlightened consciences of the present generation, is become nearly as obsolete as astrology itself. It was, in truth, a study which deserved to pass into oblivion. A moderate understanding, accompanied with upright intentions, will generally suffice to inform the conscience. But an anxiety to penetrate into the intricacies of this pursuit, as distinct from the general outlines of morality, will almost always betray a mind anxious to approach as nearly as possible to the confines of right and wrong, which is criminal in itself. Leave the limits between vice and virtue, between obedience and transgression, to a certain degree indeterminate—keep the subject in undefined generalities, and a good conscience will feel an awful dread of approaching the boundary, lest it should unwarily transgress it. But, by definitions and distinctions—by precision and by scientific subtlety—what ought to be matter of feeling degenerates into cold ratiocination, and the accomplished casuist, with all his arts, would many times be embarrassed to establish his claim to the character of an honest man. Few persons, therefore, have taken up the study of casuistry with a view to their own personal conduct, who have not had some secret pangs of conscience to sooth—some dark and doubtful paths to tread, in which the clear and unsophisticated light of reason and conscience afforded no encouraging directions.

Yet is it with this work of Taylor as with those of the schoolmen. Neglected and almost forgotten as they are, men of leisure and curiosity will find in them a fund of learning and a power of intellect bestowed upon few; often misapplied indeed, but sometimes useful, and almost always entertaining. The misdirected energies of such minds must always produce something novel, at least, and far beyond the flat and trivial lucubrations of unenlightened and well-meaning industry.

On the whole, we consider Jeremy Taylor as a man of vast and undisciplined genius; pregnant with noble conceptions, which he wanted the power of expressing with precision, and stored with erudition, which he displayed without reserve and without selection—in season and out of season—to the learned and to the unlearned. But to the slender theologians of the present day, who will never sin after the example of Taylor—who want matter to express, not clear and apt words in which to express it—his works would afford

a mine

a mine of the richest ore; while the labour of sifting and refining it would furnish a more profitable exercise for their feeble intellects than the hopeless task of drawing from their own sterile invention. But in this conversion, let them beware of sublimity and pathos; of sublimity which, even in the hands of Taylor, sometimes swells into bombast; and of pathos which, in *their* hands, would too surely degenerate into pining.

It is not from the excellence of these two works, which is far from transcendent,—it is not even from the genius, the erudition, and the virtues of their respective subjects, which are transcendent, that we have selected and combined them for the present article. The odium theologicum disquieted the one, and the odium fanaticum persecuted the other. Neither of these principles, the opprobria of the Christian church, has ceased to exist, or is disarmed of any portion of its malignity at present. The church of England, torn at this moment by intestine faction, and assailed by heresy and fanaticism from without, would have cause to hail the appearance of another Taylor within her own bosom, or the acquisition of another Melancthon from a sister church. Fagius, and Bucer, and Martyr, in the first and best days of the Reformation, were brought from Germany to fill the chairs of our universities; but the death of the first two, and the expulsion of the third, quickly put an end to their usefulness;—and even had their labours been extended to a longer period, we are not quite sure whether there would not have been something about them to lament, in the absence of that native candour, that patient and dispassionate temper, that destitution of all party-spirit, which adorned Melancthon. But in England, in Germany, and in every country which is once thoroughly heated by theological controversy, such spirits will assuredly fail of their present reward. Meanwhile, the angry, the factious, the positive, and the dull, (positive for the most part in proportion to their dulness,) will be sure to attain their object. Mounting, by means of these qualifications, to the first places in their party, they live and thrive in the atmosphere of theological strife; consoled for all the tempests which they endure from without, by the cherishing warmth of flattery and admiration within. Impartial posterity, however, is sure to do them justice; they are either forgotten, or remembered occasionally, as blind and bigoted partizans. But the man like Melancthon, who sees farther and penetrates deeper into the subject of positive theology, less addicted to system, and more anxious to preserve the peace of the Christian world than to be the champion of its battles, must be contented to endure, while living, the shafts of obloquy and detraction, almost alike from friends and enemies; secure, when the storms of human passion have subsided, to appear in the eye of unprejudiced posterity with



with unclouded brightness. Let us not be mistaken, as pleading the cause of neutrality or indifference. At a period when the profession of genuine Christianity was both unquiet and unsafe, Melancthon was neither neutral nor indifferent. He wore out his strength and spirits in the cause. He was sincerely devout, as well as active; but he was elegant, and perhaps fastidious. Neither his taste nor temper could endure the rude manners and the coarse invectives of vulgar controvertists. By moderating the fury of his friends, he abated somewhat of the rancour of their enemies. This was an achievement far above the temporary triumphs of party; but, as a recompense for such a service, scepticism and lukewarmness, pyrrhonism and infidelity were charged upon him from every quarter; and a great cardinal, who meant a compliment by the question, seriously inquired whether Melancthon believed in a future life?

We must here, in justice to ourselves, be permitted to make another distinction. In *him*, these admirable qualities, this exemplary moderation, in particular, were combined with all the acute and excitable feeling which is almost inseparable from genius. They were, therefore, not constitutional; they were the product of conviction and of principle; they bore no resemblance to the calmness and moderation of some modern German professor, some great Melchior insipidus, whose irascible feelings it is as difficult to excite as those of the patient and plodding ox.

On the whole, we are persuaded that, if a man and a scholar, not indeed like Melancthon, but with half his talents, and with all his integrity, could place himself between the two great contending parties which rend the church of England at present, and persuade the Calvinist that, while his intentions were pure, and his zeal to be respected, his temper was bigoted and his opinions contracted, while his mode of distributing the Scriptures was ostentatious, and tending to schism;—if he could, in the next place, convince a party more open, perhaps, to conviction, that Calvinism was not once accounted quite so frightful a bugbear as it now appears; that its worst consequences are disclaimed in terms, and do not follow in fact;—could he, in the last place, succeed in convincing both, that the subjects of all this acrimonious debate soon run up into difficulties on both sides, which surpass man's understanding to remove,—the angry zealots of both parties would exclaim against him, as they had before exclaimed against Melancthon. But the calm voice of reason, the persuasive eloquence of moderation, would neither be unheard nor unattended to by those, who best deserve either to be enlightened or restrained.

Neither will it be unprofitable for those who fill the same high station with Bishop Taylor, to contemplate the portrait here exhibited

hibited of that amiable, eloquent, and popular prelate. In the former generation, a sour and persecuting prelacy, with Taylor's master at their head, contending, about forms and shadows, with spirits more narrow and bigoted than themselves, overthrew the church of England. Since the Restoration that church, admonished at once by past calamities, and more enlightened in the true principles of ecclesiastical polity, has assumed a more mild and benignant aspect. To this happy revolution in principle and conduct no one work contributed more than Taylor's *Liberty of Prophesying*, which, though written to procure toleration for his own persecuted communion, pleaded the rights of that toleration on grounds so universal, that the oppressors and the persecutors, when themselves depressed, quickly learned to shelter themselves under its protection. In short, to the principles of Bishop Taylor, first, perhaps, displayed in that admirable work, may be traced the still more clear and irrefragable reasonings of Locke, and finally the Toleration Act itself. For a season, indeed, the dissenters reposed with apparent content and satisfaction, under the shelter of the protection thus afforded them. The low church principles avowed by many of the bishops in the last reign, produced a kind of approximation. The leading dissenters were rational, peaceable, and many of them learned. They treated the hierarchy with respect, and some of the most distinguished among the bishops corresponded with them on friendly terms. But the security and tranquillity of the church, in no long period, began to produce their usual consequences; for many of the clergy slept over their charges, and a dreadful explosion of fanaticism and bigotry broke forth, which, if opposed as indiscreetly as it was in the time of Charles the First, would soon bring back the worst and wildest disorders of the republic. Even now, as in that wretched period of cant and hypocrisy, 'every man may become a preacher, and every preacher may collect a congregation.'

But where is this to end? If not exasperated by opposition, they may be emboldened by indulgence. The evil is spreading; the defection is increasing; the principle of church union and communion is almost gone; already the time is arrived when the toleration so liberally accorded to them is scarcely allowed to us. Multitudes of unreflecting people, guided by humour, not by principle, would continue to wander from the church to the conventicle, and from the conventicle to the church, were they not threatened by their new friends with an excommunication, which the church has neither power nor inclination to inflict. They have discipline—we have none. They are organized, classed, arranged, (we speak of the most enthusiastic and numerous sect,) with all the exactness of military discipline, and every member knows his post.

The

The certainty and expedition of their communications are equally formidable. If a petty squabble takes place between a parochial clergyman and his revolted parishioners, every circumstance of it is known to the brotherhood in a few posts from Cornwall to Cumberland. It is not patient endurance—it is not indiscreet conciliation on the part of the ministers, or members of the establishment, by frequenting their meetings and uniting in their plans; even for purposes ostensibly useful, that will long keep things as they are. From the highest to the lowest it is time for those who love the religion of their fathers, and of the Reformation, to awake—by timidity and acquiescence we shall never make churchmen of them, while they may make dissenters of us. In every association, whether public or domestic, between them and us, it has uniformly been our lot to suffer. In zeal, in vigilance, and in cunning, they are evidently our superiors. It is to no purpose to allege a fact, which, as long as the establishment has wealth and honour to bestow, will always exist, that the clergy are more learned, their discourses better composed, their reasonings more cogent, and even that their lives, if not equally severe, are equally free from just reproach with those of their opponents. In the present disposition of the enthusiastic sects, human learning, and human reason itself, are most prudently and consistently decried; and while a sullen and gloomy exterior is often known by the party themselves to conceal the worst and most odious vices, an open countenance, a cheerful deportment, though arising out of a good conscience, and the greatest purity of life, are considered as little better than marks of reprobation. It affords, however, some, but no very animating consolation, to reflect, that the higher ranks are generally friendly to the church, while the bulk of the lower orders are yet untainted. Let the value of this encouragement be carefully weighed. The higher orders (thanks to the general dissolution of all respect for superiors!) have little influence over their dependents. In fact, no individual has now much influence, while the very existence of society is threatened by powerful and voluntary combinations. Add to this, that the bulk of the lower orders, who have not openly renounced our communion, are lamentably ignorant of its principles, and lamentably indifferent to its interests: so that the real friends of the church are comparatively few—the largest body of its adherents lukewarm—and its enemies, however divided among themselves, zealous, well disciplined, and acting with united hostility against it. This statement, however gloomy, is not exaggerated. Yet the truth must not be dissembled. Against an unknown and unexpected evil there is no defence; but the slow and cautious march of an invading enemy cannot be concealed; and, without a supineness which at once invites and merits its own destruction, may be met in time. After all that must be admitted on

on the extinction of personal respect or attachment to ancient institutions, the united influence of ten thousand such men as compose the great body of the English clergy, though dispersed among as many millions, cannot but be considerable. For their united exertions against the torrent of jacobinical frenzy they have never hitherto received their just reward. Yet, as a body, they are neither dismayed nor dissatisfied; and divided as they are in sentiment, on some abstruse and certainly non essential doctrines, we are persuaded, that, with very few exceptions, they are ready to unite with head and heart against all the sectarian adversaries of the church. Let not such men be discountenanced; let not their services be refused, their professions of zeal and attachment suspected, their very persons marked and avoided: it is quite sufficient to have so many enemies without. ΣΤΑΣΙΣ ΕΝΔΟΝ, to use the brief and energetic language of Thucydides, was the end of many a Grecian city, which had long, and would yet longer have withstood every hostile aggression. The same calamity may be our's, and we may regret our foolish dissensions when it is too late.

But another enemy often baffled, and as often returning to the charge, is once more at our gates. Of this adversary, subtle, acute, united and persevering, 'the variations of the Protestant churches' have long been a favourite theme. They have friends, honest we hope, and unsuspecting friends, within our own camp, who are labouring to disunite and to embroil us. At the same time the protestant enemies of the church, by a monstrous combination, which their predecessors of better times rejected with abhorrence, are almost universally their allies.

To recur, after a long digression, to the immediate subject of this article. Who that loves the peace—who that wishes for the very existence of the church, when he contemplates the character of Bishop Taylor, can forbear to exclaim *Utinam viveres!* With his admirable temper,—with his comprehensive views of church polity,—with his contempt for foolish minutiae, on which bigots of every class would rest the ark itself,—had he been placed in the metropolitan chair of his master Laud, he might have saved the church of England, the life of his sovereign, and the constitution of his country; to the destruction of all which, that honest, passionate man, and worst of all politicians, principally contributed. We accuse not the present age, because it has not multiplied such men as he was; they are, in fact, not the productions of every age, or every country; and what is more unhappy, their dispositions, which *are* attainable, are rarely found but in union with understandings which are not. Yet has this generation been blessed with one example which might serve to prove what the united powers of genius, activity, gentleness, and vigour can achieve, even in days wayward

wayward and perverse as those on which we have been unhappily cast. The eloquence of Taylor, without his affectation—the most fervent devotion, accompanied by a manner which would otherwise have been somewhat theatrical—the most captivating simplicity and grace of manner in Bishop Porteus, conciliated multitudes of prejudiced and bigoted persons, not only to his person, but to the decent forms, and even elegances, of the church of England. They did more :—they enabled him occasionally to act with the decision of former times, to exercise, without clamour and without reproach, acts of discipline which, in most of his brethren, would have been highly unpopular. Genius indeed, a graceful person, a captivating elocution, those peculiar graces, in short, which animate every discourse, and give a spirit to the performance of every ordinance, are precious gifts of nature very sparingly bestowed on mankind ; and those who, for the benefit of their country, are entrusted with the selection of men for high offices in the church, can only chuse out of such materials as they have. It were as idle and as absurd to remit men to such works as are now before us, in order to acquire these incommunicable talents, as it would be to send a mathematician to the Life of Newton in order to teach him to write another *Principia*.

But from such volumes as the Life of Taylor, many lessons of attainable improvement may be learned by those who exercise the same functions, in times almost as perilous as his own. A deep sense of their duty and their responsibility—an anxiety to avoid that bigotry which they condemn in others—a diligent attention to the popular duty of preaching—an unwillingness to exercise vexatious acts of power on those who are placed under their government, for mere matters of opinion, (not of order,) accompanied by extreme vigilance, to detect and to punish every appearance of immorality and licentiousness, which too often secures to itself impunity by high pretensions to zeal for the church—these were, in Taylor and in others, great qualities, which, after years of anarchy and fanaticism, reconciled the people of these kingdoms to the restoration of episcopacy ; and these, above all others, will contribute to its perpetuity.

We now dismiss the lives of Melancthon and of Taylor ; on which we have been the more diffuse, partly from some peculiar circumstances in the temper and spirit of our own church at present, to which they may be profitably applied, and partly because the two biographers, though sensible and well-principled men, have contented themselves either with mere narrative or undistinguishing panegyric. In point of composition, there is nothing greatly to censure or commend ; but the portrait of Melancthon yet requires a hand more capable of drawing the lights and shades which

which are necessary to the finished likeness of so peculiar a character; and that of Taylor, as a writer at least, requires much more shade than his present biographer has bestowed upon it. As a man, a Christian, and a bishop, no more seems to have been wanted than to delineate the countenance of an angel.

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ART. XIII. 1. *Appendix to the Remains of John Tweddell.* By Robert Tweddell, A. M. London. 1815.

2. *Letter to the Editor of the Edinburgh Review, on the Subject of an Article in No. L. of that Journal, on the Remains of John Tweddell.* By the Earl of Elgin. Second Edition. 8vo. pp. 68. London. 1816.

3. *Postscript to a Letter to the Editor of the Edinburgh Review.* By the Earl of Elgin. pp. 32.

4. *A Narrative of what is known respecting the Literary Remains of the late John Tweddell.* By Philip Hunt, LL.D. formerly Chaplain to H. E. the Earl of Elgin. 8vo. pp. 47. London. 1816.

OF the Remains of Mr. John Tweddell an account will be found in a former article of this Number.—We have reserved for a separate consideration, the Appendix to that volume, and the other publications to which it has given birth. The controversy is indeed of a nature so extraordinary, and so interesting to literary men, that we feel ourselves bound to lay a statement of it before our readers; in doing so, we shall be sure to observe, because we feel, a strict impartiality, and we hope to avoid all that intemperance of language which has marked one at least of the parties.

The literary acquirements of Mr. Tweddell, the respective diplomatic merits of Lord Elgin and of Mr. Spencer Smith, or Smythe\*, his lordship's predecessor at Constantinople, which have occupied other pens in this controversy, have in fact little to do with the question in discussion. Mr. Tweddell's Remains, whatever were their intrinsic value, were sacred, as being not only *private*, but, under the circumstances of his decease, *national* property; and any splendour of public service would but little avail Lord Elgin against the proof of having had the inconceivable baseness of secreting any of these effects for his own purposes. Why the public life of Mr. Spencer Smith has occupied so many pages of Mr. Robert Tweddell's Appendix, we shall not stop to inquire; it is sufficient to say that it

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\* This gentleman's name, through the whole of this volume, is, with apparent design, spelled *Smythe*. We have consulted the Gazettes and other authentic works in which this name is mentioned, and have invariably found it written *Smith*. As we are unwilling to give offence by any mistake in this matter, we have noticed both names but shall call Mr. *Smith* by that by which he has been hitherto commonly known.

has no legitimate concern with the question, and, as Lord Elgin states in his Postscript, (p. 15.) the part which Mr. Smith seems to have in the publication serves only to invalidate his testimony, by proving him to be not a *witness* but a *party* to the cause; and if, as indeed appears too probable, Mr. Smith has really contributed to the composition of this Appendix, and yet affects to come forward as an *evidence* in a case in which he is in fact one of the *accusers*, it must be admitted that such a proceeding is uncandid and disingenuous.

The facts which have occasioned this curious discussion are these:—Mr. John Tweddell died at Athens, in 1799. His papers, consisting of notes made, and drawings and inscriptions collected during his travels in Greece, were found at his decease, and after being minutely examined by the British consul at Athens, were transmitted to the chancery (or public office) of the British embassy at Constantinople—the vessel conveying these effects suffered shipwreck before she reached Constantinople, the effects themselves were much damaged by sea-water, and the accidents usually attending such an event; but it seems certain that a considerable part reached the palace of the embassy.

Another portion of Mr. Tweddell's effects had been left by him at Constantinople, in the care of the late Mr. Thornton, then one of the factory there; these effects consisted of clothes and other articles of that kind, and also of some manuscript accounts of his journey through Europe, and particularly of his tour in Switzerland, (the latter fairly written out.) It is singular that, as the parcels first mentioned suffered by water, these latter should have been endangered by fire; Mr. Thornton's house was burned down; but these effects, or at least the most valuable part of them, were saved, and they were also transferred to the chancery of the embassy.

And here it is to be observed, that this double accident is not more extraordinary than the double good fortune by which the general mass of effects was in both cases preserved: we say the *general* mass, because, though Mr. Robert Tweddell and his friends assert, that *all* was saved without exception, their assertions are not only unsupported, but contradicted by the evidence. This point, however, though vehemently insisted upon by Mr. Robert Tweddell, is really of no great importance to the ultimate question; the charge against Lord Elgin is, that he purloined Mr. Tweddell's effects, and whether the alleged theft was a little more or a little less profitable, would be of no consequence; while, on the other hand, the obstinacy and angry tone with which Mr. Robert Tweddell asserts that to be a *fact*, which nobody could know, and which the evidence positively contradicts, serves only to prove the *prejudice* with which he treats this subject, and to invalidate his opinion on other more important points.

Between

Between the consignment of the packages from Athens, and their arrival at Constantinople, the Earl of Elgin, as ambassador extraordinary, had superseded Mr. Spencer Smith, who, having been secretary to Mr. Liston, had, between the departure of the latter and the arrival of Lord Elgin, acted first as *chargé d'affaires* and afterwards as minister.

And *this supersession* appears to have been Lord Elgin's *first* and, in the eyes of Mr. Smith at least, his *greatest* offence; it makes a prominent figure in Mr. Robert Tweddell's book; and it is particularly and violently, we had almost said virulently, insisted upon, that Lord Elgin, as his Majesty's ambassador, had no right to take charge of the effects which had been consigned to Mr. Smith, as his Majesty's minister:—because, say these gentlemen, the ambassador at the Porte has two authorities, one from the king as his representative, the other from the Levant Company, as theirs; these authorities are usually indeed conferred conjointly, and Mr. Smith had so received them; but Lord Elgin's warrant from the Levant Company was posterior, by many months, to his appointment from the king, and to the arrival of Mr. Tweddell's effects; Messrs. Tweddell and Smith therefore allege that the effects of all British subjects within the jurisdiction of the Levant Company still belonged to the latter as *their* accredited agent, although he had only obtained that character as being his majesty's minister, and that he had been superseded in this latter important office: and Lord Elgin's SEIZING these effects, is, for the aforesaid reasons, *reprobated* as an *officious and indelicate encroachment* on the rights of Mr. Smith, and a *summary and arbitrary* proceeding on the part of his lordship. (*Appendix*, p. 415.)

We should not give a fair view of this part of the question, if we did not quote a passage from the letter of Mr. Smith to Mr. Tweddell's father; dated, Constantinople, 15th April, 1801, which shews the temper in which this particular charge is made against Lord Elgin.

‘ At length such a crisis has taken place in my own position, as affords an occasion, that I am not backward in availing myself of towards you. Lord ELGIN's progressive encroachment on the department reserved to me in this country, at his nomination to the embassy-extraordinary, has terminated in the way to be apprehended from his superior weight of metal; namely, by my entire *supersedure*, and by the transfer of all my official functions to his Lordship: I am therefore upon the point of quitting this post, to return home. And I beg leave to accompany this acknowledgment, by the expression of my regret that the interference of other persons (an interference which I must *reprobate*, as highly officious and indelicate, to apply no other epithet) should have made all my regard for your late estimable son's memory, as well as my



zeal for the same literary pursuits, of no avail towards a proper and advantageous management of his affairs.'—*App.* pp. 412, 413.

To the same effect is a passage, in an article in a work which we have never seen, called the *Naval Chronicle*, purporting to be a *Review of Mr. Thornton's Present State of Turkey*, which is quoted in Mr. Tweddell's *Appendix*, and which, from internal and external evidence, we concur with Lord Elgin, (P. S. p. 15.) in supposing to be the production of Mr. Smith himself.

'This nobleman was sent with the splendid character of ambassador-extraordinary, to exchange the ratifications of the treaty we have already alluded to, and at the same time to *supersede* the minister by whom it had been negotiated; who was not, it seems, considered in Downing-street, of sufficient consequence (we suppose in a *parliamentary* sense) to solemnize the completion of his own work.'—p. 444.

Now, in opposition to these direct charges and querulous insinuations of an officious encroachment on Mr. Smith's office, by a *violent and unjustifiable* SEIZURE of Mr. Tweddell's effects, we have, in the first place, the distinct evidence of Mr. Thornton, a gentleman of the highest personal honour and credibility, (and certainly no friend of Lord Elgin's,) that as soon as he heard of the shipwrecked effects being landed, he applied to Mr. Smith, to whom they were addressed—

'Begged him to give directions for having the boxes opened, in order to put a stop to the damage, which whatever they might contain was receiving. Mr. Smythe, however, said, that although Mr. Tweddell's effects had been properly consigned to him while he was *chief of the mission*, yet, AS HE WAS NOW NO LONGER SO, HE HAD NO RIGHT TO MEDDLE WITH THEM.'—*App.* p. 373.

The fact, indeed, seems to be that Mr. Smith was so indignant at being superseded as *minister*, that he declined performing the functions even of the office which the new arrangement left to him, namely, that of secretary of the embassy; or, at least, performed them so sullenly and carelessly that no traces of his official exertions appear in this affair; and it is remarkable that it was not till April, 1801, nearly two years after John Tweddell's death, that Mr. Smith thought of writing to Mr. Tweddell, senior, on the business which he would have us believe to have been so near to his heart and so frequent in his thoughts. We therefore feel warranted in concluding, that it was his anger against Lord Elgin rather than his regard for Mr. Tweddell that dictated the reluctant and tardy letter of April, 1801.

We have, then, no hesitation in pronouncing our opinion that it is to Mr. Smith that the loss or dispersion of the Tweddell papers is, in the first instance and essentially, attributable: he certainly did not and could not foresee that his pettishness was to have such consequences;

consequences ; but while we acquit him of the *intention*, we must convict him of the *fact*, of being, in our opinion, the *prime* cause all the mischief.

The first consequence of Mr. Smith's 'declining to meddle' was, that Lord Elgin did not hear of the effects for a long time after their arrival, and then only by the tardy application of Mr. Thornton to have the packages examined ; and so little anxious was his lordship to *encroach*, or, in a *summary* and *arbitrary* way, SEIZE Mr. Tweddell's effects, that it is elsewhere urged as a topic of accusation against his lordship, that these effects were eight weeks in his palace before he *deigned* to look at them ; and it is even angrily stated that the contents were damaged by the *delays* of the ambassador who had been, just before, charged with such *hasty* and *summary* proceedings.

But even admitting that Lord Elgin *had* taken pains to recover these effects, it is evident that he did no more than Mr. Thornton, an experienced member of the Levant Company, considered to be his undoubted, not *right* only, but, *duty*. These are Mr. Thornton's words :

'In the first place, then, and in answer to your enquiry marked "1," I have to say, that Lord Elgin did not give me an order in an official form to send to his house, the effects which your brother had entrusted to my care. Perhaps he said, after asking me to attend at the opening of the trunks sent up from Athens, "and you may as well send those you have, that we may look over them all together." Lord Elgin, however, as English ambassador, had the *right*, and, indeed, it was his *duty*, to take into his own hands the property of any of the king's subjects dying intestate in Turkey.'—*App.* pp. 376, 377.

Upon the whole then of *this* part of the subject, as of a former, we are bound in candour to say that the charge against Lord Elgin fails altogether ; and that the personality and violence with which the untenable and absurd propositions of Messrs. Robert Tweddell and Spencer Smith are advanced, serve only to diminish our confidence in their judgment and testimony on other points of the question.

We now however come, after these *outworks*, to the main body of the case.

It is admitted, *upon all hands*, that some of Mr. Tweddell's manuscripts and drawings came, for the purpose of being dried, and at Mr. Thornton's request, from his warehouse and the chancery, into the more immediate custody of the Earl of Elgin ; that he opened the parcels containing them, before a company assembled for the occasion ; that they were considerably damaged, but not, in general, to the extent of being illegible or useless ; that they were spread out in one of the rooms of the embassy to dry ; that Lord

Elgin carefully locked up the room; that they (or, at least, a part of them) were afterwards carefully packed, under the eye of one of Mr. Tweddell's friends, and transferred from Lord Elgin's private custody back again to the chancery, or *public* office, of the embassy; and that from that day to this, though every inquiry appears to have been made in every quarter and from every person who was likely to be acquainted with any particulars of the affair, (with a single exception or two, which shall be mentioned hereafter,) no trace of the papers whatsoever has been found.

We shall here collect into one view the principal heads of the evidence procured by these inquiries, *as they are stated in Mr. Robert Tweddell's Appendix.*

*Papa Simeon*, the person entrusted to convey the effects from Athens to Constantinople, acknowledges to have received four trunks and a small case, containing forty-eight books, with some saddles, &c. &c. (*App.* 403.) but, on the passage, his vessel was wrecked at Koutali; the packages above-mentioned remained for *three days covered* by the waves, and were afterwards driven on shore, *broken by the surf*. The magistrates of Koutali exerted themselves, to save every thing *possible*, and they delivered *Papa Simeon* a certificate touching *the effects saved*, which certificate the *Papa* delivered into the very hands (*propres mains*) of Mr. Spencer Smith himself. (*App.* 439.)

*Count Ludolf*, the Sicilian envoy, and a particular friend of Mr. Tweddell's, applied to Lord Elgin for the restitution of some books which he had lent Mr. Tweddell; his lordship ordered Doctor Hunt, the chaplain of the embassy, to lead him to an apartment of the palace, where he saw scattered on a large table, books, drawings and manuscripts, which he recognized as having belonged to Mr. Tweddell, and which, having been wet by sea-water, were exposed to dry. (*App.* 436.)

*Lord Elgin*, after a lapse of sixteen years, three of which were passed in prison in France, cannot charge his memory with any particulars of their ultimate fate, beyond an *impression* that Professor Carlyle, who had accompanied the embassy and who was a personal friend of Mr. Tweddell's family, suggested that they should be consigned to the care of Mr. Losh, of Newcastle, an intimate friend of Mr. Tweddell's; and that, in consequence of such recommendation, they were so consigned; and according to his lordship's recollection, embarked in a merchant-ship, he thinks the *Duncan*, or a government transport called the *New Adventure*; and his lordship now inclines to this latter opinion, because he had the special directions of Mr. Tweddell, senior, to keep the effects till he should have an opportunity of forwarding them by a ship

ship of war, or a government vessel. (*App.* p. 408.) And beyond this, Lord Elgin has no kind of remembrance of the affair.

Mr. Thornton knew nothing of the papers which had been taken out of his possession, beyond his handing them over to Lord Elgin; and as to the disposal of the effects in general, he knew absolutely nothing; but he states, that he was summoned to attend the opening of the packages, and that when Professor Carlyle was about to return to England, he called on Mr. Thornton, 'to say, that he was acquainted with Mr. Tweddell's family, and would tell them any thing which he might have to communicate to them respecting the state of Mr. Tweddell's papers and other property. Professor Carlyle already knew most of the previous circumstances.'—(*App.* p. 375.) Mr. Thornton adds subsequently, 'that he never heard of the shipment of any of Mr. Tweddell's papers on board the Lord Duncan or any other merchant ship—(*App.* p. 378.); and that he never heard of Professor Carlyle's having any thing to do with the shipment of any part of this property.'—(*App.* p. 383.) He further insinuates, in very pointed terms, that the gentlemen of the embassy took opportunities of copying from Mr. Tweddell's papers and drawings.—Mr. Thornton is since dead.

Doctor Hunt, chaplain to the embassy, recollects the effects being deposited with Lord Elgin as his Majesty's ambassador; that when the cases were opened, it was observed that the packages had been previously broken open, and that the medals had been plundered and other little gold articles gone, which had probably taken place at their recovery from shipwreck; that the manuscripts and drawings were so much injured by sea-water and mouldiness, as to be in some instances reduced to pulp; and that his lordship employed some gentlemen of his suite, and Mr. Barker, the panoramist, then at Péra, 'to dry them in the best manner they could, and to preserve every article, however trifling, of so accomplished a scholar; his lordship taking charge of them, and waiting a favourable opportunity to send them to England.' Doctor Hunt also adds, that Professor Carlyle, a friend of Mr. Tweddell's, was employed by Lord Elgin in packing up Mr. Tweddell's papers; and the doctor states, with certainty, that Professor Carlyle himself directed and consigned them to Mr. Losh, of Newcastle; Doctor Hunt saw them sent on board a transport, he thinks the Duncan; and adds his firm belief, that 'every scrap' was sent home in the manner he describes; and he asserts that, during his residence or acquaintance with Lord Elgin, he never had any reason to suspect that any scrap of Mr. Tweddell's journals or drawings had been withheld by Lord Elgin. (*App.* 445—452.)

Doctor Hunt is still alive, but has, it seems, long since ceased to be among the number of Lord Elgin's friends.

Mr. Professor Carlyle, in a letter from Constantinople, to Mr. Losh, states, that—

‘All the notes, letters, and memoranda, belonging to Tweddell ARE, at present, (the date of his letter is 25th July, 1800,) in the British chancery, at Pera, where they will be safely preserved until they are transmitted to England. I understand Mr. Tweddell’s father wishes to have them kept here until they can be sent by a ship of war. I fear the papers will not be found to contain any thing that can be made of much general use; by the accounts I have received of them, they consist more of hints and trains of reflection, than of any detailed relations respecting actual *visa vel facta*. The writings were much injured, and the sketches almost totally spoiled by the sea-water—all of them were, however, separately dried with the greatest care before their being consigned to the CHANCERY. I am all this time speaking of Mr. Tweddell’s papers, which he wrote in this country and Greece:—his former ones, being, I believe, an account of his travels previous to his arrival at Constantinople, were left by himself in Mr. Thornton’s hands, where they now safely remain, having been preserved by that gentleman from the fire which almost destroyed Pera about a year ago.’—*App.* p. 458.

Professor Carlyle died not long after his return to England.

Mr. Losh, of Newcastle, adduces some *posthumous* evidence of Professor Carlyle’s:—

‘I have a distinct recollection, that in the many conversations I had with Carlyle, he never considered himself as responsible for any of J. T.’s property, having merely *seen packed* such papers, (*observe, nothing but “papers,”*) as Lord Elgin thought proper. In particular, he told me, that “he knew nothing of the things which came from Athens,” except that he saw some papers which were dried, and, I think he told me, deposited in the chancery at Pera.’—*App.* p. 459.

Here we must say that the words in a parenthesis—‘*observe, nothing but “papers,”*’ appears to us to be a very uncandid attempt to defeat the force, such as it may be, of Mr. Losh’s recollection of Professor Carlyle’s conversations. Mr. Tweddell’s effects consisted of two kinds—clothes, and articles of that nature,—and manuscripts and drawings. In common language, and, above all, in contradistinction to clothes, these latter articles would naturally be called *papers*; and—if we are to *special plead* upon the matter—*drawings* on paper may be as well called *papers*, as *writings* on paper. We think it right to notice this insinuation, as another proof of the temper in which the friends of Mr. Tweddell pervert the simplest terms, and alter the clearest evidence.

Mr. Losh also adds some gross and offensive statements of Mr. Carlyle against Lord Elgin’s general character, which prove great enmity on the part of the professor against his lordship; but he always added to these contemptuous expressions, his *opinion that*  
Lord

*Lord Elgin would not take the property in question.—(App. p. 460.)*

This is, we believe we may say, all the material evidence adduced by Mr. Robert Tweddell; and upon this we think it appears, that though it is highly to be regretted that Lord Elgin did not urge Mr. Smith to do his official duty, and take the ordinary precaution of having inventories, bills of lading and receipts, made out for Mr. Tweddell's effects,—nay, though it is not certain that *all* the packages were ever delivered from the chancery, or ever shipped on board any vessel; and though it is therefore impossible to acquit the ambassador, or the secretary of embassy, or both, of negligence,—it seems equally clear, that the gross charge, more than insinuated against Lord Elgin, of having surreptitiously detained any of these effects to his own use, is utterly untenable, and therefore calumnious; because—

1. There is, we trust, in the character of a British nobleman strong moral evidence against his being guilty of conduct so base and sordid; evidence which nothing but the most direct and positive *proof* can invalidate.

2. A certificate of such of the effects as were saved from the shipwreck, was delivered *into the hands of Mr. Spencer Smith*, who *might*, if he pleased, have had the chief custody of them when they were sent into the chancery, and who had both a knowledge of, and interest in the transaction, which must have deterred Lord Elgin (if there were no higher feeling to deter him) from this wretched larceny. We say that Mr. Smith *might*, if he pleased, have had the chief custody of the effects; not only because they were in the first instance offered to him, but because we understand that the secretary of the embassy is more particularly charged with the direction and superintendence of the *Chancery*, in which it appears that these effects were twice lodged.

3. No person who could be so base as to entertain the notion of appropriating these effects to his own use, would have behaved as Lord Elgin did.—He opened the packages at a meeting convened for the purpose, before every man in Constantinople, who could report the facts in England.—It is even one of the charges against him, that he permitted all the persons of the embassy to have access to them—a course perfectly incompatible with a design of afterwards secreting them.—He consulted Professor Carlyle as to their disposal.—He wrote to persons in England, and through them to Mr. Tweddell's family, that he was in possession of these papers.—He employed Mr. Barker, the panoramist,—a gentleman about to return, and who did return, to England,—to superintend the attempts to recover what was damaged, and to preserve the whole. He freely admits Count Ludolf,

dolf, one of the intimated friends of the deceased, to examine the books and papers, and select his own property from that of Mr. Tweddell. Are any of these actions reconcileable with an intention to suppress or steal these papers?

4. Professor Carlyle absolutely *saw packed* some of those papers; and he asserts that it was *after* being dried separately with the greatest care that they were so packed under his own eye, and consigned to the chancery, or *public* department of the office, which he uses in contradistinction to Lord Elgin's previous private custody. These are strange preliminaries to plunder!

5. Mr. Professor Carlyle and Mr. Thornton are dead: but Lord Elgin, if he had formed any design of suppressing these papers, must have formed, and indeed executed, that intention long before the death of either; his lordship must have known that neither of those gentlemen was personally well disposed to him; and with Professor Carlyle he had the misfortune, he says, of parting at Constantinople on *bad terms*, as indeed the Professor, in his subsequent language, abundantly proved:—did his lordship, therefore, expect that these gentlemen,—whose natural uprightness and honour would be rather quickened than set to sleep by their personal feelings,—would keep his disgraceful secret and join in assisting their enemy to purloin the effects of their departed friend?

6. Cui bono—for what purpose should Lord Elgin have done all this?—every Englishman in Constantinople and all England knew in what direction Tweddell's researches had been—his journey through Switzerland, and the Crimea—Attica, Thessaly and Boeotia,—his elaborate manuscript account of the former voyages—his notes of the latter—had been (as is charged, with some asperity, *App.* p. 308.) *profusely* offered to the inspection of every one at Constantinople. Could his lordship ever hope to publish them *as his own*—above all, could he ever hope to do so, *having never made any of the journeys which Tweddell described*?

7. But Lord Elgin might wish for the drawings, and, to obtain them safely, destroy the manuscripts:—on this point we have to refer to what is already said, that he might indeed destroy the papers, but that he never could destroy the *evidence* that these papers had been in his possession—besides, Lord Elgin is well known to have spared neither trouble nor expense in procuring such drawings—the artists who made them were still alive, some of them in his own pay—several artists yet more eminent were actually employed for him on similar subjects:—why should *he*, therefore, have so coveted the damaged sketches of Mr. Tweddell? He would, it seems, have made no scruple to have them copied; and the copies would have been to him more valuable than the originals,

ginals, since the latter, damaged by their shipwreck, would have always testified themselves to be Mr. Tweddell's property.

8. It is stated, that these books and drawings were copied with too much license by the gentlemen of the embassy:—how then could Lord Elgin hope to pass for his own the originals, which so many copies could not fail to detect, as having belonged to Mr. Tweddell?

In short, we think that we may—*on the evidence adduced in Mr. Robert Tweddell's Appendix* ALONE—fully and clearly, and with a confidence amounting to moral certainty, acquit Lord Elgin of any design to withhold, conceal, or destroy the papers of a gentleman whom personally he held in the highest esteem, and whose letters prove *him* to have been not insensible of the friendly kindness which his lordship had shewn him.

But since the publication of Mr. Tweddell's work, and subsequently to that of Lord Elgin's letter, it appears from his lordship's Postscript, that one or two new circumstances have transpired, which, though they at first appear to promise some explanation, have, as yet, only served to increase the intricacy and mystery of the affair, and to add to the suspicions which we have all along entertained of the correctness and candour of Mr. Robert Tweddell.

In his Appendix, there is this passage—

‘A quantity of drawings, known to have formed part of Mr. Tweddell's collection, and exhibiting *costume* in singular beauty, were seen in Lord Elgin's possession at different times, and at distant periods from the date of the original transaction; they were kept by his lordship with the avowed intention of having them copied, and with a further view of their being taken home by himself, or, on his own account, by a confidential person. Sixty-nine drawings of Levantine dresses, copied by an artist at Naples, from the originals—once in the portfolio of Mr. Tweddell, but, at the time when they were copied, in the custody of a gentleman who received them from Lord Elgin,—are now in the possession of the gentleman adverted to, resident in this country, and who acknowledges them to have come into his hands in the way above described; still farther, there is every reason to conclude, that on the noble lord's return to this country, in 1806, those *original* drawings, with others of a similar description, were duly restored to him.’—*App.* pp. 368, 369.

To this statement in the text is subjoined the following note.

‘Subsequently to the date of this letter, the copies to which reference is here made, have come under the Editor's own inspection, and strongly attest the merit of the originals. The owner of these drawings knows how to unite politeness with generosity: the remembrance of his proffered liberality is gratefully present on the mind of the writer.’ *Ed.*—*App.* p. 369.

Who this person was, or what the precise meaning and extent of this most important part of the charge may be, we cannot tell why, or by what



what strange disingenuousness *concealed* by Mr. Robert Tweddell from the reader, and, what is much more important, was also concealed—during all the correspondence which he had with his lordship—from Lord Elgin!—in short the only thing that looks like a *fact* likely to lead to any result, in the whole body of evidence in Mr. Robert Tweddell's possession, he *conceals* till the publication of his book, and then states it in so vague a way as to elude observation and defy inquiry: but in his Postscript, 400 pages distant from the above passages, amidst his thanks to those who have contributed to his work is the following sentence:—

‘The generous politeness of William Hamilton Nesbit, Esq. of Archerfield, Scotland, demonstrated by the contribution of certain drawings of oriental costume in *his* collection, for the embellishment of these “Remains,” will be apparent to every discerning reader of the volume; it is duly appreciated by the Editor; and needs no comment.’  
—p. 24.

Now these passages carefully avoid all reference to each other; the former do not insinuate the praise of *Mr. Nesbit's* generous politeness; and the latter, by its silence, would seem to repel any idea that the drawings, *contributed by that gentleman*, had any connection with those mentioned in pages 368 and 369. How Mr. Robert Tweddell will account to the public, we know not, for this (as it appears to us) most disingenuous and deceitful mode of statement; for it seems now, beyond doubt, that *all* these passages refer to the *same* circumstance. The facts, as stated in Lord Elgin's Postscript, and in some of the public papers, are these:—

Mr. Professor Carlyle and Mr. Hamilton Nesbit, father of the then Lady Elgin, who had been on a visit to Constantinople, being about to return to England in the year 1801, had entrusted to them, by Lord Elgin, a port-folio of Mr. Tweddell's drawings, to be delivered, as Lord Elgin asserts, to Mr. Tweddell's family; these drawings, or some of them, Mr. Nesbit had copied at Naples on his way home—and on his arrival, it is stated, that he placed the originals with the other effects of Lord Elgin, who was still a prisoner in France, and who did not return to England till many years after Mr. Nesbit. Why Mr. Nesbit did not deliver these drawings to the Tweddell family, or why, or under what circumstances he placed them among Lord Elgin's baggage, is not stated—all that is known on this point is, that neither he nor any body else ever apprized Lord Elgin that these drawings had been so placed, and that Lord Elgin removed the whole of his vast collection of drawings, &c. un-examined, from this gentleman's house, where they occupied many rooms, to Scotland, without opening the cases or even seeing the contents. (*P. S. p. 24.*)

Mr. Robert Tweddell (it does not appear on what information) applied

applied to Mr. Nesbit to inquire after his brother's effects, and Mr. Nesbit then acquainted him with the above circumstances, and transmitted to him the copies which he had had made at Naples.

Our readers would now of course have expected that Mr. Robert Tweddell, delighted with this ray of hope, should not delay an hour to communicate to Lord Elgin this happy discovery, and request his lordship to look for the original drawings—but no—Mr. Robert Tweddell, who was sufficiently prolix, and more than sufficiently imperative with Lord Elgin on other points, maintains a close silence on this topic till the publication of his book, and even in that publication alludes (as we have seen) to the matter in a way to baffle all supposition that the drawings mentioned in the text were the same alluded to in the Postscript. Nor did the matter ever reach Lord Elgin, in any intelligible shape, nor would it probably ever have reached him, but that in his anxiety to collect all possible evidence upon the subject, recollecting that Mr. Nesbit and Professor Carlyle had returned to England together, his lordship, who for many years had had no intercourse with Mr. Nesbit, felt himself, under the circumstances of the case, authorized to beg that gentleman to acquaint him whether *he* had any recollection relative to Mr. Tweddell's effects; (P.S. p. 27;) in answer to which inquiry, Mr. Nesbit, in a letter dated the latter end of December last, informed his lordship of what had before passed between him and Mr. Robert Tweddell, and then, *for the first time*, Lord Elgin states that he became acquainted with the possibility that any portion of Mr. Tweddell's drawings had found their way back into his possession. He immediately collected every drawing of this kind in his possession, sent the whole to London in sealed parcels, and conveyed an intimation to Mr. Robert Tweddell of his surprize at this tardy discovery to his lordship of what Mr. Tweddell so long knew; and he acquainted him that the sealed parcels were deposited in London, to be opened and examined in his presence, or that of any friend he might appoint for this purpose.

These parcels have not been, as we are informed, yet examined; when they are, we think it probable that the drawings referred to by Mr. Nesbit may be found: but the only effect which this discovery can have on the case at large will be in our opinion to prove, still more strongly, that Lord Elgin never did and never could have intended to appropriate any part of the effects, because the rank, character, and personal habits of Mr. Nesbit render it impossible that he should have been made a partner in so disgraceful a transaction; and as Mr. Nesbit knew (it appears by his answers to Mr. Tweddell) the whole history of those drawings, such an intention could not be effected without his connivance. We may also add, that Lord Elgin's entrusting these drawings for conveyance to Mr. Tweddell's family

family to a person of Mr. Nesbit's character, (if that be really the fact,) is a pledge of his sincere wish that they should reach their destination; and the unhappy circumstance which has interrupted all connection and friendship between Lord Elgin and that respectable gentleman could not lead his lordship to expect that any negligence relative to Mr. Tweddell's affairs, and still less any dishonesty, would have been screened or countenanced by him.

Thus this circumstance, which promised to unravel the mystery, will, *if the drawings should be found*, serve only to increase it; for, while it tends to prove Lord Elgin's care of part of the effects, and his wish that they should reach Mr. Tweddell's family, it throws a greater perplexity over the fate of the rest.

The other circumstance which we alluded to is, that Mr. Hamilton, now one of the under-secretaries of state, and the late Col. Squire, who visited Athens after Professor Carlyle, received there, from the hands of some person whose name Mr. Hamilton, the survivor, does not recollect, a manuscript book; either a *copy* or an *original*, containing notes of Mr. Tweddell's relative to Attica and Bœotia. (P. S. p. 28.)

If this had been an *original*, we should have supposed either that it was plundered, (as the medals and gold coins were,) and had found its way back to Athens, or entrusted to Professor Carlyle for conveyance to England, and lost by, or stolen from, that gentleman during his visit to Athens; and in this case it would have proved, in a most convincing manner, the anxiety of Lord Elgin to transmit Mr. Tweddell's papers to his friends: but we now learn from Doctor Hunt's publication, that this book was, in fact, neither a copy properly speaking, nor an original, but an extract, made by Doctor Hunt, from Mr. Tweddell's papers, and used by the Doctor and Professor Carlyle in their visit to Attica, and afterwards communicated by them to Messrs. Hamilton and Squire.

This circumstance, then, proves nothing towards the general question, except that *Lord Elgin* certainly did NOT *detain* and *secrete* Mr. Tweddell's notes for his own purposes; and the liberty Doctor Hunt took of transcribing, for the use of the gentlemen of the embassy, some memoranda from them, proves that the originals were intended to be returned, and the whole of this affair was within the knowledge and participation of Professor Carlyle, and therefore not intended to be concealed from Mr. Tweddell's family and friends.

With Doctor Hunt's defence of his having, as the reward of the care and patience with which he dried the damaged papers, taken extracts from them, we shall not swell our article. He thinks his conduct justifiable; we cannot persuade ourselves into that opinion: to us, it seems to have been a gross breach of trust,—a kind of literary felony, in which the most lenient course we can take towards the

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the offender is to allow him the benefit of clergy, on the plea of his having been forced to read and examine those papers in the process of drying, and because Professor Carlyle, the friend of the Tweddells and who was about to convey to them all his knowledge of John Tweddell's affairs, was a participant in the Doctor's proceedings—this latter circumstance proves that neither he nor the Doctor thought, at the time, that the latter was doing wrong; and shews that they considered, though we cannot, that they had acquired a certain *right* of toll on the passage, through their hands, of Mr. Tweddell's effects.

The late publications of Lord Elgin and Doctor Hunt add very little to the evidence which these gentlemen had furnished to Mr. Robert Tweddell.—Indeed it was not to be expected that they should add much; for having already stated all that they recollected of the matter, there was no reason to hope that more time would have produced much more recollection; but we think ourselves obliged, in justice, to notice that a very unfair mode of examination appears to have been pursued with regard to the evidence of his lordship and Doctor Hunt, contained as well in the letters which they wrote in confidence to Mr. Robert Tweddell, as in their printed pamphlets. All these productions are simply and unaffectedly written; there is no pretension of authorship in them, and there is no appearance of that conscious caution which weighs the meaning of every word, and arranges its phrases with the minute art of a guilty apologist. They convey their thoughts in the ordinary language of society; and because the ordinary language of society is not metaphysically correct and logically precise, these gentlemen have been accused of prevarication, and similar kinds of baseness. For instance, in speaking of a certain fact, it is stated in one passage that they *believe it*; in another, that it is *extremely probable*; and in a third, that it is *more than probable*. Who does not see that, in the ordinary style of conversation and letter-writing, these phrases are not merely consistent, but tantamount with each other? yet we have a curious critic, with the eye and spirit of a special pleader, informing us that Lord Elgin and Doctor Hunt would be, on those very phrases, convicted of prevarication or perjury; because, forsooth, *belief* is a very different thing from '*probability*,' and both are very different from that third mode, which is expressed in the words '*more than probable*.' We confess that we feel some degree of indignation at seeing the expressions in which gentlemen, who are neither lawyers nor authors, convey their recollection of an affair seventeen years old, tortured by the malignant minuteness of such petty criticism. We heartily wish that Lord Elgin and Doctor Hunt had nothing more serious to account for than the crime of speaking

speaking and writing rather like English gentlemen than solicitors of Furnival's Inn, or Scotch metaphysicians.

In Lord Elgin's Postscript, (p. 21,) his lordship expresses, as we have already noticed, a hope that the effects may have been sent not by the *Lord Duncan*, but by a government vessel called the *New Adventure*, which conveyed some packages of his own; it had been supposed that the *New Adventure* had foundered at sea; but there is, it seems, reason to hope that she was only cast away on the coast or condemned in some port of Spain; and if the latter be the fact, the goods with which she was laden may yet be traced.

We are not, however, very sanguine as to the discovery of these papers, or of what their fate has been, unless Mr. Nesbit's recollection can afford some information as to the reasons why a part only was entrusted to him and Professor Carlyle, and as to the channel by which the rest was sent; which we suppose, if that gentleman could have given it, would have been already stated.

Here then this extraordinary case now rests: and from the view which we have given of it, as succinctly and impartially as we could, having no connection nor even the slightest degree of acquaintance with the parties to the controversy, we think our readers will be disposed to agree with us, that whatever be eventually the result of all this inquiry, Mr. Robert Tweddell must stand convicted of disingenuousness\* and violence of language, and of being rather desirous of defaming Lord Elgin's character than of recovering his brother's effects—and that Lord Elgin, though he must be clearly acquitted of the disgraceful part of the charges made against him by Mr. Tweddell, can by no means be relieved from the minor blame of inattention to Mr. Tweddell's affairs: as a public and a private duty, his lordship's interference, since he did interfere, should have been continued '*ad inum qualis ab incepto*:' he should have insisted on Mr. Spencer Smith's doing his duty; *he should not have permitted the eyes and fingers of copyists to have examined Mr. Tweddell's notes and sketches*—this literary property was more valuable, and ought to have been as sacred as Mr. Tweddell's purse. The secretary, or some one belonging to the embassy, should have known how these things were sent; and if by a merchant-ship, bills of lading should have been transmitted to the family.—We may add, that it would have been but common courtesy in Lord Elgin to inquire whether they had been received; and when he had discovered that they were missing, he should have *taken the*

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\* It is one of the most curious parts of the conduct of Mr. Robert Tweddell that he has evaded giving Lord Elgin a copy of his lordship's letters to him, of which, written in full but mistaken confidence of Mr. Tweddell's candour, his lordship had kept no copy.

*lead* in instituting and conducting the most general and active inquiry into their fate.

It will be said, that the importance and weight of his lordship's duties at Constantinople; the *tracasseries* which he suffered not only from the negligence but the hostility of Mr. Smith; his lordship's long imprisonment in France; the melancholy duties which awaited him on his arrival in England, are sufficient apologies for his omitting to take these steps—we admit the force of these excuses *up to a certain period and point*; but we fear that, since he heard of the loss of the effects, he has, till of late, shewn a great degree of apathy and indifference to the subject.—He felt, we have no doubt, conscious, that though he could not recollect the particulars, he had done all that his public duty required; but he ought not to have been so easily satisfied with this internal consciousness: and by having despised or neglected to take a more early and active part in the inquiry, he has subjected his character to imputations which, however false, must be most painful to him, and which, with a great portion of the world, who cannot comprehend moral proofs, and will yield only to ocular demonstration, must still continue, we fear, to have some degree of authority.

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# THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

JANUARY, 1816.

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EVERY thing belonging to the Highlands of Scotland has of late become peculiarly interesting. It is not much above half a century since it was otherwise. The inhabitants of the Lowlands of Scotland were, indeed, aware that there existed, in the extremity of the island, amid wilder mountains and broader lakes than their own, tribes of men called clans, living each under the rule of their own chief, wearing a peculiar dress, speaking an unknown language, and going armed even in the most ordinary and peaceable vocations. The more southern counties saw specimens of these men, following the droves of cattle which were the sole exportable commodity of their country, plaided, bonneted, belted and brogued, and driving their bullocks, as Virgil is said to have spread his manure, with an air of great dignity and consequence. To their nearer lowland neighbours, they were known by more fierce and frequent causes of acquaintance; by the forays which they made upon the inhabitants of the plains, and the tribute, or protection-money, which they exacted from those whose possessions they spared. But in England, the knowledge of the very existence of the highlanders was, prior to 1745, faint and forgotten; and not even the recollection of those civil wars which they had maintained in the years 1689, 1715 and 1719, had made much impression on the British public. The more intelligent, when they thought of them by any chance, considered them as complete barbarians; and the mass of the people cared no more about them than the merchants of New York about the Indians who dwell beyond the Alleghany mountains. Swift, in his *Journal to Stella*, mentions having dined in company

with two gentlemen from the highlands of Scotland, and expresses his surprize at finding them persons of ordinary decorum and civility.

Such was the universal ignorance of the rest of the island respecting the inhabitants of this remote corner of Britain, when the events of the remarkable years 1745-6 roused them, 'like a rattling peal of thunder.' In the beginning of August, 1745, the eldest son of the Chevalier Saint George, usually called from that circumstance the young Chevalier, landed in Moidart, in the west highlands, with seven attendants only; and his presence was sufficient to summon about eighteen hundred men to his standard, even before the news of his arrival could reach London. This little army was composed of a few country gentlemen, acting as commanders of battalions raised from the peasants or *commoners* of their estates, and officered by the principal farmers, or *tacksmen*. None of them pretended to knowledge of military affairs, and very few had ever seen an action. With such inadequate forces, the adventurer marched forward, like the hero of a romance, to prove his fortune. The most considerable part of the regular army moved to meet him at the pass of Corry-arig; and here, as we learn from these papers, the Chevalier called for his Highland dress, and, tying the lachets of a pair of Highland brogues, swore he would fight the army of the government before he unloosed them.\* But Sir John Cope, avoiding an action, marched to Inverness, leaving the low countries open to the Chevalier, who instantly rushed down on them; and while one part of the government army retreated northward to avoid him, he chased before him the remainder, which fled to the south. He crossed the Firth on the 18th September, and in two days afterwards was master of the metropolis of Scotland. The king's forces having again united at Dunbar, and being about to advance upon Edinburgh, sustained at Preston-pans one of the most complete defeats recorded in history, their cavalry flying in irretrievable confusion, and all their infantry being killed or made prisoners. Under these auspices, the highland army, now about five or six thousand strong, advanced into England, although Marshal Wade lay at Newcastle with one army, and the Duke of Cumberland was at the head of another in the centre of the kingdom. They took Carlisle, a walled town, with a castle of considerable strength, and struck a degree of confusion and terror into the public mind, at which those who witnessed and shared it were afterwards surprized and ashamed. London, says a contemporary writing on the spur of the moment, lies open as a prize to the first comers, whether Scotch or Dutch; and a letter from Gray to Horace Walpole,

\* Culloden Papers, p. 216.

paints an indifference yet more ominous to the public cause than the general panic:—‘The common people in town at least know how to be afraid; but we are such uncommon people here (at Cambridge) as to have no more sense of danger than if the battle had been fought where and when the battle of Cannæ was.—I heard three sensible middle-aged men, when the Scotch were said to be at Stamford, and actually were at Derby, talking of hiring a chaise to go to Caxton (a place in the high road) to see the Pretender and highlanders as they passed.’ A further evidence of the feelings under which the public laboured during this crisis, is to be found in these papers, in a letter from the well-known Sir Andrew Mitchell to the Lord President.

‘If I had not lived long enough in England to know the natural bravery of the people, particularly of the better sort, I should, from their behaviour of late, have had a very false opinion of them; for the least scrap of good news exalts them most absurdly; and the smallest reverse of fortune depresses them meanly.’—p. 255.

In fact the alarm was not groundless;—not that the number of the Chevalier’s individual followers ought to have been an object of serious, at least of permanent alarm to so great a kingdom,—but because, in many counties, a great proportion of the landed interest were jacobitically disposed, although, with the prudence which distinguished the opposite party in 1688, they declined joining the invaders until it should appear whether they could maintain their ground without them. If it had rested with the unfortunate but daring leader of this strange adventure, his courage, though far less supported either by actual strength of numbers or by military experience, was as much ‘screwed to the sticking-place’ as that of the Prince of Orange. The history of the council of war, at Derby, in which Charles Edward’s retreat was determined, has never yet been fully explained; it will, however, be one day made known;—in the mean time, it is proved that no cowardice on his part, no wish to retreat from the desperate venture in which he was engaged, and to shelter himself from its consequences, dictated the movement which was then adopted. *Vestigia nulla retrorsum* had been his motto from the beginning. When retreat was determined upon, contrary to his arguments, entreaties, and tears, he evidently considered his cause as desperate: he seemed, in many respects, an altered man; and from being the leader of his little host, became in appearance, as he was in reality, their reluctant follower. While the highland army advanced, Charles was always in the van by break of day;—in retreat, his alacrity was gone, and often they were compelled to wait for him;—he lost his spirit, his gaiety, his hardihood, and he never regained them but when battle was spoken of. In later life, when all hopes of his re-establishment

ment were ended, Charles Edward sunk into frailties by which he was debased and dishonoured. But let us be just to the memory of the unfortunate. Without courage, he had never made the attempt—without address and military talent, he had never kept together his own desultory bands, or discomfited the more experienced soldiers of his enemy;—and finally, without patience, resolution, and fortitude, he could never have supported his cause so long, under successive disappointments, or fallen at last with honour, by an accumulated and overwhelming pressure.

When the resolution of retreat was adopted, it was accomplished with a dexterous celerity, as remarkable as the audacity of the advance. With Ligonier's army on one flank, and Cumberland's in the rear,—surrounded by hostile forces,—and without one hope remaining of countenance or assistance from the jacobites of England, the highlanders made their retrograde movement without either fear or loss, and had the advantage at Clifton, near Penrith, in the only skirmish which took place between them and their numerous pursuers. The same good fortune seemed for a time to attend the continuation of the war, when removed once more to Scotland. The Chevalier, at the head of his little army, returned to the north more like a victor than a retreating adventurer. He laid Glasgow under ample contribution, refreshed and collected his scattered troops, and laid siege to Stirling, whose castle guards the principal passage between the Highlands and Lowlands. In the mean while, General Hawley was sent against him; an officer so confident of success, that he declared he would trample the highland insurgents into dust with only two regiments of dragoons; and whose first order, on entering Edinburgh, was to set up a gibbet in the Grass Market, and another between Leith and Edinburgh. But this commander received from his despised opponents so sharp a defeat, at Falkirk, that, notwithstanding all the colours which could be put upon it, the affair appeared not much more creditable than that of Preston-pans. How Hawley looked upon this occasion, we learn by a letter from General Wightman.

'General H—y is in much the same situation as General C—e; he was never seen in the field during the battle; and every thing would have gone to wreck, in a worse manner than at Preston, if General Huske had not acted with judgment and courage, and appeared every where. H—y seems to be sensible of his misconduct; for when I was with him on Saturday morning at Linlithgow, he looked most wretchedly; even worse than C—e did a few hours after his scuffle, when I saw him at Fala.'—p. 267.

Even when the approach of the Duke of Cumberland, with a predominant force, compelled these adventurers to retreat towards their northern recesses, they were so far from being disheartened that

that they generally had the advantage in the sort of skirmishing warfare which preceded their final defeat at Culloden. On this occasion, they seem, for the first time, to have laboured under a kind of judicial infatuation. They did not defend the passage of Spey, though broad, deep, rapid, and dangerous; they did not retreat before the duke into the defiles of their own mountains, where regular troops pursuing them could not long have subsisted; they did not even withdraw two leagues, which would have placed them in a position inaccessible to horse and favourable to their own mode of fighting; they did not await their own reinforcements, although three thousand men, a number equal to one half of their army, were within a day's march;—but, on the contrary, they wasted the spirits of their people, already exhausted by hunger and dispirited by retreat, in a forced march, with the purpose of a night attack, which was hastily and rashly adopted, and as inconsiderately abandoned; and at length drew up in an open plain, exposed to the fire of artillery, and protected from the charge of cavalry only by a park wall, which was soon pulled down. This they did, though they themselves had no efficient force of either description; and in such a hopeless position they awaited the encounter of an enemy more than double their numbers, fully equipped, and in a complete state for battle. The result was what might have been expected—the loss, namely, of all but their honour, which was well maintained, since they left nearly the half of their army upon the field.

What causes, at this critical period, distracted those councils which had hitherto exhibited sagacity and military talent, it would be difficult now to ascertain. An officer, deep in their counsels, offers no better reason than that they must have expected a continuation of the same miraculous success which had hitherto befriended them against all probable calculation and chance of war—a sort of crowning mercy, as Cromwell might have called it, granted to the supposed goodness of their cause, and their acknowledged courage, in defiance of all the odds against them. But we believe the truth to be, that the French advisers who were around the Chevalier had, by this time, the majority in his councils. They were alarmed at the prospect of a mountain war, which presented a long perspective of severe hardship and privation; and being, at the worst, confident of their own safety as prisoners of war, they urged the adventurer to stand this fearful hazard, which, as we all know, terminated in utter and irremediable defeat.

It was not till after these events, which we have hastily retraced, that the highlanders, with the peculiarity of their government and habits, became a general object of attention and investigation. And evidently it must have been matter of astonishment to the subjects of the complicated and combined constitution of Great

Britain, to find they were living at the next door to tribes whose government and manners were simply and purely patriarchal, and who, in the structure of their social system, much more resembled the inhabitants of the mountains of India than those of the plains of England. Indeed, when we took up the account of Caubul, lately published by the Honourable Mr. Elphinstone, we were forcibly struck with the curious points of parallelism between the manners of the Afghaan tribes and those of the ancient Highland clans. They resembled these oriental mountaineers in their feuds, in their adoption of auxiliary tribes, in their laws, in their modes of conducting war, in their arms, and, in some respects, even in their dress. A highlander who made the *amende honorable* to an enemy, came to his dwelling, laid his head upon the block, or offered him his sword held by the point;—an Afghaan does the same. It was deemed unworthy, in either case, to refuse the clemency implored, but it might be legally done. We recollect an instance in highland history:—William Mac Intosh, a leader, if not the chief, of that ancient clan, upon some quarrel with the Gordons, burnt the castle of Auchindown, belonging to this powerful family; and was, in the feud which followed, reduced to such extremities by the persevering vengeance of the Earl of Huntley, that he was at length compelled to surrender himself at discretion. He came to the castle of Strathbogie, chusing his time when the Earl was absent, and yielded himself up to the Countess. She informed him that Huntley had sworn never to forgive him the offence he had committed, until he should see his head upon the block. The humbled chieftain kneeled down, and laid his head upon the kitchen dresser, where the oxen were cut up for the baron's feast. No sooner had he made this humiliation, than the cook, who stood behind him with his cleaver uplifted, at a sign from the inexorable Countess, severed Mac Intosh's head from his body at a stroke. So deep was this thirst of vengeance impressed on the minds of the highlanders, that when a clergyman informed a dying chief of the unlawfulness of the sentiment, urged the necessity of his forgiving an inveterate enemy, and quoted the scriptural expression, 'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord,' the acquiescing penitent said, with a deep sigh,—'To be sure, it is too sweet a morsel for a mortal.' Then added, 'Well, I forgive him; but the deil take you, Donald, (turning to his son,) if *you* forgive him.'

Another extraordinary instance occurred in Aberdeenshire. In the sixteenth century, Muat of Abergeldie, then a powerful baron, made an agreement to meet with Cameron of Brux, with whom he was at feud, each being attended with twelve horse only. But Muat, treacherously taking advantage of the literal meaning of the words, came with two riders on each horse. They met at Drumgaudrum,

gaudrum, a hill near the river Don; and in the unequal conflict which ensued, Brux fell, with most of his friends. The estate descended to an only daughter, Katherine; whose hand the widowed Lady Brux, with a spirit well suited to the times, offered as a reward to any one who would avenge her husband's death. Robert Forbes, a younger son of the chief of that family, undertook the adventure; and having challenged Muat to single combat, fought with and slew him at a place called Badenyon, near the head of Glenbucket. A stone called Clachmuat (*i. e.* Muat's stone) still marks the place of combat. When the victor presented himself to claim the reward of his valour, and to deprecate any delay of his happiness, Lady Brux at once cut short all ceremonial, by declaring that 'Kate Cameron should go to Robert Forbes's bed while Muat's blood was yet reeking upon his gully,' (*i. e.* knife). The victor expressed no disapprobation of this arrangement, nor did the maiden scruples of the bride impede her filial obedience.\*

One more example (and we could add an hundred) of that insatiable thirst for revenge, which attended northern feuds. One of the Leslies, a strong and active young man, chanced to be in company with a number of the clan of Leith, the feudal enemies of his own. The place where they met being the hall of a powerful and neutral neighbour, Leslie was, like Shakspeare's Tybalt in a similar situation, compelled to endure their presence. Still he held the opinion of the angry Capulet, even in the midst of the entertainment,

'Now by the stock and honour of my kin,  
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.'

Accordingly, when they stood up to dance, and he found himself compelled to touch the hands and approach the persons of his detested enemies, the deadly feud broke forth. He unsheathed his dagger as he went down the dance—struck on the right and left—laid some dead and many wounded on the floor—threw up the window, leaped into the castle-court, and escaped in the general confusion. Such were the unsettled principles of the time, that the perfidy of the action was lost in its boldness; it was applauded by his kinsmen, who united themselves to defend what he had done; and the fact is commemorated in the well-known tune of triumph called *Lesley among the Leiths*.

The genealogies of the Afghaun tribes may be paralleled with those of the clans; the nature of their favourite sports, their love of their native land, their hospitality, their address, their simplicity of manners exactly correspond. Their superstitions are the same, or nearly so. The *Gholée Beabaun* (demons of the desert) re-

\* Vide note to Don, a poem, reprinted by Moir, Edinburgh, 1816, from an edition in 1742.



semble the *Boddach* of the Highlanders, who 'walked the heath at midnight and at noon.' The Afghaun's most ordinary mode of divination is by examining the marks in the blade-bone of a sheep, held up to the light; and even so the Rev. Mr. Robert Kirk assures us, that in his time, the end of the sixteenth century, 'the seers prognosticate many future events, (only for a month's space,) from the shoulder-bone of a sheep on which a knife never came.—By looking into the bone, they will tell if whoredom be committed in the owner's house; what money the master of the sheep had; if any will die out of that house for a month, and if any cattle there will take a *trake*, (i. e. a disease,) as if planet-struck.\*

The Afghaun, who, in his weary travels, had seen no vale equal to his own native valley of Speiger, may find a parallel in many an exile from the braes of Lochaber; and whoever had remonstrated with an ancient Highland chief, on the superior advantages of a civilized life regulated by the authority of equal laws, would have received an answer something similar to the indignant reply of the old Afghaun; 'We are content with discord, we are content with alarms, we are content with blood, but we will never be content with a master.† The highland chiefs, otherwise very frequently men of sense and education, and only distinguished in lowland society by an affectation of rank and stateliness, somewhat above their means, were, in their own country, from the absolute submission paid to them by their clans, and the want of frequent intercourse with persons of the same rank with themselves, nursed in a high and daring spirit of independent sovereignty which would not brook or receive protection or controul from the public law or government; and disdained to owe their possessions and the preservation of their rights to any thing but their own broadswords.

Similar examples may be derived from the history of Persia by Sir John Malcolm. But our limits do not permit us further to pursue a parallel which serves strikingly to shew how the same state of society and civilization produces similar manners, laws, and customs, even at the most remote period of time, and in the most distant quarters of the world. In two respects the manners of the Caubul tribes differ materially from those of the highlanders; first, in the influence of their Jeergas, or patriarchal senates, which diminishes the power of their chiefs, and gives a democratic turn to each separate tribe. This appears to have been a perpetual and radical difference; for at no time do the highland chiefs appear to have taken counsel with their elders, as an authorized and inde-

\* Essay on the Nature and Actions of the subterranean invisible people going under the names of Elves, Fairies and the like. London, 1815.

† Account of Caubul, p. 174, Note.

pendent

pendent body, although, no doubt, they availed themselves of their advice and experience, upon the principle of a general who summons a council of war.\* The second point of distinction respects the consolidation of those detached tribes under one head, or king, who, with a degree of authority greater or less according to his talents, popularity, and other circumstances, is the acknowledged head of the associated communities. In this point, however, the highlanders anciently resembled the Afghauns, as will appear when we give a brief sketch of their general history. But this, to be intelligible, must be preceded by some account of their social system, of which the original and primitive basis differed very little from the first time that we hear of them in history until the destruction of clanship in 1748.

The Scottish Highlanders were, like the Welch, the unmixed aboriginal natives of the island, speaking a dialect of the ancient Celtic, once the language of all Britain, and being the descendants of those tribes which had been driven by the successive invasions of nations more politic than themselves, and better skilled in the regular arts of war, into the extensive mountainous tract which, divided by an imaginary line, drawn from Dunbarton, includes both sides of Loch Lomond, and the higher and more mountainous parts of Stirling and Perthshires, Angus, Mearns, and Aberdeenshire. Beyond this line all the people speak Gaelic, and wear, or did wear, the highland dress. The Western Islands are comprehended within this wild and extensive territory, which includes upwards of two hundred parishes, and a population of about two hundred thousand souls.

The country, though in many places so wild and savage as to be almost uninhabitable, contains on the sea coasts, on the sides of the lakes, in the vales of the small streams, and in the more extensive *straths* through which larger rivers discharge themselves, much arable ground; and the mountains which surround these favoured spots afford ample pasture walks, and great abundance of game. Natural forests of oak, fir, and birch, are found in most places of the country, and were anciently yet more extensive. These glens, or valleys, were each the domain of a separate tribe, who lived for each other, laboured in common, married usually within the clan, and, the passages from one vale to another being dangerous in most seasons, and toilsome in all, had very little communication with the world beyond their own range of mountains. This

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\* This is to be understood generally; for there were circumstances in which the subordinate chieftains of the clan took upon them to controul the chief, as when the Mackenzies forcibly compelled the Earl of Seaforth to desist from his purpose of pulling down his family-seat of Castle Brahan.

circumstance

circumstance doubtless tended to prolong among these separate tribes a species of government, the first that is known in the infancy of society, and which, in most instances, is altered or modified during an early period of its progress. The chief himself had a separate appellative formed on the same principle: thus the chief of the Campbells was called Mac Callam more, (i. e. the son of the great Colin;) Glengarry is called Mac Allister more, and so forth. Their language has no higher expression of rank; and when the family of Slate were ennobled, their clansmen could only distinguish Lord Mac Donald as Mac Dhonuil more, (i. e. the great Mac Donald.) To this was often added some special epithet distinguishing the individual or reigning chief. Thus, John Duke of Argyll was called *Jan Roy nan Cath*, as the celebrated Viscount of Dundee was termed *Jan Dhu nan Cath*, namely, *Red* or *Black John* of the *Battles*. Such epithets distinguished one chief from another, but the patronymic of the dynasty was common to all.

The obedience of the highlander was paid to the chief of his clan, as representing some remote ancestor from whom it was supposed the whole tribe was originally descended, and whose name, compounded into a patronymic, as we have already mentioned, was the distinguishing appellation of the sept. Each clan, acting upon this principle, bore to its chief all the zeal, all the affectionate deference, all the blind devotion, of children to a father. Their obedience was grounded on the same law of nature, and a breach of it was regarded as equally heinous. The clansman who scrupled to save his chief's life at the expense of his own, was regarded as a coward who fled from his father's side in the hour of peril. Upon this simple principle rests the whole doctrine of clanship; and although the authority of the chief sometimes assumed a more legal aspect, as the general law of the country then stood, by his being possessed of feudal influence, or territorial jurisdiction,—yet, with his clan, no feudal rights, or magisterial authority, could enhance or render more ample that power which he possessed, *jure sanguinis*, by the right of primogeniture. The duty of the clansman was indelible; and no feudal grant which he might acquire, or other engagement whatsoever, was to be preferred to his service to the chief. In the following letter Mac Intoshe summons, as his rightful followers, those of his people who were resident on the estate of Culloden, who, according to low country law, ought to have followed their landlord.

Madam,

You can't be a Stranger to the Circumstances I have put myself in at the tyme, and the great need I have of my own Men & followers wherever they may be found. Wherfor I thought fitt, seeing Collodin

is

is not at home, by this line to intreat you to put no stopp in the way of these Men that are & have been my followers upon your Ground.

Madam, your compliance in this will very much Oblige,

Your most humble Servant,

L. MACINTOSH.

14th Sept. 1715.

Madam,

P. S. If what I demand will not be granted, I hope I'll be excused to be in my duty.—pp. 338—9.

Such was the very simple theory of clan-government. In practice, it extended farther. Each clan was divided into three orders. The head of all was the CHIEF, who was usually, though not uniformly, the proprietor of all, or the greater part of the territories of the clan; not, it must be supposed, in absolute property, but as the head and grand steward of the community. He administered them, however, in all respects, at his own will and pleasure. A certain portion of the best of the land he retained as his own appanage, and it was cultivated for his sole profit. The rest was divided by grants, of a nature more or less temporary, among the second class of the clan who are called TENANTS, TACKSMEN, or GOODMEN. These were the near relations of the chief, or were descended from those who bore such near relation to some of his ancestors. To each of these, brothers, nephews, cousins, and so forth, the chief assigned a portion of land, either during pleasure, or upon short lease, or frequently in the form of a *wadset*, (mortgage,) redeemable for a certain sum of money. These small portions of land, assisted by the liberality of their relations, the tacksmen contrived to stock, and on these they subsisted, until in a generation or two the lands were resumed for portioning out some nearer relative, and the descendants of the original tacksmen sunk into the situation of commoners. This was such an ordinary transition, that the third class, consisting of the common people, was strengthened in the principle on which their clannish obedience depended, namely, the belief in their original connection with the genealogy of the chief, since each generation saw a certain number of families merge among the commoners whom their fathers had ranked among the tacksmen or nobility of the clan.

This change, though frequent, did not uniformly take place. In the case of a very powerful chief, or of one who had an especial affection for a son or brother, a portion of land was assigned to a cadet in perpetuity, or he was perhaps settled in an appanage conquered from some other clan, or the tacksmen acquired wealth and property by marriage, or by some exertion of his own. In all these cases, he kept his rank in society, and usually had under his government a branch or sub-division of the tribe, who looked up to him

him as their immediate leader, and whom he governed with the same authority, and in the same manner, in all respects, as the chief, who was patriarchal head of the whole sept. Such head of a subordinate branch of a clan was called a *chieftain*, (a word of distinct and limited meaning,) but remained dependent and usually tributary to the *chief*, and bound to support, follow, and obey him in all lawful and unlawful service. The larger claus often comprehended several of these sub-divisions, each of which had its own chieftain; and it sometimes happened when the original family became extinct, that it was difficult to determine the right of succession. This was a calamitous event, for it usually occasioned a civil war; and it was accounted a dishonourable one, since a clan without an acknowledged head was considered as an anomaly among them. To use to any member of a clan which chanced to be in this situation the expression, '*Name your chief*,' was an insult which nothing but blood could avenge.\* This peculiarity, which in the course of ages often took place, was one great source of war among the highland clans. When the direct lineage of a chief of an extended lineage became extinct, there arose disputes among the subordinate branches concerning the right of succession to this high dignity. Of these rival chieftains, (we use the word in its limited signification,) each had his separate band of devoted followers, and, like princes in the same situation, none lacked his *seannachies*, or genealogists, to vouch for his title. It is a complete proof of the uncertainty of highland succession, that when a clan regiment was raised, there was a great diversity of opinion who was entitled to the post of honour after the chief, whether the representative of the eldest or of the youngest branch; and as this was a point undecided in the year 1745,† it cannot be doubted that so important a difference must repeatedly have drawn blood during the frequent quarrels of ambitious chieftains.

To return to the more simple state of the highland clan, in which we suppose the chief to have had no subordinate leaders approaching to him in degree: his immediate dependants were the tacksmen, a race of men upon whose peculiar manners, much rather than on those of the chief who usually had the advantage either of an English or French education, or upon the commons, whose manners, as in all other countries, reflected imperfectly, like a coarse mirror, the habits of their superiors, the distinct character

\* See Letters from the North of Scotland, a work containing much curious information on the former state of the Highlands. The author was Mr. Burt, an engineer, and the work was first published in 1754, thirty years after most of the letters were written. The book has been lately reprinted; and as it contains the observations of an impartial, and on the whole, an unprejudiced stranger, it is a good record of highland manners at the commencement of the 18th century.

† See Home's History of the Rebellion, p. 9.

of the highlanders rested. These tacksmen were by profession gentlemen, or, as they termed it in their language, *Duinhé Wassal*. Of this distinction, usually marked by a feather in the bonnet, for in all other particulars their dress and that of the chief himself differed little from that of the commoners, they were especially tenacious; and the danger of contesting it was the greater, the nearer the *Duinhé Wassal* approached to the state of the commoner, which was the grave of all the Capulets. Woe betide the lowlander who scrupled to pay the homage due to the genealogy of a highland gentleman, even when he condescended to drive his own cows to market! When the low country drovers and graziers met their highland customers at the trysts of Donne, and elsewhere on the borders, affronts were sometimes offered on the one hand, and on the other the claymore made its instant appearance. The lowlanders (we have been assured from those concerned in such affrays) were less abashed at the display of steel than might be supposed; for at the first signal of quarrel they were wont to dip their bonnets in the next rivulet, which, twisted round a stout cudgel, made a tough guard for the hand; and with this precaution both parties were ready to engage—

One arm'd with metal, t'other with wood,  
This fit for bruise, and that for blood;  
With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,  
Hard crab-tree and old iron rang.

The highlanders had, indeed, the advantage of fire-arms, but rarely used them on such occasions, where a few slashes and broken heads usually decided the combat. Sterner consequences, however, sometimes ensued—these highland gentlemen were proud in proportion to their poverty, and the quarrels between them and the similar dependants of other families, when they met at the *aqua vitæ* houses, which were common in this country, gave rise to frequent bloodshed and often to deadly feuds, between the clans to which the contending parties belonged.

In their intercourse with their respective chiefs, and with the commons, or bulk of the clan, the tacksmen had a double part to play, which demanded all the capacity of skilful courtiers. It was their business to get from both sides as much as they could—from the chief they gained their ends, by means of acting the part of counsellors, assistants, flatterers,—in short by going through the whole routine of court-intrigue. The exercise of their talents in this, as well as in the exterior relations of the clan, and its public business, as it might be called, arising from alliances, jealousies, feuds, predatory aggressions, and retaliations, was accompanied by the usual effect of sharpening the intellect. The tacksmen accordingly were remarkable for a ready and versatile politeness in common conversation,

sation, and for a somewhat ostentatious display of the virtue of hospitality, which was balanced by their art and address in making bargains, by audacity to demand, eloquence to support their request, and address to take advantage even of the slightest appearance of concession. As they had on the one hand to act as a kind of ministry to the chief, so on the other it was their business to make as much as they could of the commoners subjected to their immediate jurisdiction; whom they repaid for their own exactions, by protecting them against those which were offered from any other quarter.

The commons, from hard and scanty fare probably, were usually inferior in stature to the chiefs, chieftains and tacksmen, but extremely hardy and active. They were supported thus: each tacksmen individually leased out his part of the clan territory, in small portions and for moderate rents to the commoners of the clan; or by a mode of cultivation often practised on the continent, and known in Scottish law by the name of *Steel-bow*, he furnished such a portion of the ground with stock and seed-corn, on condition of receiving from the tenant or actual labourer a moiety of the profits. In either case the dependence of the cottager or commoner on the tacksmen was as absolute as that of the tacksmen upon the chief, and the general opinion inculcated upon all was implicit duty to their patriarchal head and his constituted authorities.

This system in an early state of society, and in a fertile and uninhabited country, as it is the most obvious is also the best which could be adopted. In such a case, when the flocks and herds of two tribes, like those of Abraham and Lot, become too numerous for the land in which they dwell, one kinsman can say to another, 'Why should there be strife between us? Is not the whole land before thee—separate thyself.'—But the most remarkable part of the highland system, was the rapid increase of population, which, pent up within narrow and unfertile valleys, could neither extend itself towards the mountains, on account of hostile clans, nor towards the lowlands, because the civilized country, though unable to prevent occasional depredations, was always too powerful to admit of any permanent settlement being gained upon the plains by the mountaineers. Thus, limited to its own valley, each clan increased in numbers in a degree far beyond proportion to the means of supporting them. Each little farm was, by the tenant who cultivated it, divided and sub-divided among his children and grand-children until the number of human beings to be maintained far exceeded that for whom, by any mode of culture, the space of ground could supply nourishment. We have evidence before us, that in the rugged district between Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond, in the neighbourhood of Inversnaid, there were one hundred and fifty families living upon ground which did not pay ninety pounds a year of rent,

rent, or, in other words, *each family, at a medium, rented lands at twelve shillings a year*, as their sole mode of livelihood. The consequence of this over-population, in any case, must have been laziness, because, where there were so many hands for such light work, none would work hard; and those who could set up the slightest claim of exemption, would not work at all. This was particularly the case with the tacksmen's younger sons,—a race destined to sink into the insignificance of commoners, unless they could keep themselves afloat by some deed of gallant distinction. These, therefore, were most afraid of being confounded with the class to which they were provisionally liable to be reduced; and as a serjeant is prouder of his chevron than an officer of his epaulet, they were eager to maintain their dignity by evincing a contempt of all the duties of peaceful industry, and manifesting their adroitness in the chase and in military exercises. They naturally associated to themselves the stoutest and most active of the youthful commoners, all of whom reckoned their pedigree up to that of the chief, and therefore were entitled to 'disdain the shepherd's slothful life.' Under such leaders, they often committed creaghs, or depredations, on the lowlands, or on hostile clans, and sometimes constituted themselves into regular bands of robbers, whom the chief connived at, though he dared not openly avow their depredations. They usually found shelter in some remote glen, from which he could, as occasion demanded, let them slip against his enemies. If they were made prisoners, they seldom betrayed the countenance which they had from their protector. On the other hand, he was conscientious in affording them his protection against the law, as far as could be done, without absolutely committing himself.

There yet remained for the younger sons, both of chiefs and tacksmen, another resource, and that was foreign service. From an early period, many of these adventurers sought employment in the continental wars, and after the exile of the house of Stuart, the practice became general. They used also to carry with them some of the most courageous and active of the commoners; thus their acquaintance with actual war, its dangers and its duties, was familiarly maintained, and the report of their adventures and success served to keep up the love of warfare which characterized the high-land clans.

The same military spirit and contempt of labour distinguished even the very lowest of the commoners, upon whom necessarily devolved the operations of agriculture, which were summed up in the arts of ploughing or digging their ground for crops of oats or barley, making hay, rearing cattle and manufacturing cheese and butter. The labour of the spade and plough was thrown as much as possible on the aged, or the females of the clan, while those who  
were



were in full vigour of body abandoned themselves alternately to the indulgence of indolence, and to the excitation of violent exercise. And as the tacksmen endeavoured to secure to themselves as large a portion as possible of the produce of the commoner's labour, the latter, to secure his attachment, was indulged and protected in occasional acts of military depredation and license; for which the eternal feuds among the highlanders themselves, as well as the grand subsisting distinction between them and the lowlanders, never failed to afford sufficient pretexts. The last were indeed, on all hands, regarded as the common enemy and general prey, as appears from a letter of apology written by Allan Cameron of Lochiel, to Sir James Grant, chieftain of that name, dated 18th October, 1645. It would seem that a party of Camerons had plundered, or attempted to plunder, the lands of Grant of Moynes, lying on the border of the lowland county of Murray. The Grants had overpowered and worsted the invaders, which did not prevent their chief from remonstrating with Lochiel. Lochiel's answer is in the note, in which it will be observed that the intended robbery of the Murray-man is treated as a matter of course. The only thing requiring apology was the aggression on an allied and friendly clan.\*

The artizans in a highland tribe were few, but rose in rank above the mere labourers of the ground—the women were the principal weavers; but the tailor's was a masculine employment; and as much skill was supposed to be necessary to his craft, he held some importance in society. Every man made his own brogues out of raw hides, and was therefore his own shoemaker. Every highlander also understood the use of the hatchet, and for all ordinary purposes was his own joiner and mason; but the smith held a distinct profession; and as he could make and repair arms, was a personage of first rate importance. Like the piper, he was an officer

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\* Right loving cousin,—My hearty recommendations being remembered to your honour; I have received your honour's letter concerning this misfortunate accident that never fell out, betwixt our houses, the like before, in no man's days; but, praised be God, I am innocent of the same, and my friends both in respect that they gi't (went) not within your honour's bounds, but (only) to Murray-land, *where all men take their prey*; nor knew not that Moynes was a Grant, but thought that he was a Murray-man; and if they knew him, they would not stir his land more than the rest of your honour's bounds in Strathspey.—Sir, I have gotten such a loss of my friends, which I hope your honour shall consider, for I have eight dead already, and I have twelve or thirteen under cure, whilk I know not who shall live, or who shall die, of the same. So, Sir, whosoever has gotten the greatest loss, I am content that the same be repaired, to (at) the sight of friends that loveth us both alike—and there is such a trouble here among us, that we cannot look to the same, for the present time, while (until) I wit who shall live of my men that is under cure. So not further troubling your honour at this time, for your honour shall not be offended at my friend's innocence,

Sir,

I rest yours,

Allan Cameron of Lochiel.

of

of the household in the highland establishment, and generally a favourite with the chief. The arms used in the highlands were, however, usually forged in the low country. Doñne, particularly, was long remarkable for its manufacture of steel-pistols, which perhaps yet subsists. Latterly most of their fire-arms were sent from Spain or France.

The commoners, whether occasional artizans or mere peasants, had all the same character of agility and hardihood. Exposed continually to a rough climate, by the imperfect shelter afforded by their dwellings, they became indifferent to its vicissitudes; and being in the constant use of hunting and fowling, and following their cattle through morasses and over mountains, they could endure, without inconvenience, extremities of hunger and fatigue, which would destroy any other people; and hence, even in their most peaceable state, they were enured to those hardships, which, in regular armies, often destroy more than the sword. They were enthusiastic in their religion, as well as in their political principles, but were often content to take both upon trust at the recommendation, and upon the peril, of the chief. Their manners approached nearly to those of the tacksmen, being influenced by the same causes. From the self respect, arising out of a consciousness of high descent, they displayed unusual refinement and even elegance in their ordinary address, and on important occasions possessed and exhibited a command of eloquent and figurative expressions. They were civil, brave and hospitable; but indolent, interested, and rapacious. The arts and pretexts under which they were deprived of the produce of their labour, they combated by other arts and pretexts, by means of which they extorted from their superiors enough to support them, according to their frugal wants. So much was the country over-peopled by the system of clanship, that in the islands, whole tribes were occasionally destroyed by famine; and even upon the continent, it was usual to bleed the cattle once a year, that the blood thickened by oatmeal, and fried into a sort of cake, might nourish the people. But this was the last evil which the chief thought of curing. The number and military qualities of his followers were his pride and ornament, his wealth and his protection. Mac Donald of Keppoch, having been called upon by an English gentleman to admire two massive silver chandeliers of uncommon beauty and workmanship, undertook a bet that when the owner should visit him in the highlands he would shew him a pair of superior value. When summoned to keep his word, he exhibited two tall highlanders, completely equipped and armed, each holding in his right hand a blazing torch made of bog-fir. The same chief, being asked by some strangers, before whom he had placed a very handsome entertainment, what might

be the rent of the estate which furnished such expenditure, answered the blunt question with equal bluntness, 'I can raise five hundred men.' Such was the ancient mode of computing the value of a highland estate. 'I have lived to woeful days,' said an Argyleshire chieftain to us in 1788: 'When I was young, the only question asked concerning a man's rank was how many men lived on his estate—then it came to be how many black cattle it could keep—but now they only ask how many sheep the lands will carry.'

Such is the general view of a highland tribe, living and governed according to the patriarchal system. But many principles, accounted fixed in theory, were occasionally departed from in practice. It might, for example, have been supposed that hereditary right was inviolably observed in a system which appeared entirely to hinge upon it. Nevertheless, in pressing circumstances, this rule was sometimes overlooked. Usurpations and revolutions also occasionally took place, as in larger principalities; and sometimes the will of the clan, excited by circumstances which displeased them in the character of the heir, set him aside upon slender grounds from the high office to which he was destined by birth. The following is an example in a clan of great note.

When the chief of Clanronald died, his eldest son was residing, according to the Highland custom, as a foster-son in the family of Lord Lovat, chief of the Frasers. When the young man arrived at Castle Tyrim, to take possession of his estate, his attention was caught by a very profuse quantity of slaughtered cattle. He asked the meaning of this preparation, and was informed that these provisions had been made to solemnize a festival on his being first produced to his people in the character of their chief. 'I think,' answered the youth, who had apparently contracted some economical ideas by residing so near the lowlands, 'I think a few hens would have made an adequate entertainment for the occasion.' This unhappy expression flew through the clan like wildfire, and excited a general sentiment of indignation. 'We will have nothing to do,' they said, 'with a *hen-chief*;' and, dismissing the rightful heir with scorn, they called one of his brother's sons to the office and estate of the departed chief. The Frasers, according to custom, took arms to compel the Mac Donalds to do justice to their foster-child. A battle ensued—the Frasers were defeated with much slaughter, and the unlucky *hen-chief* being killed, as a miserable warning to all untimely economists, his nephew was established in the rights and power of the family. But a veil was thrown over these deviations as soon as possible; and the existing chief was always held up and maintained to be the lineal representative of the founder of the family and common father of the clan.

In like manner it was a leading principle that the clan, from the highest

highest to the lowest, were all members of one family, bearing the same name, and connected in blood with the chief. He was expected therefore, even in the height of his authority, to acknowledge the meanest of them as his relation, and to shake hands with him wherever they might happen to meet. There were, nevertheless, exceptions also to this rule. Small clans were sometimes totally broken up, their chiefs slain, and their independence destroyed. In this situation they became a sort of clients to some clan of greater importance, and bore to those under whom they lived very nearly the same relation which the Humsauryas, described by Mr. Elphinstone, bear to the Ooloss, or Afghaun tribe, with whom they reside. Several of the most ancient of the highland names and tribes are to be found in this state of depression. Sometimes whole clans, without renouncing their dependence upon their own chief, subjected themselves to a tribe of predominating influence, whose name they assumed. In this case they continued to subsist as a dependent but distinct branch of the general community; and their chief, now sunk to the rank of a chieftain, exercised his authority in subordination to that of the chief whose name he had adopted. The Campbells are said to have received numerous additions in this manner. Besides these accessions, each clan, especially when headed by a chief who stood high in the public estimation, was strengthened by individuals who came to associate themselves with the community, and who never scrupled to assume the name of the tribe. Even to this day a highlander sometimes considers that, upon changing his residence, a change of his name to that of his new landlord is at once a point of civility, and a means of obtaining favour. A friend of ours was shooting in the North, and as the face of the highlander, who acted as his guide, was familiar to him, he asked if his name was not Mac Pherson—‘No; Gordon is my name,’ replied the guide. ‘I was shooting a few years ago at some distance from this place; you then guided me, and I remember you called yourself Mac Pherson.’—‘Yes,’ answered the highlander, composedly; ‘but that was when I lived on the *other* side of the hill.’ There yet remained another source of accession. In ancient times, the highlanders, like the Indians, adopted prisoners of war into their tribes. Thus when the Marquis of Huntley and the Laird of Grant made a tremendous foray along Dee side, laying waste the whole dale, they carried off a great number of children whose parents they had put to death. About a year afterwards the Laird of Grant, being on a visit to Castle Huntley, saw these children receive their food:—a kitchen trough was filled with the reliques of the provisions on which the servants had dined, and at the summons of a whistle from the master cook, this mob of half naked orphans rushed in to scramble for the fragments.

ments. Shocked at the sight, Grant obtained permission to carry them into his country, where he adopted them into his own tribe, and gave them his name, which they still bear; but their descendants are distinguished from other Grants, being called 'Children of the trough.'

The most powerful of the highland chiefs became in latter times frequenters of the Scottish court, and often obtained from the monarchs grants of lands and jurisdiction, which, at convenient times, they failed not to use in aid of their patriarchal authority over their own sept, and as a pretext for subjugating others. They did not, indeed, need the excuse of such authority towards the oppressed party, who lived in a state of society in which superior force necessarily constituted right.

'For why?—because the good old rule  
Sufficed them; the simple plan  
That they should take who had the power,  
And they should keep who can.'

But the more prudent chiefs had now learned that there was a world beyond the mountains, and that there were laws of the kingdom which Scottish kings sometimes strove to make effectual, even among their fastnesses. And although these efforts, owing to the weakness of the government, were but transient and desultory; yet the great houses of Argyle, Huntley, Athole, and others, whose rank placed them often at court, and within the grasp of authority, found advantage in keeping *o' the windy side of the law*, and in qualifying their aggressions on their highland neighbours by such plausible forms as might pass current in case of inquiry at the seat of government. Nothing was more hateful to their ruder neighbours than claims of this kind, which they neither understood nor acknowledged. The mode in which the rights of jurisdiction obtained by the higher families were exercised, had little tendency to reconcile the less powerful chiefs to what they considered as legalized modes of oppression. 'Take care of yourselves in Sutherland,' said an old highlander as he communicated the alarming news which he had just learned, '*the law is come as far as Tain*.' Accordingly, the execution of the laws, to the last, was resisted in the highlands; nor was the authority of the magistrates respected, nor durst any inferior officer of the law execute his duty. The traces of this state of manners were long visible; and so late as thirty years since, and within twenty miles of Stirling Castle, it was found necessary to obtain a military escort, to protect the officer who was to serve a civil process giving a highland tenant warning to remove.

This state of disorder cannot be imputed to the neglect of the Scottish parliament, who frequently exercised their sagacity in framing laws for the regulations of the highlands and borders; the high

high grounds of which last were, until the union of the crowns, in the same, or in a more lawless condition than the highlands themselves. But previously to any notice of these laws, it will be necessary to give a brief retrospect of the state of the highlands before they were so united with the rest of the kingdom as to be proper subjects of its legislature. We have already observed that, in former times, the highland chiefs paid allegiance to princes of their own, altogether distinct from the king of Scotland, with whom they were sometimes at war, sometimes at peace, or, at the utmost, acknowledged only a slight and nominal dependence upon him;—this was that powerful dynasty of the Lords of the Isles, who flourished, from a dark and remote period, down to the reign of James V. Their authority extended over all the western islands, from Ilay northward, over Kintyre, Knapdale, and the western parts of Invernessshire; and they exercised the influence of powerful allies, if not of lords paramount, over the Mac Dougals, Lords of Lorn. Their claim to the earldom of Ross often laid that northern county at their disposal; and their supremacy was disputed in that district by the Earls of Sutherland alone. These districts make up the bulk of the highlands. The rest was swayed by the Strathbogies, Earls of Athole, who had under their authority, Athole, Strathbogie, and Lochaber; by the Cumings, in Badenoch; by the Earls of Mar, in the highlands of Aberdeenshire; the Earl of Leunox, in Dumbartonshire; and the Knight of Lochowe, in Argyleshire. Many of the highland lords, having taken part against Bruce in his struggles for the crown, were involved in ruin by his success: among those were the families of Cuming, of Strathbogie, and of Mac Dougal, whose power passed over to the Stuarts, Campbells, Gordons, Murrays, and other favourers of the Bruce interest, to whom were granted their forfeited domains. It was said of the English who settled in Ireland, that they became *ipsis Hibernis Hiberniores*; and therefore we cannot be surprized that the new highland lords conformed themselves to the fashion of their new subjects, and assumed the part and character of chiefs, which had so much to flatter ambition and the love of power. But though these changes of possession contributed greatly to limit the power of the Lords of the Isles, it remained sufficiently exorbitant to alarm and disturb the rest of Scotland; and it was not until the battle of the Harlaw, fought in 1410, in which the power of that insular kingdom received a severe check, that it could be considered as an actual dependence of the Scottish crown.

Upon the accession of James I. the power of the northern chiefs was somewhat restricted, and many royal castles, particularly that of Inverness, were rebuilt and garrisoned. The king himself took

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a journey

a journey to the highlands; and, having had his education in England, was not a little surprized at the state of anarchy which pervaded this part of his dominions. He learned that, within a few miles of his present residence, were heads of a banditti, who had each from one to two thousand men at their call; who lived entirely by plunder, and acknowledged no limit of their actions but their own will. James I. was an active and intelligent monarch, and so far exerted himself as to compel the Lord of the Isles to submission, and utterly to destroy a large force of highlanders and islemen who rose in his favour, under the leading of his cousin, Donald Balloch. Balloch himself was put to death by an Irish chief, to whom he had fled for protection, and three hundred of his followers were condemned to the gibbet. During the troubles occasioned by the rebellion of the Douglasses, the Lords of the Isles once more gained ground. But about the year 1476, the king was able to reduce them again to nominal subjection, and, what was more material, to diminish their actual power, by the resumption of the earldom of Ross, with the large districts of Knapdale and Kintyre, which, in a great measure, excluded the Lords of the Isles from interference with the continent. The uncertainty of highland succession had already raised up rivals to the Lords of the Isles, in the pretensions of their kinsmen; and about the reign of James V. the last Mac Donald who assumed that title died without male heirs; and a family whose power had so long rivalled and excelled that of the kings of Scotland, in the northern part of their dominions, became extinct as a dynasty.

The main stock of the Lords of the Isles being thus decayed, there arose many shoots from the trunk. But these branches of *Clan Colla*, for such is the general name of that powerful sept, prevented each other's growth by mutual rivalry; and though strong and powerful, neither approached, in consequence nor strength, to the parent tree. These were the families of Slate, Clanronald, Glengarry, Keppoch, Ardnamurchan, Glencoe, and Largo, all, especially those first named, independent tribes of great importance and consequence. But debates amongst themselves prevented the name of Mac Donald from ever attaining its original pitch of power. Their feuds were rendered more bitter by their propinquity, and, even in the last days of chieftainship, tended to weaken the cause which most of them had espoused. After the battle of Falkirk, in 1746, the musket of a Mac Donald, of the tribe of Clanronald, chanced unhappily to go off while he was cleaning it, and killed a hopeful young gentleman, a son of Glengarry, who commanded the men of his father's clan. So sacred was the claim of blood for blood, that the execution of the poor fellow through  
whose

whose negligence this mischance had happened was judged indispensable by the council of chiefs. The accident was of the worst consequence to the Chevalier's cause both ways; for most of the Gleugarry men went home, disheartened by the fate of their leader, and released from the restraint of his authority: and many of Clanronald's people did the same, from a natural disgust at the severity exercised on their clansman for an involuntary fault.

Besides these leading branches, there were many tribes distinguished by other patronymics, who claimed their descent from the same stock: but who remained separate and independent. Among these, if we mistake not, (for heaven forbid we should speak with unbecoming confidence!) are the Mac Alisters, Mac Keans, Mac Nabs,\* Mac Intyres, Mac Keachans, Mac Kechnies, and Mac Aphies; a list which involuntarily reminds us of the sonorous names of the Brazilian tribes, Tupinikins, Tupigais, Tupinayes, and Tupinambas. But exclusive of these descendants of Mac Donald, and, indeed, in a degree of public importance far superior to many of them, were the clans whose chiefs had held offices of trust under the Lords of the Isles, and who now attained a formidable independence, augmented by the shares which they had been able to secure in the wreck of the principal family. Such were the Mac Leans, long lieutenants of the Lords of the Isles; the Mac Kenzies, who had already obtained many grants from regal favour; the Camerons, the Mac Neils, the Mac Intoshes, and many other clans which had hitherto been subjected to the regal tribe of Clan Colla. The kings of Scotland favoured this division of power, upon the grand political maxim of dividing in order to command; but although the separation of the tribes was very complete, it by no means appears that the authority of the sovereign was increased in proportion. It was true, indeed, that, being no longer under one common head, the highland clans were not so capable of disturbing the general peace of the kingdom: but when political circumstances concurred to unite any number of chiefs in a common cause, the mountain eruption broke out with as much violence as under the Lords of the Isles. Meanwhile the internal feuds of the tribes became, if possible, more deadly than before; and though those who were of lowland origin, and connected with the crown, gradually gained ground upon the others, it was not without the most desperate struggles. In the preamble of an act of James IV. it is declared that for want of justice-airs, justices and sheriffs, the islesmen and the highlanders had almost become savage; and some steps are taken for establishing legal jurisdictions among

\* In some genealogies the Mac Nabs are claimed by the Mac Alpines and Mac Gregors as descended from the same root with them.



them. But the evil was too powerful for the remedy. In the vigorous reign of James V. further measures were adopted—the king in person undertook a voyage around the northern part of Britain, and impressed the inhabitants of these wild isles and mountains with some sense of the existence of a power paramount to that of their chiefs. But this also soon passed away, and the civil wars of Queen Mary's time set every independent chief at liberty to work his own pleasure, under pretext of espousing one or other of the contending factions.

A statute, in the year 1581, declares 'that one great cause of the oppressions and cruelties daily practised in the realm is, that clans of thieves were associated together by a common surname, not subject to any landlord, (that, is feudal superior,) nor amenable to the common laws of justice; and holding inveterate and deadly feud against all true men who had been concerned in repressing, by violence, any of their enormities;' it therefore enacts, that all men sustaining injury by them should be at liberty to make reprisals, not only on the individual perpetrators, but also to slay or arrest any person whatsoever, being of the same clan with those from whom they had received the injury. This tended only to give a legal and colourable pretext for private wars and deadly feuds, already too prevalent; another regulation, therefore, was adopted in the year 1587. This remarkable statute, after setting forth that 'the inhabitants of the borders, highlands, and isles, delighted in all mischiefs, taking advantage of each intestine state-commotion which relaxed the hands of ordinary justice, most unnaturally and cruelly to waste, harry, slay, and destroy their own neighbours and native country-people,' proceeds to promulgate a roll of their captains, chiefs, and chieftains, as well of the principal branches of each tribe as of the tribe in general; and to declare that these leaders should be obliged to find security rendering themselves personally responsible for whatever damage should be committed by their clansmen, or dependents. This, while it seemed to legalize the authority of the chiefs hitherto unacknowledged by any positive statute, had, after the union of the crowns, very great influence upon the borders, and might also have produced some good consequences on the highlands, had it been as strictly administered. One effect, however, was, that several clans which, by the encroachment of their neighbours, or the miscarriage of their own schemes of ambition, had been driven out of their lands, were in no condition to find the security required by law, and were, therefore, denounced as outlaws and broken men. The most remarkable of these was the clan Gregor, or Mac Gregors, of which most of our readers must have heard.

This

This family, or sept, is of genuine Celtic origin, great antiquity, and in Churchill's phrase,

————— doubtless springs  
From great and glorious, but forgotten kings.

They were once possessed of Glenurchy, of the castle at the head of Lochowe, of Glendochart, Glenlyon, Finlarig, Balloch, now called Taymouth, and of the greater part of Breadalbane. From these territories they were gradually expelled by the increasing strength of the Campbells, who, taking advantage of a bloody feud between the Mac Gregors and Mac Nabs, obtained letters of fire and sword against the former, and about the reign of James III. and IV. dispossessed them of much of their property. The celebrated Mac Gregor a Rua Rua, the heir-male of the chief, and a very gallant young man, was surprized and slain by Colin Campbell, the knight of Lochowe, and with him fell the fortunes of his family. From this time, the few lands which remained in their possession being utterly inadequate to maintain so numerous a clan, the Mac Gregors became desperate, wild and lawless, supporting themselves either by actual depredation; or by the money which they levied as the price of their forbearance, and retaliating upon the more powerful clans, as well as upon the lowlands, the severity with which they were frequently pursued and slaughtered. A single trait of their history will shew what was the ferocity of feud among the Scottish clans.

The remaining settlements of the Mac Gregor tribe were chiefly in Balquhidder, around Loch Katrine, and as far as the borders of Loch Lomond. Even these lands they did not possess in property, but by some transaction with the family of Buchanan, who were the real landholders; but the terrors of the Mac Gregors extended far and wide, for they were at feud with almost all their neighbours. In the year 1589, a party of Mac Gregors, belonging to a tribe called *Clan-Dùil a Cheach*, i. e. the Children of Dugald of the Mist, (an appropriate term for such a character,) met with John Drummond of Drummondernoch, a ranger of the royal forest of Glenartney, as he was seeking venison for the king's use. It chanced that Drummondernoch had, in his capacity of steward-depute, or provincial magistrate, of Strath-earn, tried and executed two or three of these Mac Gregors for depredations committed on his chief Lord Drummond's lands. The Children of the Mist seized the opportunity of vengeance, slew the unfortunate huntsman, and cut off his head: they then went to the house of Stuart of Ardvorlich, whose wife was a sister of the murdered Drummondernoch. The laird was absent; but the lady received the unbidden, and probably unwelcome guests with hospitality, and, according to the highland custom and phrase, placed before them bread and cheese till better food

food could be made ready. She left the room to superintend the preparations, and when she returned, beheld, displayed upon the table, the ghastly head of her brother with a morsel of bread and cheese in its mouth. The terrified lady rushed out of the house with a fearful shriek, and could not be found, though her distracted husband caused all the woods and wildernesses around to be diligently searched. To augment the misery of Ardvoirlich, his unfortunate wife was with child when she disappeared. She did not, however, perish. It was the harvest season, and in the woods and moors the maniac wanderer probably found berries, and other substances capable of sustaining life; though the vulgar, fond of the marvellous, suppose that the wild deer had pity on her misery and submitted to be milked by her. At length some train of former ideas and habits began to revive in her mind. She had formerly been very attentive to her domestic duties, and used commonly to oversee the milking of the cows—and now the women employed in that office, in the remote upland grazings, observed, with terror, that they were regularly watched, during the milking, by an emaciated miserable-looking female figure, who appeared from among the bushes, but retired with great swiftness when any one approached her. The story was told to Ardvoirlich, who, conjecturing the truth, took measures for intercepting and recovering the unfortunate fugitive. She regained her senses after the birth of her child; but it was remarkable that the son whom she bore seemed affected by the consequence of her terror. He was of great strength, but of violent passions, under the influence of which he killed his friend and commander, Lord Kilpont, in a manner which the reader will find detailed in Wishart's Memoirs of Montrose.

The tragedy of Drummondernoch did not conclude with the effects of the murder on the Lady Ardvoirlich. The clan of the Mac Gregors being convoked in the church of Balquhidder, upon the Sunday after the act, the bloody head was produced on the altar, when each clansman avowed the murder to have been perpetrated by his own consent, and laying successively his hands on the scalp, swore to protect and defend the authors of the deed;—‘in ethnic and barbarous manner,’ says an order of the lords of the privy council, dated 4th Feb. 1589, ‘in most proud contempt of our sovereign lord and his authority, and in evil example to other wicked *limmers* to do the like, if this shall be suffered to remain unpunished.’ Then follows a commission—‘to seek for and pursue Alaster Mac Gregor, of Glenstrae, and all others of his name, with fire and sword.’ We have seen a letter upon this subject, from Patrick Lord Drummond, who was naturally most anxious to revenge his kinsman's death, to the Earl of Montrose, appointing a day in which the one shall be ‘at the bottom of the valley of Balquhidder

Balquhiddar with his forces and advance upward, and the other with his powers shall occupy the higher outlet, and move downwards for the express purpose of taking *sweet revenge* for the death of their cousin.\* Ardvoirlich assisted them with a party, and it is said they killed thirty-seven of the clan of Dugald of the Mist upon the single farm of Invernenty. The death of Drummondernoch is the subject of a beautiful poem by Alexander Boswell, of Auchinlech, entitled 'Clan-Alpine's Vow.' The king himself entered keenly into the success of the feud, as appears from a letter to the Laird of M'Intosh still preserved in Sir Aeneas M'Intosh's charter-chest at Moyhall. We have thrown it into the note; and it will shew that the taste for heads was not confined to the Children of the Mist, since the king requests one to be sent to him.\*

The 'revenge' was doubtless ample; but Alaster Mac Gregor's power was so little impaired, that, in 1602, he was able to sustain the desperate battle of Glenfruin, in which he defeated the Laird of Luas, and almost extirpated the name of Colquhoun. For this battle and the outrages which preceded and followed it, the clan were formally outlawed by act of parliament, and it was made an offence equal to felony, to take or bear that proscribed surname: thus held up as a prey to destruction, they were attacked on all sides, pursued with blood-hounds, and when seized, put to death without even the formalities of a trial. The chief himself, Alaster of Glenstrae, surrendered with eighteen of his most faithful followers to the Earl of Argyle, on condition that he should conduct him safe out of Scotland. But, says old Birrel, the Earl kept a highlander's promise, for he sent him under a guard as far as Berwick, but with instructions not to set him at liberty. So after this airing upon English ground for the acquittal of Argyle's word, the unfortunate chief was brought back to Edinburgh, and hanged at the cross of that city, a man's height higher than his companions, who were executed at the same time. Yet such was the vivifying principle inherent in clanship, that the Mac Gregors, though proscribed and perse-

\* Right traist Freynd, We greet you hairtlie well. Having hard be report of the laite preeife given be you, of your willing disposition to our service, in prosequiteing of that wicked race of M'Gregor, we haife thought meit hereby to signifie unto you, that we account the same as maist acceptable pleasure and service done unto us, and will not omit to regard the same as it deserves; and because we ar to give you out of our ain mouthe sum furder directionn thair anent,—it is our will, that upon the sight hereof ye repaire hither in all haist, and at yr arriving we sall impart or full mynde and heir wt all we haif thought expedient, that ye, befor yor arriving hither, sall caup execut to the death Duncane M'Can Caim, latelie tane be you in yor last (*expedition*) agains the clan Gregor and caus his heid to be transportit hither, to the effect the same may be affixt in sum public place, to the terror of other malefactors, and so comitt you to God. From Haly rud hous, the<sup>th</sup> penult day of \_\_\_\_\_ in the year 1596.

Signed

James R.

On the back—Lre be King James to M'Intosh, about the year 1596.

\* The month was interlined and illegible.

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cuted, under the authority of repeated statutes, continued to exist as a numerous and separate clan, until their name was restored to them in our own days.

The Earl of Argyle had now acquired very great authority in the west highlands and isles, which he augmented by suppressing some troubles which arose among the Mac Donalds; in consideration of which, his family got a grant of the district of Kintyre. But excepting that this great family in the west, and those of Huntley and Athole in the north, had succeeded both to direct authority over many clans, and to great influence over others, the state of the highlands remained the same in Charles I.'s as in his father's time.

With the civil wars the highlanders assumed a new and more distinguished character; and for the first time in our history, shewed a marked and distinguished superiority in the use of arms over their lowland fellow subjects. The cause of this is abundantly obvious. In former times, when the highlanders descended from their mountains, they encountered, in the lowlands, a race of men as hardy, brave, and skilful in the use of weapons as themselves, and far superior to them in arms and military discipline. In the battle of Harlaw, Donald of the Isles, with the largest army that ever left the highlands, was checked by an inferior number of lowlanders; and in the fields of Corichie, Glenlivat, and others, the highlanders were routed with great loss, by fewer but better appointed numbers of their lowland countrymen. But the lapse of more than half a century had placed the lowlanders in a different situation. During the reign of Charles I. they had remained quiet under the protection of the laws; neither doing nor suffering violence; and the martial spirit had much decayed among them. The success, therefore, of the highlanders in Montrose's wars is not wonderful. They were not only bred to arms and active exercises from their infancies, but were in a manner regimented under their several chiefs and tacksmen; so that, being always in order for war, they wanted but a general and a cause. Their advantage in encountering the tumultuary forces of the covenanting lowlanders, who had detached to England all their regular troops, and brought to the field only a disorderly militia, had all the success which could have been anticipated. It will be best accounted for by the expressions of a contemporary, the Rev. Robert Baillie, who writes to his correspondent, Mr. William Spang, minister of Campvere, in Zealand, 25th April, 1645. 'The country forces of Fife and Stratherne were three to one—well armed—had horse and cannon;—but the treachery of Kilpont, and especially Sir John Drummond, together with Elcho's rashness, delivered all that tumultuous people and their arms into the enemy's hands without a stroke. A great number of burgesses were killed;—twenty-five householders in St.

Andrew's

Andrew's only ;—*many were bursten in the flight, and died with out stroke.* It is obvious that men who died of the exertion of running away, could be no match, either in onset or retreat, for the hardy, agile, and long-breathed highlanders. After gaining many battles, however, and overrunning all Scotland, Montrose was finally defeated by a body of regular forces commanded by David Lesley. But from the time of his wars the highlanders asserted and maintained, in all the civil dissensions of Scotland, a marked and decided superiority over their lowland fellow subjects, which tended not a little to exalt their opinion of their own importance, and to render them tenacious of the customs and usages of their country. The same period, however, which witnessed their first brilliant display of victories obtained beyond the bounds of their own mountains, also saw the highland clans receive, even within their strongest fastnesses, a chastisement which the hands of their own monarchs had never been powerful enough to inflict. The stern policy of Cromwell established garrisons at Inverness, Inverlochy, and other places in the highlands,—he set on foot moveable columns, who constantly patrolled the country, and became acquainted with its most hidden recesses ;—the castles of the chiefs were destroyed, the woods that sheltered them were cut down, and, finally, in spite of the valour of the clans, and the enthusiasm of their chiefs, he compelled them to surrender their arms, and to give pledges for their peaceable conduct. And it is generally allowed that, as the highlands had never been in such quiet subjection until this period, so their neighbours never enjoyed such an interval of rest from their incursions until after the year 1745. The rigorous discipline of Cromwell was equally successful in crushing the spirit of chivalry among the rude mountain-chiefs as among the cavaliers of England ; and so strong was the impression which his arms made on their imagination, that, in 1726, an aged highland laird told Mr. Burt, that Oliver's colours were so strongly fixed in his memory, that he still thought he saw them spread out by the wind, and bearing the word EMANUEL upon them, in very large golden characters.\*

Upon the Restoration, the Stuarts, who owed so much to the highland clans, for what they had done and suffered in the royal cause under Montrose, Glencairn and Middleton, rewarded the chiefs by relaxing the discipline under which Cromwell had placed them. The forts established at Inverness, and elsewhere, for bridling the mountaineers, were dismantled, or abandoned. The Marquis of Argyle (in highland phrase Gillespie Gruomach) had acquired a prodigious ascendancy in the western highlands and isles during the

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\* Letters from the North of Scotland.—Letter XI,

civil wars, and received from parliament many large grants both of lands and jurisdiction. It is well known by what means and for what causes Charles II. and his brother prosecuted the ruin of this nobleman and his son, in consequence of which, the Mac Donalds, Mac Leans, and other clans who had been overpowered by the weight of the Marquis's authority, were restored to independence. The Duke of York, during his residence at Edinburgh, had frequent opportunities of becoming acquainted with the principal northern chieftains, whose stately *fierté* well suited his own reserved and haughty temper: they were, besides, either Catholics, or bigoted to the prelatie establishment; and in either case, were deemed fit persons to countenance, in opposition to the Presbyterian interest, so odious to the reigning family. The laws against their excesses were therefore greatly relaxed; and it was even thought politic to employ the clans in overawing the western shires, where the prohibited conventicles of the Presbyterians were most numerous. Six thousand highlanders were invited from their mountains to pillage these devoted counties; a task which they performed with the rapacity of an indigent people attracted by objects of luxury to which they were strangers, but with less cruelty than had perhaps been expected from them. In the mean while, encouraged by these marks of favour and indulgence, they had again established their own exemptions from the general law of Scotland, both in civil and criminal concerns, as will appear from the curious case of Mac Donald of Keppoch.

This chief and the laird of Mac Intosh had long disputed a territory called Glenroy, in the central highlands. Mac Intosh had obtained a crown charter, comprehending a grant of these lands. Keppoch, disdaining, as he said, to *hold his lands in a sheepskin*, took forcible possession of Glenroy and there maintained himself. Mac Intosh, in 1687, with the assistance of a body of regular forces, commanded by Mac Kenzie, of Suddy, summoned his clan, and marched against Keppoch, but received a severe defeat at Milroy, where Suddy was slain, he himself made prisoner, and compelled to renounce his right to the lands in dispute. A strong body of military was next marched into the highlands to revenge this insult, and under the authority of letters of fire and sword, Keppoch's lands were laid waste with great severity.\* Yet this did not break the strength, or diminish the spirit of Keppoch, for in 1689 he was able to lay siege to Inverness; and, what is still more extraordinary, the severe usage which he had received did not diminish his zeal for the Stuart family, for he was the first to

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\* See Crichton's Memoirs in Swift's works: Captain Crichton was himself employed on this occasion.

join the standard which the Viscount of Dundee raised against King William. Dundee, a man at once of genius and of military experience, knew how to avail himself of the enthusiastic energy of a highland army, and to conciliate and direct the discordant councils of their independent chiefs. He fell in the battle of Killiecrankie, one of the greatest victories ever gained by an highland army; and those who succeeded in the command, being men of routine, and of limited views, the war dwindled away into a succession of inroads and skirmishes, in the course of which the bordering highlanders plundered the low country so severely that in many districts the year of the *hership* (plunder) was long afterwards mentioned as an era. King William, just arrived at the possession of a crown which seemed still precarious, and having his attention engaged by the continental war, and that of Ireland, thought it best to purchase peace in this remote corner of his new kingdom, and the Earl of Breadalbane was entrusted with 20,000*l.* sterling, to be distributed among the highland chiefs. Breadalbane was artful, daring, and rapacious. Some chiefs he gratified with a share of the money; others with good words; others he kept quiet by threats, and it has always been supposed that the atrocity well known by the name of the massacre of Glencoe, was devised and executed to gratify at once an ancient quarrel, to silence an intractable chief, who had become clamorous about the division of the peace-offering, and to serve as a measure of intimidation to all others. It is said that when Breadalbane was required by the English minister to account for the sum of money put into his hands for the above purpose, he returned this laconic answer—‘My Lord, the money is spent—the highlands are quiet—and this is the only way of accounting among friends.’ This termination of a war by a subsidy granted to the insurgents was by no means calculated to lower that idea of their own consequence, which the highland chiefs most readily entertained at all times. Each set about augmenting his followers by every means in his power, regarding military strength as the road to wealth and importance in the national convulsions which seemed approaching.

Contrary, however, to what might have been expected, the crisis of the accession of the Hanover family did not at first make a strong impression on the highland chiefs. After much consultation among themselves, an address was drawn up to congratulate George I. on his accession to the throne, and to implore his favour. We have given this curious document in a note.\* It is said to have been

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\* We are ignorant whether it has ever appeared in any collection of state-papers. Ours is given to us as copied from a manuscript of the period; and though this remarkable



been delivered to Archibald, Duke of Argyle, to be presented by him to the new sovereign ; but that nobleman, being a politician as well

markable paper is unnoticed in history, we believe it to be genuine. It is entitled—*Address of one hundred and two Chief Heritors and Heads of Clans in the Highlands of Scotland, to King George the First, on his Accession to the Throne, which by Court Intrigue was prevented from being delivered to his Majesty: the consequence was, their joining in the Rebellion in the year 1715.*

May it please your Majesty,

We of the chief heritors and others, in the Highlands of Scotland, under subscribing, beg leave to express the joy of our hearts at your Majesty's happy accession to the crown of Great Britain. Your majesty has the blood of our ancient monarchs in your veins and in your family ; may that royal race ever continue to reign over us ! Your majesty's princely virtues, and the happy prospect we have in your royal family of an uninterrupted succession of kings to sway the British sceptre, must extinguish those divisions and contests which in former times too much prevailed, and unite all who have the happiness to live under your majesty into a firm obedience and loyalty to your majesty's person, family, and government ; and as our predecessors have for many ages had the honour to distinguish themselves by their loyalty, so we do most humbly assure your majesty, that we will reckon it our honour stedfastly to adhere to you, and with our lives and fortunes to support your crown and dignity against all oppressors. Pardon us, great Sir, to implore your royal protection against any who labour to misrepresent us, and who rather use their endeavours to create misunderstandings than to engage the hearts of subjects to that loyalty and cheerful obedience which we owe, and are happy to testify towards your majesty. Under so excellent a king we are persuaded that we, and all your other peaceable and faithful subjects, shall enjoy their just rights and liberties, and that our enemies shall not be able to hurt us with your majesty, for whose royal favour we presume humbly to hope, as our forefathers were honoured with that of your majesty's ancestors. Our mountains, though undervalued by some, are nevertheless acknowledged to have at all times been fruitful in providing hardy and gallant men, and such, we hope, shall never be wanting amongst us, who shall be ready to undergo all dangers in defence of your majesty, and your royal posterity's only rightful title to the crown of Great Britain. Our behaviour shall always witness for us, that with unalterable firmness and zeal we are,

May it please your majesty,

your Majesty's most loyal, most obedient,  
and most dutiful subjects and servants,

Alex. Mac Donald, of Glengarry.  
Mac Intosh, of that Ilk.  
J. Cameron, of Lochiele.  
J. Stewart, of Ardsheall.  
Norwan Mac Leod, of Drynach.  
Nord. Mac Leod, of Gresernich.  
J. Mac Donald, of Ardnala.  
Hugh Fraser, of Gusachan.  
J. Mac Tavish, of Little Garth.  
Thos. Fraser.  
D. Mac Donald.  
Rod. Chisolm, of Comer  
J. Stewart, of Appine.  
A. Mac Donald, of Glenco.  
J. Mac Donald, of Shenne.  
A. Mac Donald, of Kytrie.  
A. Mac Donald, of Easter Cullachy  
Rod. Mac Leod, of Ullanish.  
Wm. Mac Leod, younger, of Valterstian.  
Wm. Mac Leod, of Husinish.

Keneth Mac Leod, of Kallisaig.  
Wm. Fraser, younger, of Cullidire.  
Simn. Fraser, of Crochill.  
J. Fraser, of Innercharmish.  
Duncan Campbell, of Lochnell.  
Angs. Mac Intosh, of Callachie.  
J. Mac Donald, of Dunolloch.  
Dn. Mac Pherson, of Clanaig.  
Lach. Mac Pherson, of Noid.  
Alexr. Mac Donald, of Luck.  
J. Mac Donald, of Obercalder.  
Wm. Mac Donald, of Hamer, junr.  
John Mac Leod, of Gisk.  
Rt. Mac Leod, of Ensay.  
Alexr. Mac Leod, of Handrearrich.  
John Chisholm, of Knockfine.  
Tavish Mac Tavish Pellelyne.  
Æne. Mac Donald, of Muchirach.  
Hugh Fraser, of Abershie.  
Thos. Houston, of Dalchirachan.

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well as a soldier, is alleged to have seen more prospect of personal aggrandizement in an insurrection, which would render his services indispensable, than in a peaceful submission of the highlands to the House of Hanover. Accordingly, the Earl of Marr came over to Scotland; the standard of the Chevalier St. George was raised; and almost all the highland chiefs of name and eminence assembled their forces at Perth. But Marr, by whom they were commanded, was better fitted for the intrigues of a court, than for leading an army and directing a campaign; and a force of highlanders, the greatest ever assembled, and which, under Montrose, Dundee, or even Charles Edward, would have made itself master of all Scotland, was, (with the exception of the forlorn hope under Mackintosh of Borlum, which shared the fate of the Northumbrian insurgents,) completely neutralized, and pent up within the firths of Clyde and Forth, by the Duke of Argyle, at the head of a force not exceeding two or three thousand men. The indecisive battle of Sheriffmoor only served to shew the incapacity of the jacobite general, and the valour of the troops he commanded. It was upon this memorable day that young Clanronald fell leading on the highlanders of the right wing. His death dispirited the assail-

Jas. Campbell, of Achinbreck.  
Æne. Mac Donald, of Dranichan.  
Rod. Mac Leod, of Hamer.  
Dond. Mac Leod, of Sandick.  
Dond. Mac Leod, of Ebosk.  
Wm. Mac Leod, of Tarbert.  
Lachn. Mac Kinnon, of Breckinch.  
Thos. Fraser, of Easkadell.  
T. Fraser, of Kecklanie.  
Alexr. Fraser, of Glenmachie.  
Hugh Fraser, younger, of Erogy.  
Farqr. Mac Gillovray, of Dummaglass.  
Donald Mac Donald, of Lundy.  
Alexr. Mac Donald, of Ardochy.  
J. Mac Donald, of Gandarg.  
Hugh Fraser, of Bethraline.  
John Fraser, of Borline.  
Maclean, of that Ilk.  
John Mac Lennou, of that Ilk.  
Dond. Mac Leod, of Cartalish.  
Tutor of Mac Leod.  
Dd. Mac Leod, of Talasker.  
Alexr. Mac Donald Cleonag.  
Æneas Mac Donald, of Tulloch.  
A. Mac Donald, of Achnakeichan.  
A. Mac Donald, of Bachantine.  
John Mac Donald, of Inveray.  
Wm. Fraser, of Kilbachie.  
Jas. Fraser, of Ballandrum.  
A. Fraser, of Kinapuntoch.  
Hugh Fraser, of Dunhea.

John Fraser, of Kinahely.  
John Fraser, of Drumond.  
Alexr. Mackenzie, of Fraserdale.  
Wm. Mac Donell, of Kepoch.  
Rd. Mac Donald, of Trinadish.  
John Mac Donald, of Ferselt.  
Rd. Mac Donald, of Mursie.  
Hugh Fraser, of Kinneries.  
John Fraser, of Kiloch.  
Thos. Fraser, of Dunballoch.  
Wm. Fraser, of Killachula.  
Jas. Fraser, of Newton.  
H. Fraser, of Little Strure.  
Alexr. Fraser, of Belnaon.  
John Fraser, of Gartmer.  
Alexr. Fraser, of Tarrachne.  
Alexr. Fraser, of Easterheadshaw.  
Hu. Fraser, of Easter Ardoch.  
Jas. Fraser, of Milndire.  
Dond. Mac Lean, of Broloss.  
Hector Mac Lean, of Coll.  
Donald Mac Lean, of Tarbart.  
A. Mac Lean, of Kinlochalin.  
J. Grant, of Glenmoriston.  
Allan Mac Lean, of Innerscadle.  
T. Mac Lean, of Mingary.  
Lan. Mac Lean, of Achure.  
Dd. Mac Lean, of Drimigigha, younger.  
Lachn. Mac Lean, of Kilmory.  
A. Mac Lean, of Lochbuie.

into, who began to waver. But Glengary, chief of a rival branch of the Clan Colha, started from the ranks, and, waving his bonnet round his head, cried out, 'To-day for revenge, and to-morrow for mourning!' The highlanders received a new impulse from his words, and, charging with redoubled fury, bore down all before them. But their left wing was less fortunate, being completely routed, and pushed as far as the river Allau, two miles from the field of battle. Both parties retreated after this doubtful action, the highlanders to Perth, the Duke of Argyle to Stirling: but the ultimate advantage rested with the former.

At this period of highland history, Duncan Forbes, afterwards president of the court of session, and whose original papers and correspondence are here given to the world, made a considerable figure in public affairs. He was a younger son of the family of Culloden, which had a considerable estate in the neighbourhood of Inverness, and was thus connected by blood and friendship with almost all the respectable families in that district, and with many of the highland chiefs. Mr. Forbes was educated to the law, in which he was early distinguished, not more by eloquence than by sound sense and depth of knowledge. At the time of the insurrection in 1715, his elder brother, John Forbes of Culloden, as well as himself, engaged with heart and hand in the service of the government, to which they were enabled to render important services, partly through their own influence and exertions, partly by means of a chief whose history forms a strange illustration of the effect of power and ambition upon a mind naturally shrewd, crafty, and resolute, but wild, tameless, and unprincipled: this was the celebrated Simon Fraser of Lovat, of whose previous history we must give the outlines.

Simon was the son of Thomas Fraser of Beaufort, next male heir to the house of Lovat after the death of Hugh Lord Lovat, without issue male. Being regarded as the heir apparent of the chieftainship as well as of the estate of Lovat, he attempted to unite by marriage his own claim with that of the eldest daughter of the deceased Lord Hugh. The dowager Lady Lovat was a daughter of the Marquis of Athole; and that powerful family was therefore induced to take great interest in disposing of the young lady in marriage. Various quarrels, during the time that Simon of Beaufort held a commission in his regiment, had made him particularly unacceptable to the Marquis of Athole and his family, who viewed his assuming the title of Master of Lovat, and proposing himself as a husband for their kinswoman, with a very evil eye: they therefore removed the young lady to Dunkeld, and set on foot a match between her and Lord Saltoun, a lowland family bearing the name of Fraser. When Lord Saltoun, accompanied by Athole's brother,

ther, Lord Mungo Murray, and other connections of the family, entered upon the territories of the Frasers, with the purpose of paying his respects to the mother of his intended bride, they were surprized, seized, and disarmed, by Simon, to whom the greater part of the clan adhered, as representing his father, their true chief, Having gained this advantage, he attempted to improve it by an act of depravity, which can hardly be accounted for, except by irregularity of intellect, and an eager desire to put a deep dishonour and mortal displeasure upon the family of Athole. As the heiress, the original object of his suit, made no part of his prisoners, but remained secure in the castle of Dunkeld, he abandoned all thoughts of that alliance, and formed the strange and apparently sudden resolution of marrying her mother, the Dowager Lady Lovat. Having raised a gallows on the green before Castle-Downie, where she then resided, to intimidate all who might protect the object of his violence,—a lady advanced in life, and whose person is said to have been as little inviting as her character was respectable,—he went through the mock ceremony of a wedding, had her dress cut from her person with a dirk, and subjected her to the last extremity of brutal violence, while the pipes played in the next apartment to drown her screams. This outrage Lovat has positively denied, in the Memoirs of his own Life, where he terms the accusation a chimæra raised up to blacken his character: but we shall soon see reason to believe that his assertions were not always squared by matter of fact. Besides, he denies the marriage as well as the force with which it was perpetrated, and declares that he never even approached her person; assigning many reasons why she could neither be an object to him of desire or of ambition.\* Now, in a letter from his father to the Earl of Argyle, subscribed by himself and other gentlemen of his clan, he says, ‘Also they’ll have my son and his complices guilty of a rape, though *his wife was married to him by a minister*, and they have always lived since as man and wife.’† It may be more difficult to conceive how Lovat, blackened with such an unmanly crime, was at any time afterwards considered as fit society for men of honour, and particularly how he could become the friend of such a man as Duncan Forbes. This might partly arise from the practice in the highlands. Even in ordinary cases, the bride was expected to affect some reluctance; and the greater or less degree of violence did not, in these wild times, appear a matter of much consequence. The Scottish law-books are crowded with instances of this sort of *raptus*, or, as it is called in their law, ‘*forcible abduction of women*.’ The inference

\* Memoirs of the Life of Simon Lord Lovat. London. 1797. 8vo. p. 60.

† Carstairs’s State Papers, p. 434.

seems to be, that, in some circumstances, no absolute infamy was attached even to those acts of violence, from which it seems impossible to divide it: and we remember a woman on the banks of Loch Lomond, herself the daughter of such a marriage, who repelled, with great contempt, the idea of its being a real grievance on the bride, and said that, in her time, the happiest matches were always so made. These particulars are only quoted to mark public opinion; but it may be a better answer that, as Duncan Forbes was not so squeamish as to quarrel with the society of Colonel Charteris, there is the less wonder that he endured that of Lovat.\*

In 1698, Simon Fraser was summoned to answer, before the Privy Council, for the crimes of unlawfully assembling the lieges in arms, and for the violence offered to the Lady Dowager Lovat. Against the first, (which was no great crime in a highland chief,) he offered no defence; but the Earl of Argyle stated, that he was willing to refer the circumstances of the marriage to his wife's oath. He did not, however, appear; and a variety of witnesses being examined, tending to establish the crime in its fullest extent, sentence of outlawry went forth against the delinquent. He skulked for some time in the highlands, and displayed both address and courage in defeating many attempts made by the Athole men to seize his person; but at length he was compelled to fly to the continent. Meanwhile the young heiress, at whose hand he had originally aimed, was wedded to Alexander Mackenzie, son of one of the judges of session, called Lord Prestonhall, who assumed, upon this marriage, the title of Fraserdale.

The earnest solicitations of the Duke of Argyle (hereditary enemy to the family of Athole) had, through the medium of Mr. Carstairs, obtained from King William a remission of the crime of high treason, of which Simon Fraser had been declared guilty; but the rape being one of a more private and atrocious complexion, his pardon did not extend to it; and thus he still remained an exile from Scotland. His daring and intriguing spirit carried him now to the court of Saint Germain's, where he proposed a plan of invasion, if men and money could be furnished by the French king, and pledged himself that the invading forces should be joined by the principal chiefs of the highlands, with ten thousand men. Louis did not approve of the personal security on which he was required to hazard his subjects and treasures, although Fraser, to give more weight to it, had publicly adopted the Catholic religion.

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\* He had defended Charteris in a trial for a rape, and obtained from his gratitude the gratuitous use of a little villa near Mussellburgh, called Stoney-hill. We ought to add that, in spite of poets and satirists, or whatever might be Charteris's general character, the charge of rape was an atrocious attempt to levy money from him by terror. Still there is something ludicrous in the coincidence, that two special friends of so respectable a man should have both been in trouble on so infamous an accusation.

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He was sent over, however, to intrigue in Scotland, with the friends of the exiled family, accompanied by Captain James Murray, who was to act as a spy, or check, upon him. But finding a slackness in the tory party, to whom he applied himself, for most of them were contented with the government of Queen Anne, now upon the throne, Fraser began to try what could be gained on the other side. He opened, accordingly, an intercourse with Queensberry and Leven, heads of the opposite party, who instantly saw the advantage they might derive from involving the Dukes of Hamilton, Athole, and other rivals of their power, in a jacobitical plot; and that it might ripen into something more decisive, they granted a passport for Fraser to return to France, under a feigned name. But this emissary's purposes of hatching up a conspiracy, which he might forward or betray, as best suited his interest, proved too weighty for his means of executing them. The tory party got scent of his intrigues with Queensberry and Leven; and as there was every prospect of his hand-grenade exploding while it was yet in his grasp, he fled, in great haste, to France, where he was immediately committed to the state-prison of Angoulême. He regained his liberty, but, distrusted as he now was on all sides, he had no opportunity to engage in any new intrigues, until the memorable year 1715.

At the time when all the jacobite clans were in arms, and drawn towards the midland counties, it appeared to the Duke of Argyle and to Mr. Forbes of Culloden, of great consequence to excite such opposition in their rear as might check them in their plan of moving southward. Inverness was occupied by a party of the insurgent forces, under Sir John Mackenzie; and Alexander Mackenzie, of Fraserdale, who assumed the authority of chief of the Frasers, in right of his lady, had marched with about four hundred of that clan to join the Earl of Marr, at Perth. But the Frasers of Struy, Foyers, Culduthel, and other gentlemen of the name, refused to follow him, and maintained a sort of neutrality until the pleasure of Simon, whom they regarded as their proper chief, should be known. As this clan was powerful, both from numbers and situation,—occupying both sides of Loch Ness, and being thus masters of the communication between the north and central highlands,—it became of the utmost consequence to detach, from the Stuarts' standard, those Frasers who had already joined Mar, and to determine the others who remained doubtful. Fraser of Castle-Lader was therefore dispatched to invite Simon to return to Scotland, for the purpose of heading his clan in behalf of King George and the government. The summons was joyfully obeyed, and, indeed, had been already solicited; for, on the 24th November, 1714, Simon had written to Culloden, to intercede with Argyle and Isla in his favour, adding,

'that it was the interest of all *between Spey and Nesse, who loved the government*, to see him at the head of the clan ready to join them.'—so that the reluctance which he has affected in his *Memoirs* to quitting the jacobite interest, is only a piece of double-dyed hypocrisy. p. 32. He returned however to Britain; and here the reader may remark the strength of the clannish principle. This chief had not been formally acknowledged as such—he had never been master of his inheritance, and his rival had enjoyed for years all the means of acquiring and securing attachment which possession could give;—there was nothing in his personal character to admire; it was stained, on the contrary, with much guilt and with dark suspicion;—and lastly, the cause which he now espoused was not that to which his followers would have inclined had they consulted their own feelings and partialities. But he was their rightful CHIEF; and such was the strength of authority which that word implied, that those Frasers who had stood neuter, at once declared for Simon and his cause; and those who had marched with Fraserdale, deserted him to a man, and returned northward to join his standard. The body of the clan thus assembled, amounted to five or six hundred. They blockaded Inverness on one side, while the men of Culloden and of Ross of Kilarock, who were also in arms for the government, assailed it upon the other; so that Sir John Mackenzie was compelled to evacuate the place under favour of a spring-tide.

Lovat lost no time in improving the advantage which circumstances now afforded him. He had his eye upon his rival Fraserdale's plate; but it appears that he was anticipated by General Wightman, who got possession of the treasure from the person with whom it was deposited, and who, certainly, says Mr. Forbes's correspondent, 'did not make the prize for Lovat.'—(p. 46. 50.) Simon, however, obtained, as a reward for his opportune services, a gift of the life-rent right of Fraserdale, in right of his wife to the Barony of Lovat, forfeited for his share in the rebellion, and vested in the crown. To finish the history of his law-matters, we will here add that, having obtained this temporary right to the estate of his ancestors, and being recognized as Lord Lovat, he entered into a law-suit with the Mackenzies, about the right of reversion to that estate, which lingered on till the year 1736, when it was agreed that, in consideration of a sum of money paid by Lord Lovat, the Mackenzies should convey to him their reversionary interest in the barony of Lovat; and thus he had it, thanedome and all, however foully he had played for it.

Duncan Forbes, in the mean while, was labouring in a more honourable but far less advantageous course. Attached, by religion, by principle, by love of liberty, to the government of George

George I. he refused to justify the faults even of the administration which he supported. When, in 1715, the jails of England were crowded with Scottish prisoners, despoiled, and unable to procure the means of defending themselves, Forbes, to his immortal honour, set on foot a subscription to supply the unfortunate jacobites, against whom he and his brother had born arms so lately, with the means of making a defence. He remonstrated boldly against the arbitrary measure by which it was proposed to remove the criminals from their native country, and from the protection of their native laws, to try them in England, to them a foreign realm: and it was owing to his sturdy interference, and to that of many Scottish men who, like him, preferred their country's rights to any party in the state, that this abuse of the constitution was prevented. The upright and patriotic conduct of Forbes was, in the first place, followed by suspicion and obloquy, but finally, by those honours and that respect which truth and fortitude seldom fail to acquire.

He was promoted to the office of Advocate Depute, and in 1725 to that of Lord Advocate; always a situation of high power and importance, but particularly so in times of a disputed title and repeated insurrections. We find nothing in his papers to throw light upon the brief invasion of 1719, by a few Spanish troops landing in the country of the Earl of Seaforth, and joined by his clan. They were defeated at Glensheil, with little loss on either side, and in a great measure by the Munros, Rosses, and other whig clans, whom the influence of Duncan Forbes put into motion. Placed, as it were, on the very verge of the discontented districts, he had a difficult and even dangerous game to play. It was, says the Editor of these papers most truly, 'more congenial to his nature to reclaim than to punish;' and his life was spent in keeping quiet, by means of influence, persuasion, and the interposition of friends, those warlike and independent chiefs whom presumption and political prejudice were perpetually urging to take up arms.

Lord Advocate Forbes suppressed, by his personal exertions, the desperate and alarming riots concerning the Malt tax, in 1725, and was among the patriots who saved the city of Edinburgh from the vindictive measures meditated against the metropolis, on account of the singular insurrection, called the Porteous mob. It was, indeed, one of the brightest points of this great man's character, that though the steady friend of government and good order, he was the boldest, and most active mediator for his misguided fellow subjects, when it was proposed to urge punishment beyond the bounds of correction into those of vengeance. Many other patriotic labours occupied his attention, concerning which information will be found in these papers. He was the first to give the example



(since so well followed) of those effects which careful agriculture can produce, even when contending with the disadvantages of soil and climate. It was he who first proposed encouragement to the linen trade and other manufactures in Scotland. It was he also, who first took measures for preserving and arranging the records of the kingdom of Scotland, (p. 199.) a work which has been so actively forwarded in our own time by Lord Frederick Campbell, the Clerk Register, seconded by the deep historical and legal knowledge of the Deputy Register, Mr. Thomson. The promotion of Forbes to the high office of President of the Court of Session took place in 1737: when called, as Lord Hardwicke expressed it, by the voice of the country, to fill the vacant chair, his appointment was hailed by all ranks as a guarantee for the impartial administration of justice, and the gradual and sound elucidation of law. It is, however, less of this great man's character, than of the highlands of Scotland, which our review proposes to treat.

The dangers of the year 1715 occasioned several steps towards breaking the spirit of clanship, and crushing the power of the highland chiefs. The first of these was called the clan-act, which, if a vassal took arms in any rebellion, bestowed the property of his lands upon his superior or liege-lord, supposing him to have remained loyal, and, vice versa, gave the loyal vassal the superiority or freehold right of his own lands, if he remained quiet, when his liege-lord (to use the established phrase) *went out*. Another act discharged the personal attendances of vassals upon the summons of the chief for sharing his sports, fighting his battles, and garrisoning his mansion, or, in the phrase of law, for the purposes of hunting, hosting, watching and warding. These badges of dependance were ordered to be commuted for a money rent: but as the idea of the duty remained imprinted in the minds of the clans, it continued to be rendered regularly upon demand. Another act was passed for disarming the highlanders. But this measure, which would have been otherwise effectual, was carried into execution so imperfectly, that while the whig clans surrendered all their arms, to shew obedience to government, the jacobites contrived to conceal great part of theirs, to secure, when an opportunity should offer, the means of resisting it.—(See a letter from President Forbes, p. 363.)—So that in 1745, the friends of government were found disarmed, while their enemies were in a state of preparation. The last, and by far the most effectual precaution, taken between 1715 and 1745, was the establishment of military roads through the highlands, a work of great time and labour; but of all others the most certainly tending to civilization. The effect of these measures was considerable upon the highlands; and there can be little doubt, that their gradual operation would, in the course of years, or ages, perhaps, have

have tended to unite their inhabitants with those of the lowlands of Scotland, as the tribes of Wales, of Ireland, and of the borders, have gradually been blended with the rest of society. But the system of clanship was destined to a more sudden and violent dissolution.

The steps taken by government, and the exhortations from France and Rome, kept the highland chiefs on the alert to support the patriarchal power, which they saw was aimed at by those who governed at home, while they received encouragement from abroad to assist and defend it. Money and arms were occasionally supplied to them, and every chief and chieftain exerted himself to maintain his influence, to discourage innovation, and to banish all strangers who attempted to settle amongst them. A singular instance occurred in the case of Sir Alexander Murray of Stanhope, who, encouraged by a very favourable prospect of lead-mines which might be wrought to advantage, purchased a large district in the west highlands, called Ardnamurchan. He laid open rich mines at Strontian, and attempted agricultural improvements, which could not have failed at once to improve the country, and to reward the undertaker. But such was the hatred of the natives to a lowland landlord, that his cattle and effects were stolen, his houses burned, his servants wounded and killed, his own life, and that of his family threatened, while, either from want of evidence, or want of inclination on the part of the constituted jurisdictions, justice was in every case delayed or refused, until, broken in spirit and fortune, he was compelled to relinquish this hopeful undertaking, and to carry his unavailing complaints to the British parliament. In milder times and with better auspices, the present proprietor of that extensive tract has carried into effect many of the proposed improvements; yet, to his honour be it spoken, he has made the comfort and happiness of his numerous tenantry keep pace with the rise of his property in value.

In other places of the highlands similar scenes were acted; and in general, either from the facility of finding prey, or encouraged by the policy of the highland chiefs, the fiercest and most lawless of the clans and associated free-booters inhabited the mountains nearer to the lowlands. Such was the information given to Dr. Johnson by the Rev. Dr. Mac Queen; which, ignorant of the circumstances, the English moralist seems to have considered as an ebullition of highland vanity. Nothing, however, is more certain. The famous Rob Roy, for example, haunted the head of Loch Lomond, from which he carried on a war of plunder against the estate of the Duke of Montrose, retreating when hard pressed into the mountains to the north west, where the Duke of Argyle, out of ancient hatred to the Montrose family, connived at his finding refuge.

refuge. He blended in his own character the capacity of a police-officer and of a free-booter—that is to say, he ensured against depredation the cattle of those lowlanders who paid him black-mail, and recovered them if stolen; and, on the other hand, he laid waste and pillaged the property of those who refused their tribute. In virtue of his assumed character of protector, he summoned the people of Lennox to pay the black-mail with as much gravity as if it had been a legal demand; and he that demurred, generally had good cause, before a week went by, to wish that he had complied.

To repress these disturbances, government adopted a remedy of a doubtful and dangerous character. This was the raising of a number of independent companies among the highlanders themselves, officered by the sons of chieftains, tacksmen, and such *duikne wassals* as we formerly described, and commanded by chiefs, or chieftains, to whom the pay, small as it may now seem, of a company of foot, was in those days no inconsiderable object. This *black-watch*, as it was called, traversed the country in arms day and night, became acquainted with all its recesses, and with the most desperate characters whom it contained. It must be supposed that they had the same vague opinions with other highlanders as to the morality of the practices which they were employed to suppress; and as they often took upon them to treat with the thieves about the restoration of their booty, they were much belied if, in some instances, they did not share it with them. At any rate, these companies were the means of fostering in the highlanders the restless and military spirit which the Clan and Disarming acts had been intended to subdue; and as such they were used by the chiefs, who, either from attachment to the exiled family, or to their own clannish authority, did all they could to support what it was most the interest of a peaceful government to eradicate. Still, with all the dangers attending them, the independent companies were essential to the peace of the country; and when they were embodied into one regiment, (the celebrated 42d, still called the Black-Watch,) and sent to Flanders without the substitution of any force of the same active description in their stead, the disaffected chiefs, rendered still more so by the loss of their companies thus withdrawn from them, had full scope for their machinations.

No man played this game more deeply than Lord Lovat, to whom one of these independent companies had been given. He made it a main argument, to prevent the Frasers from relapsing into any habits of industry unbecoming their military character and high descent, that it was their duty to enter into his company by rotation; and as he thus procured the means, without suspicion, of training to military discipline his whole clan by turns, it soon be-  
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came plain that government could not have put a more dangerous weapon into the hands of a more dangerous man.

He was, indeed, a most singular person; such as could only have arisen in a time and situation where there was a mixture of savage and civilized habits. The wild and desperate passions of his youth were now matured into a character at once bold, cautious, and crafty; loving command, yet full of flattery and dissimulation, and accomplished in all points of policy excepting that which is proverbially considered the *best*. He was at all times profuse of oaths and protestations, but chiefly, as was observed of Charles IX. of France, when he had determined in his own mind to infringe them. Like many cunning people, he often seems to have overshoot his mark; while the indulgence of a temper so fierce and capricious as to infer some slight irregularity of intellect, frequently occasioned the shipwreck of his fairest schemes of self-interest. To maintain and extend his authority over a highland clan, he shewed, in miniature, alternately the arts of a Macchiavel, and the tyranny of a Cæsar Borgia. He spared no means of enhancing the rents of his lowland estate, which he bestowed liberally in maintaining the hospitality of a chief towards his highland tenants. Those who withstood his designs, or resisted his authority, were either worried by long and vexatious law-suits, or experienced nocturnal inroads from the banditti supposed to act under his secret direction, who houghed their cattle, burned their barn-yards, and often injured them personally. When the freebooters concerned in such outrages were arrested, the gaol of Inverness was never found strong enough to hold them. And though all men well knew how this happened, none dared to mention Lovat as the cause.\* On the other hand, persons of the inferior order, belonging to hostile clans, who had incurred his displeasure, never found any such facilities of escape, but were indentured for the plantations, or sent to Holland as soldiers. Mr. Burt tells a very extraordinary story, which the reader may take in his own words.

‘As this chief (Lovat) was walking alone, in his garden, with his dirk and pistol by his side, and a gun in his hand, (as if he feared to be assassinated,) and, as I was reading in his parlour, there came to me by stealth, (as I soon perceived,) a young fellow, who accosted me with such an accent, as made me conclude he was a native of Middlesex; and every now and then he turned about, as if he feared to be observed by any of the family.

‘He told me, that when his master was in London, he had made him

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\* See Letters from the North of Scotland, vol. i. Letter III. and vol. ii, Letter XXIV. Burt gives many anecdotes of Lord Lovat, though without naming him. The gentleman whose cattle were houghed for giving sentence as an arbiter against Lord Lovat was Cuthbert of Castlehill, and he whose house was broken into with the purpose of assassination was Frazer of Phepachy.

promises

promises of great advantage, if he would serve him as his gentleman; but though he had been there two years, he could not obtain either his wages or discharge.

'And, says he, when I ask for either of them, he tells me I know I have robbed him, and nothing is more easy for him than to find, among these highlanders, abundant evidence against me (innocent as I am); and then my fate must be a perpetual gaol, or transportation; and there is no means for me to make my escape, being here in the midst of his clan, and never suffered to go far from home.

'You will believe I was much affected with the melancholy circumstance of the poor young man; but told him, that by speaking for him would discover his complaint to me, which might enrage his master; and, in that case, I did not know what might be the consequence to him.

'Then, with a sorrowful look, he left me, and (as it happened) in very good time.'—*Letters from the North of Scotland, Letter X. § 49th. p. 56, Original edition.*

In his family, Lord Lovat exercised similar tyranny. The eldest son, a hopeful and excellent young man, was the constant object of his jealousy; and his last wife, though nearly related to the family of Argyle, was treated by him with so much cruelty, that the interference of her relations became necessary. We have heard that a lady, the intimate friend of her youth, was instructed to visit Lady Lovat, as if by accident, to ascertain the truth of those rumours concerning her husband's conduct, which had reached her family. She was received by Lord Lovat with an extravagant affectation of welcome, and with many assurances of the happiness which his lady would receive from seeing her. The chief then went to the lonely tower in which Lady Lovat was secluded without decent clothes, and even without sufficient nourishment. He laid a dress before her becoming her rank, commanded her to put it on, to appear, and to receive her friend as if she were the mistress of the house, in which she was in fact a naked and half starved prisoner. And such was the strict watch he maintained, and the terror his character inspired, that the visitor durst not ask, nor Lady Lovat communicate, any thing respecting her real situation. It was, however, ascertained by other means, and a separation took place.

We have seen the versatility of Lord Lovat in earlier life; the services which he rendered George I. during the year 1715: the advantages of his independent company, his rank as lord-lieutenant of Invernesshire, besides the gratuity of a pension, were boons granted to secure his allegiance to the house of Brunswick: but it was quickly found that with ambitious turbulence, which was even too great for his sense of self-interest, he was still engaged in obscure and secret negociations with the exiled family. In 1737, he received a visit from Colonel Roy Stuart, an emissary of the Chevalier, and gave great cause of suspicion, both by that circumstance and

and by the quantity of swords, targets and other arms, which he was observed to import from abroad. Yet it seems inconsistent with his character to have joined irretrievably in a cause so desperate, had he not fallen into a sort of open disgrace with the government. About 1739, his independent company and pension were both withdrawn, contrary to the advice of President Forbes, who foresaw the effects of the pecuniary loss and public disgrace upon a spirit so interested, so haughty, and so dangerous. The crisis of civil contention accordingly approached; and the tempting offer of a dukedom and the lieutenancy of all the counties north of the Spey, overcame Lovat's worldly wisdom, although few men had more. He paused indeed, upon finding that Charles had landed with such a slender force; and his letters to President Forbes, prior to the battle of Preston-pans, indicate an intention of supporting the established government. (See pages 210. 214.) The victory obtained by the Chevalier determined his sentiments; and in presence of many of his vassals, being urged by an emissary of the prince to 'throw off the mask,' he flung down his hat and drank success to the young adventurer by the title which he claimed, and confusion to the White Horse and all his adherents. But with the Macchiavelism inherent in his nature, he resolved that his own personal interest in the insurrection should be as little evident as possible, and determined that his son, whose safety he was bound, by the laws of God and man, to prefer to his own, should be his stalking-horse, and, in case of need, his scape-goat.

Meanwhile, his friend and neighbour President Forbes was labouring to dissuade the highland chiefs from joining in this rash expedition. With many of the most powerful he found means to prevail, particularly with the laird of Macleod, and Sir Alexander Mac Donald of Sleat, whose numerous tribes would have made a formidable addition to the Chevalier's army. With Lovat he used his utmost influence; and the letters between them are among the most entertaining in this volume. Lovat is, at first, vehement in his demand for arms to protect his vassals and put his country into a state of defence. By-and-bye he is compelled to admit that many of his followers were eager to enter into the rebellion; and lastly, that his eldest son had been seduced to put himself at their head, and had actually mustered four hundred Frasers, and marched off with them to join the Chevalier. It appears from the evidence of Fraser of Dunballoch and others, upon Lord Lovat's trial, that all this while the threats and arguments of the father were urging the son (afterwards the highly esteemed General Fraser) to a step of which he disapproved, and that he was still more disgusted by the duplicity and versatility with which his father qualified it.

Meanwhile, between this wily and unprincipled chief, and others  
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of a more violent and open character, the President was placed in a condition of difficulty and danger, which shall be described in his own words.

‘The prospect (of dissuading the chiefs) was at first very flattering, and the errand I came on had no appearance of difficulty; but the rebels’ successes at Edr. and Preston-pans soon changed the scene. All jacobites, how prudent soever, became mad; all doubtful people became jacobites; and all bankrupts became heroes, and talk’d nothing but hereditary rights and victory; and, what was more grievous to men of gallantry, and if you will believe me much more mischievous to the publick, all the fine ladys, if you will except one or two, became passionately fond of the young adventurer, and used all their arts and industry for him in the most intemperate manner. Under these circumstances, I found myself almost alone, without troops, without arms, without money or credit; provided with no means to prevent extream folly, except pen and ink, a tongue, and some reputation; and if you will except Mac Leod, whom I sent for from the isle of Sky, supported by nobody of common sense or courage.’ (*Culloden Papers*, p. 250.)

Yet in these circumstances, by indefatigable exertion and by liberally contributing both money and credit to the cause, he was enabled to assemble such a force at Inverness, as served to distract the councils, and interrupt the supplies of the Chevalier, and to pave the way for the downfall of his cause. Lovat, in the meanwhile, after exhausting every subterfuge, fled from Inverness, where he had surrendered himself on a kind of parole, and did not return to his house until, by the northward march of the Chevalier’s army and other events, the friends of government were for a time forced to abandon Inverness.

It was not till after the battle of Culloden, that Lovat beheld the unfortunate prince in whose cause he had sacrificed himself. A lady, who, then a girl, was residing in Lord Lovat’s family, described to us the unexpected appearance of Prince Charles and his flying attendants, at Castle Dounie. The wild and desolate vale, on which she was gazing with indolent composure, was at once so suddenly filled with horsemen riding furiously towards the castle, that, impressed with the belief that they were fairies, who, according to highland tradition, are visible to men only from one twinkle of the eye-lid to another, she strove to refrain from the vibration, which she believed would occasion the strange and magnificent apparition to become invisible. To Lord Lovat it brought a certainty more dreadful than the presence of fairies or even demons. The tower on which he had depended had fallen to crush him, and he only met the Chevalier to exchange mutual condolences. Yet Lovat lost neither heart nor judgment: Obligated to fly, though now so old and infirm that he was transported on the shoulders of his followers, he still advised the chiefs to keep together their men, and  
either

either to prosecute a mountain-war, or shew so bold a countenance as might obtain honourable terms of peace. But this design miscarried; and after skulking from isle to isle, he was at length discovered within the trunk of a hollow-tree, and carried on board the Furnace ship of war.

Lord Lovat maintained, to the last, his character of versatility and hardihood. In a letter to the Duke of Cumberland, he endeavoured to excite his compassion, by telling him how often he had carried him in his arms when a child, offered to make such discoveries as would be of an hundred times more advantage to government than the sacrifice of an old grey-head, but concluded—he was

————— in utrumque paratus,

Seu versare dolos, seu certæ incumbere morti.

During his previous confinement, during the course of his trial, and even till the last hour of his life, his bold and firm demeanour, the satirical causticity of his vein of humour, and the respect commanded by energy of character, even when abused, secured him a degree of interest, of a very different nature but not much inferior to that which Balmerino gained by his undaunted steadiness, and Kilmarnock by his affecting penitence. At his execution, two expressions marked that he was Lovat still—when the scaffold fell and killed several persons, ‘Aye, aye, (exclaimed he, just about to die,) the mair mischief the better sport.’ And he chose for his last words the *Dulce et decorum* of Horace. Such sentiments in the mouth of such a character, and at such a moment, seem preposterous almost to incredibility; but Lovat is not the only criminal whose conduct was guided by self-interest during life, and who has yet assumed, at his death, the manners and language of a patriot.

The reader will naturally expect to hear of the rewards and honours which were showered on President Forbes for his admirable conduct during a period so difficult and dangerous. Of these we learn nothing. But we suspect that the memory of his services was cancelled by the zeal with which, after the victory, he pressed the cause of clemency. We have heard that when this venerable judge, as well became his station, mentioned the laws of the country, he was answered, not, as the editor supposes, by the Duke of Albemarle, but by a personage greater still, ‘What laws?—I’ll make a brigade give laws!’—that his repeated intercessions in favour of those who, from prejudice of education, or a false sense of honour, had joined the Chevalier, were taken in bad part; and his desire to preserve to the highlanders a dress fitted to their occupations, (pp. 289—297.) was almost construed into disaffection:—in fine, that he died broken in spirit by witnessing the calamities of his country, and impoverished in estate, by the want of that very money which



which he had, in the hour of need, frankly advanced to levy troops for the service of government. But he left behind him a name endeared, even in these days of strife and bitterness, to enemies as to friends, and doubly to be honoured by posterity, for that impartiality which uniformly distinguished between the cause of the country and political party.\*

If we touch upon the severities exercised with a most unsparing hand, after the insurrection of 1745, during the course of which the highlanders had conducted themselves with humanity and moderation, it is but to repel an expression of the editor, who, after admitting the existence of these 'acts of atrocity,' stranglely subjoins, that '*no blame can attach to the Duke of Cumberland for them.*'—(Introduct. p. xxxvi.)

We, on the contrary, maintain that to the general of the victorious army, and to no other, is imputable every consequence of the orders which he issues; and if a veil is drawn over the conduct of the Duke of Cumberland, it is out of no respect or tenderness to the memory of that prince, but in justice to the far different sentiments of many members of his illustrious family, who knew how to prize faith and honour even in the enemies of their house, and who have often testified respect for the memory of those who risked their all because their mistaken loyalty demanded the sacrifice, and who, in prosecuting their enterprize, did nothing in hate, but all in honour.

When the Princess of Wales, mother of his present Majesty, mentioned, with some appearance of censure, the conduct of Lady Margaret Mac Donald of Sleat, who harboured and concealed the Prince when, in the extremity of peril, he threw himself on her protection—'And would not you, madam,' answered Prince Frederick, 'have done the same, in the like circumstances?—I hope—I am sure you would.' Besides the great measure of restoring the forfeited estates of the chiefs, our venerable sovereign shewed, on many occasions, how little his heart was capable of nourishing dislike against those who had acted upon principle against the authority of his family. The support which he afforded to the exiled branch of the Stuarts will form a bright trait in his history; and secluded as he now is from his government and people, we may, as of a deceased monarch, relate one of those trifling traits which marked the generous kindness of his disposition. His Majesty was told of a gentleman of family and fortune, in ——— shire, that, far

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\* By a sort of posthumous ingratitude, the privilege of distilling, without payment of duty, upon his barony of Fairintosh, an immunity conferred to compensate his father's losses and reward his services at the revolution, and hence termed by Burns, 'Loyal Forbes's chartered boast,' was wrenched from the family by government, in 1785, for a most inadequate recompense.—(Introduction, p. xlv.)

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from taking the oath of allegiance to him, he had never been known to name or permit him to be named as king in his presence. 'Carry my compliments to him,' said the king, 'and say that I respect his steadiness of principle; or, as he may not receive my compliments as King of England, present them as those of the Elector of Hanover.'—And he never afterwards saw the gentleman from whom the anecdote is derived, without inquiring after the health of the venerable recusant, and reiterating his wish to be remembered to him. The same kindness to the memory of those who hazarded themselves for the Stuart cause has been inherited by the present administrator of royal authority, and to him, as to his father, their descendants have been and are prompt to repay it.

We have little more to say upon the labours of the editor, excepting that he has given a good life of the Lord President, and that his duties as a commentator are carefully and respectably performed. We observe that, in a note, p. 289, he has ascribed to Mr. Rawlinson, an Englishman, the invention of the *Filea-beg*: in this he is quite correct; but this was only a slight and obvious improvement on the ancient *belted plaid*. That dress was formed in a very primitive manner, by wrapping one end of a web of tartan round the loins, so as to form a petticoat, and disposing of the rest around one shoulder, to be drawn over both in case of a storm. This dress, though well-fitted for the hunter or herdsman, was inconvenient to labourers. Mr. Rawlinson observed that, in the belted plaid, the most necessary part of a man's dress was indivisibly united to that which is most occasional, as if a lowlander's great coat was sewed to his breeches. He recommended to the highlanders whom he employed, to wear a short petticoat, secured with a buckle, and separated from the plaid, which could be then laid aside at pleasure. This innovation is called the *filea-beg*, or *kilt*; and it is an improvement which by no means affects President Forbes's remarks on the antiquity of the highland dress.

We now—and it is more than time—draw to a conclusion. We have shewn the power of clanship in its most unamiable form, as devolving on a man whom neither faith nor gratitude could bind,—a tyrant to his family, a terror to his vassals;—selfish enough to shelter his own safety by imputing to his son the crime to which he compelled him, and a traitor to the political interests which he embraced and abandoned alternately. Such a character ranks with the Ras Michael and Fasil of Bruce, and rather belongs to the Galla, or the Agows, than to the Scottish highlands. It might have been our lot to present patriarchal authority in a very different light, as exercised by Allan Cameron of Lochiel, who, to the high spirit, courage, and loyalty of a highland chief, added the manners of an accomplished gentleman and the morals of a good Christian.

Beloved by his neighbours, he was the terror of the oppressor and the refuge of the oppressed; he suppressed in his clan every license which could disturb the public, while his bounty and encouragement rendered peaceful industry more profitable to them than the hostile and predatory habits of their ancestors. And when he took his last and fatal step, it was with no view of self-interest—no desire of individual fame or honour—but in the pure spirit of one who devoted himself to a cause which he well knew to be desperate, because he deemed himself called upon, by his honour and allegiance, to obey the summons of the Prince who threw himself upon so rash a hazard.

Clanship, therefore, like other modes of government, differed in complexion, according to the character by whom the authority was exercised; but it may be observed in general, that though despotic in principle, its duties were reciprocal; and that the chief who neglected to protect and maintain his people, was in danger of being disowned and deserted by them. Clanship, however, with its good and evil, is now no more. Its harsher features disappeared, after the promulgation of the laws in 1748, which struck at the root of the chiefs' authority, both patriarchal and feudal. The execution of young Robert Roy, Serjeant More Cameron, and other leaders of predatory bands of highlanders, with the banishment of the yet more distinguished Barrisdale, checked their habits of violence. A milder race arose;—the highlanders with whom our youth was conversant, cultivating sedulously the means of subsistence which their country afforded, and converting the broad-sword into the plough-share, and the spear into the herdsman's crook, yet preserving an aptitude to military habits, and an enthusiastic energy of character derived from the recollections of former days, and fostered by the tales of the grey-headed veterans, who looked back with regret to the days when each man's arms clattered round him when he walked the hills. Among these men, the spirit of clanship subsisted no longer indeed as a law of violence, but still as a law of love. They maintained, in many instances, their chiefs at their own expense; and they embodied themselves in regiments, that the head of the family might obtain military preferment. Whether and how these marks of affection have been rewarded, is a matter of deep and painful inquiry. But while it subsisted, this voluntary attachment to the chief was, like the ruins of his feudal castle, more interesting than when clanship subsisted in its entire vigour, and reminded us of the expression of the poet:—

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Time  
Has mouldered into beauty many a tower,

Which,

Which, when it frown'd with all its battlements,  
Was only terrible———.

Some such distinction between highlanders and lowlanders in this respect, would long have subsisted, had it been fostered by those who, we think, were most interested in maintaining it. The dawn of civilization would have risen slowly on the system of highland society; and as the darker and harsher shades were already dispelled, the romantic contrast and variety reflected upon ancient and patriarchal usages, by the general diffusion of knowledge, would, like the brilliant colours of the morning clouds, have survived for some time, ere blended with the general mass of ordinary manners. In many instances, highland proprietors have laboured with laudable and humane precaution to render the change introduced by a new mode of cultivation gentle and gradual, and to provide, as far as possible, employment and protection for those families who were thereby dispossessed of their ancient habitations. But in other, and in but too many instances, the glens of the highlands have been drained, not of their superfluity of population, but of the whole mass of the inhabitants, dispossessed by an unrelenting avarice, which will be one day found to have been as short-sighted as it is unjust and selfish. Meanwhile, the highlands may become the faery ground for romance and poetry, or subject of experiment for the professors of speculation, political and economical.—But if the hour of need should come—and it may not, perhaps, be far distant—the pibroch may sound through the deserted region, but the summons will remain unanswered. The children who have left her will re-echo from a distant shore the sounds with which they took leave of their own—*Ha til, ha til, ha til, mi tulidh!*—‘We return—we return—we return—no more!’

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ART. II.—1. *Vita di Vittorio Alfieri, &c. Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Victor Alfieri, written by himself.* 2 vols. 12mo. 1815.

2. *The Tragedies of Vittorio Alfieri, translated by Charles Lloyd.* 3 vols. 12mo. London. 1815.

A COLLECTION of the works of the living Italian poets was begun at Pisa, in the year 1798, under the title of *Parnaso degl' Italiani Viventi*. To what extent it was carried we know not; the last volume in our set is the twenty-fourth, 1803. Of the writers whom it contains, there are some who, probably, will not find a place in future collections; but there are others whose works afford sufficient proof that the literature of Italy had purified itself from the conceits with which it had at one time been infected, and was recovering somewhat of its original strength. That country, indeed,

deed, has never been without great minds, who, rising above its moral and political degradation, have at all times asserted its intellectual rank among the European nations.

Vittorio Alfieri is the most successful and, in many respects, the most extraordinary of the late Italian poets. Indeed no man, since Voltaire, has established so extensive a reputation. English literature finds its way slowly among other nations; it is hardly known on the continent that we have produced a poet since Gray: the German language is too harsh for southern ears, and the matter of their works sometimes too coarse, and sometimes too strong, for an effeminate race: the literature of Spain and Portugal is confined to its respective countries; nor will the poets of those countries ever extend the limits of their sphere till they break through the miserable trammels in which they are bound. Alfieri had the advantage of writing in a language known as universally among lettered men as the French, and respected among those by whom, to borrow Shenstone's word, the *floccinaucipiligification* of French poetry was properly estimated. His works were printed in France, and read every where.

Alfieri was born in the city of Asti, in Piedmont, 1749, of noble, wealthy and respectable parents—circumstances which he, like Gibbon, considered as highly favourable to the development of his moral and intellectual faculties. At the time of his birth his father was above sixty: and walking almost every day to visit this his only son, who was at nurse two miles from the city, in one of these walks he overheated himself, and was carried to the grave, before Alfieri had completed his first year. The mother married again; this last husband was of the Alfieri family, he was exceedingly rich, and the union was in all things happy, except in the loss of children; the mother, who had been thrice married, and had offspring by each marriage, lived to see them all cut off except Vittorio. In him she had little comfort, notwithstanding he possessed a generous heart, and powers of intellect which have rendered him one of the most illustrious men of his age; for, owing to a miserable education, his strength of mind seldom appeared in any other form than that of obstinacy or defiance, and the extravagance of his conduct seemed often to bear a taint of insanity. At an early age, he gave indication of his future character: his spirits were always in extremes; he was either silent or talkative to excess; he was easily guided by his affections, but more easily provoked to the most inflexible stubbornness; he had the shyness and the ardour, the cold external and the latent heat of genius; the moodiness, the wildness and waywardness of one in whom the elements of intellectual greatness were fermenting. One thing only seems to have been discovered by his preceptors, his exceeding  
sensitivity

sensibility to shame, and of this they made the most injudicious use. They punished him by making him appear at church with a night-cap, and this imaginary disgrace afflicted him with the most violent grief. The place of punishment was a church belonging to the Carmelite monks. Alfieri, at this time a mere child, had fallen into a sort of passionate admiration of the novices, boys about fourteen or sixteen years of age, whom he only saw assisting at religious ceremonies, and who were the only young persons he ever beheld at this time, a curious circumstance in his education, which he does not represent as any thing extraordinary. His admiration of these boys almost amounted to devotion; 'so ardent,' says he, 'did my pure attachment become, that I unceasingly thought on them and their functions. Sometimes my imagination represented them to me, holding their wax tapers in their hands, performing the service with a devout and angelic air, sometimes burning incense at the foot of the altar.'

The punishment of the night-cap was greatly increased by the presence of these Carmelite novices, and the mere threat frequently sufficed to keep him in order: but having, on occasion of some trifling offence, been detected in endeavouring to excuse himself by falsehood, the night-cap was ordered to be inflicted the next day, with the aggravated infamy of exposure, not in the Carmelite church, but in the most fashionable and frequented church in the city. Alfieri says that, in the whole course of his life, he never passed so dreadful a night; and when he returned from the church he believed himself dishonoured for ever. The violence of his grief produced an illness, which continued several days, and so terrified his mother, that he was never again punished in the same manner: he, on his part, fearfully avoided the commission of falsehood, saying, he knows not whether it be imputable to this cause, that he has been more candid and less addicted to deceit than any individual with whom he was ever acquainted. The effect may have been thus good: but the experiment was far too dangerous, and might as likely have ended in rendering him callous to shame. The same injudicious principle was applied, when he made his first confession, which was when he was between seven and eight years of age. As it was not very probable that a boy of that age should know what to accuse himself of, his tutor prepared him for this precious ceremony by a previous conversation, suggesting to him the various crimes of which he might have been guilty, many of which the poor child did not know even by name! The confessor, having heard what he chose to say, enjoined him as a penance, to throw himself at his mother's feet before he sat down to dinner, and solicit her pardon. A large company was assembled; Alfieri could not submit to this public exhibition; he did not perceive that

that the penance had been concerted between his mother and the priest, and ventured to approach the table, without performing the humiliation which had been enjoined. This drew upon him more sufferings than he sought to evade; his mother, with a stern countenance, asked him if he had a right to take his place,—if he had fulfilled his duty,—if he had nothing wherewith to reproach himself? He was unable, from his feelings, to reply, but his unconquerable pride made him persist in his own course. The consequence was, that no public penance was ever enforced on him again, and that he conceived a dislike to the confessional, and a hatred for the confessor.

With all this moodiness and stubborn disobedience, Alfieri passionately loved his mother and his tutor; and when, in his tenth year, he was placed at the academy of Turin, by his paternal uncle and guardian, he was ready to die with grief at leaving home. Here he begins the second epoch of his life, 'Adolescence, including eight years of unproductive education.' 'Thus,' says he, 'at the age of nine years and a half, I suddenly found myself transplanted among strangers, wholly separated from my parent, insulated, and abandoned to myself; for this species of public education, if it deserve the name, has no influence over the mind of youth; and God knows even their studies are too often neglected. No maxims of morality, no rules for their conduct through life are ever inculcated on their tender minds; and how, indeed, could it be done by professors who are themselves, both in theory and practice, wholly unacquainted with the world?'

Nothing could be worse, either for body or mind, than the system of public education at Turin: the food of the boys was bad in quality, and in quantity scarce sufficient, and there were not hours enough allowed for rest. Under this system, Alfieri's growth was checked, he became miserably emaciated, and was afflicted with an eruptive disease, resembling leprosy, on his head and temples. It is an abominable part of Catholic education, that at their academies, children are as much as possible separated from their relations, no vacations being allowed, in order that nothing may counteract the influence of the priest over his pupil. In this spirit the system originated; for the Romish superstition begins early to loosen the roots of natural affection, that it may more easily pluck them up. Constantly sick, and having his body covered with sores, Alfieri became an object of derision and insult for his comrades. Humanity is not one of those virtues to which public education is favourable. His uncle at length, returning from Turin, and perceiving the state of his health, obtained a change in his diet: he was allowed more sleep, and in addition to the latter indulgence, as soon as he entered upon

upon the study of philosophy, he gained a supplemental nap of three quarters of an hour every day, during a lecture upon Aristotle.

However badly Alfieri's education was conducted, he appears to have acquired as much Latin as boys of the same age usually attain in England. The first Italian poet which fell into his hands was Ariosto; he read it here and there without method, and without comprehending half what he read; for his native language was a barbarous dialect, and he had received no instructions in Tuscan. This book was taken from him by the assistant, and deposited upon the Sub-Prior's shelves; from whence, some time afterwards, he dexterously contrived to re-capture his property. But he derived no other benefit from it, than the pleasure of having recovered it; the language was still foreign for him, and that perpetual interruption of story, which was fashionable in Ariosto's days, disgusted him, because it increased his difficulty; his maturer judgment confirmed this dislike, such a mode of conducting a narrative being, as he justly observes, contrary to nature and destructive of all poetic effect. The work which he read with most avidity, and the first which he ever read from beginning to end, was Annibal Caro's translation of the *Æneid*; and it is worthy of remark, that the interest which the story excited in him, was for Camilla and Turnus, not for the *pious Æneas* and the Trojans. During this part of his boyhood, a fellow-student, more ignorant than himself, compelled Alfieri to write his exercises for him, palliating, however, the act of tyranny, by allowing him to chuse between two balls as a sort of remuneration for undertaking the office, and two blows as a punishment for refusing it. He chose the balls, performed the task, and kept the secret, for in an Italian school, it seems oppression of this kind was kept as secret from the boys as from the master; but becoming weary of the labour, he contrived to rid himself of it by making such faults as drew upon his oppressor punishment from the master and ridicule from his comrades. Having thus emancipated himself, he rejoiced in secret at the success of his policy; but it is melancholy to find him, in his mature reason and declining life, inferring from this experience, that mankind are only governed by mutual terror, and saying, that thus he learned it.

He had been little more than a year at the university, when he composed his first sonnet, of which he could recollect nothing more when writing his memoirs, than that it consisted of clumsy imitation; the lady, however, to whom it was addressed, admired it much, and if found other admirers equally incompetent:—there are times when praise is the wholesome food of an aspiring mind, and Alfieri began to conceit himself already a poet. His uncle discouraged this disposition, and so effectually chilled him, that he thought no more of writing verses till he was twenty-five. How many sonnets,

good



good or bad, says he, did my uncle stifle along with this first production of my pen! He might also have reflected that, if the propensity had been then indulged and fostered, his intellectual powers would have been earlier developed, the ardour of his spirit might have taken a wise and beneficial direction, and he might have been saved from some of the extravagancies and offences of his youth.

When he was about fourteen, *Gil Blas* fell into his hands. This was the second book which he perused throughout, and it delighted him much more than the *Æneid*. About this time also, he read several romances, which, he says, interested him in proportion as they were melancholy. He mentions *Cassandra*, *Almachilda*, and the *Memoirs of a Man of Quality*; probably the *Fool of Quality* is meant; and this he read six times at least.—In accomplishments he made little progress; bodily weakness rendered it impossible for him to excel in fencing; for dancing he had, he says, an innate and unconquerable aversion, so that the very name of this frivolous art made him shudder and laugh at the same time, an emotion which, he observes, was by no means unusual with him, and which deserves to be remarked, as indicating the strength and the composition of his feelings. Moreover, his dancing-master was a Frenchman, newly imported from Paris, with a sufficient stock in trade of grimaces, frivolity, and effrontery: and Alfieri hated and despised the French. When very young, he had seen some French women of fashion in the Duchess of Parma's suite, and they were bedaubed with rouge; a fashion with which they had not at that time infected other countries. These painted figures left a deep and lasting impression on his mind, and disgusted him with the women of that nation. Hearing also repeatedly that the French, in their wars with Prussia and England, were beaten by sea and by land, and having, in his geographical lessons, learnt the great difference in extent and population between France and these hostile countries, he conceived an early dislike of the French, which was heightened by the tales told in Savoy, of the insolence and tyranny which they had displayed there in former wars. Music he loved with enthusiasm, and evinced some taste for it; but he tells us that ear and memory were every thing with him, and that he never could acquire a knowledge of the written character. And here an incidental fact is stated, which deserves notice. Alfieri partly ascribes his ill success in acquiring the science of music to the circumstance of having taken his lessons immediately after dinner, having, he says, observed, throughout the whole course of his life, that this was a most unfavourable time for the exertion of intellect, or even for the simple application of the eyes on paper, or on any other object whatever. The notes trembled before his eyes; an hour's perseverance rendered him incapable of distinguishing

distinguishing objects, and he remained ill and stupid through the rest of the day.

Alfieri was fourteen when his uncle, who had recently been appointed Viceroy of Sardinia, died, leaving him a large fortune, in addition to his ample paternal property. By the Piedmontese laws, boys at fourteen are considered as being of years of discretion, and the term of guardianship expires; another guardian, however, is appointed, who has no controul over their annual income, but can legally prevent the alienation of their property. Thus becoming master of abundant riches at so early an age, he says he acquired additional importance in his own eyes, and immediately began to build castles in the air. His first wish was to attend the riding-school, which he had not been permitted to do during his uncle's life;—and he was told that he should be indulged in his desire if he would previously take his degree as Master of Arts. The examination was a worthless form; he learnt a few Latin answers in readiness for the questions which were to be propounded; and becoming thus, he knew not how, in less than a month, Master of Arts, was allowed to take his first lesson in riding. Of this exercise he became passionately fond; it led him into some follies and extravagances, but his health derived from it great and immediate benefit. He was now removed to what was called the first apartment in the academy, which rather resembled an hotel than a college. It was chiefly filled with foreigners, of whom the greater number were English; and the pupils were subject to no other restraint than that of returning to their chambers before midnight. Alfieri, being much younger than any other person in the first apartment, was not so entirely left to his own discretion; his servant was ordered to accompany him wherever he went. This he resented; and chose to go abroad without him. At first he was reprimanded; for a second offence he was locked in his chamber; and his angry remonstrances, and repeated acts of disobedience, were at length punished by a confinement which lasted three months, for he was too stubborn to solicit his liberty, and says, that in that state of irritated obstinacy he would rather have perished than have made any concession. The violence of his passions always bordered upon madness; and on this occasion he gave them their full swing; but the timely marriage of his sister offered an opportunity for overlooking his outrageous conduct, and granting him his liberty. Being now relieved from any superintendence, and not restricted in expense, he began to vie with his English comrades in prodigality. Dress, carriages, and horses were the objects of his wasteful expenditure. The favourite amusement of him and his companions was to gallop like madmen down hill, along a paved road;

road; or to take the bridle from his servant's horse, and then hunt him instead of a stag, in the woods between the Po and the Doria.

Amid these follies and extravagances, Alfieri affirms that whoever impartially examined this sketch of his youth, would discover in his character a love of justice, uninfluenced by prejudices of birth or fortune, and a greatness of mind,—features, says he, which constitute the essential characteristics of a free man, or of one deserving to be so. The miserable manner in which his education had been conducted he clearly perceived, as far as related to intellect; but never, in riper years, nor in declining life, does he seem to have discovered that his moral nature had been more lamentably and irretrievably neglected; not one awakening feeling upon this subject seems ever to have arisen within him! Religion had only been represented to him in a form which outraged reason; the domestic affections, in which our best virtues have their source, had been cut up by the roots;—it was seven years after he entered the university before he visited his mother, though the distance which separated them was so small!—and for morality—with all his philosophy, his high sense of honour, his admiration of ancient virtue, and his enthusiasm for liberty—he seems never to have known what it was. On leaving the academy he entered into a provincial regiment; detesting, at the same time, the military profession, because he could not brook the subordination which it required. The service which he had chosen was merely nominal, and, by some little management, he obtained permission to visit Rome and Naples for a year. His country was then under a true despotism; the king interfered with the most trifling affairs, and was very unwilling that any of the nobles should leave the kingdom, and especially one who had already made himself remarkable by his eccentricities. The royal assent was nevertheless obtained, and Alfieri began his travels with the highest anticipations of enjoyment. Too little instructed to derive advantage from this journey, he did not even derive pleasure from it; his mind was not conscious of its own defects, but it was restless from mere vacuity; and he attributed that dissatisfaction which he felt every where to external objects, not having yet discovered that the cause existed in himself. Travelling post, he tells us, was the greatest pleasure he experienced, and, indeed, the only one of which he was susceptible. Yet the tomb of Michel Angelo awakened in him some startling thoughts, and he felt, while standing beside it, that those men are the only truly great who leave some durable monument behind them.

Little as these first travels had answered the expectations with which they were commenced, he obtained permission from the *paternal court of Turin* to extend them to France, England, and Holland,

Holland, for which another year was allowed him. The very names of these countries made his heart throb with delight. He hurried to Paris—was disgusted with its filth and its ~~finery~~, with bad weather and painted women, and hastened in the month of January to London. Here, for the first time, Alfieri's imagination had not prepared for him a disappointment. The roads, the inns, the horses, (never was any man so fond of horses,) the women, the neatness and conveniency of the houses, and the incessant activity which he beheld, delighted him. This favourable opinion of England he never changed in his future journeys, when the effect of novelty and wonder had abated. One of his first impulses was to settle in this happy country; not because he had formed any connection of love or friendship, but because he was delighted with the scenery, the simple manners of the people, the modesty and beauty of the women, and, above all, with the enjoyment of political liberty; things which made him overlook, he says, the mutable climate, the melancholy almost inseparable from it, and the exorbitant price of all the necessaries of life. That a Piedmontese who had seen only the south of England, and not the finest parts of the south, should have thus admired its scenery, seems to shew that he had little real sense of the beauties of nature; and this, indeed, may be inferred from his poetry.

His chief amusement in London was in playing the coachman, which he did with so much dexterity that, had the Four-in-Hand Club been then in existence, their annals might have been honoured with the name of Vittorio Alfieri. From this country he went to Holland; and there he found a friend and a mistress. The friend was D. Jozeda Cunha, at that time Portuguese envoy at the Hague. Alfieri speaks of him with great gratitude; for this fidalgo was the person who first awakened him to a sense of his own defects, made him see the frivolity of his pursuits, taught him to be ashamed of his ignorance, and gave him a copy of Machiavelli's works. His originality of character, his knowledge, his frankness, and his elevation of sentiment, are highly praised by his pupil; but this elevation of sentiment was as little connected as Alfieri's own feelings with the principles of morality; for Alfieri had here fallen in love with a married woman, and this friend was his confidant. Till now he had never been in love. The lady, whom he describes as young, beautiful, and highly accomplished, and whom he designates perhaps more clearly than he ought to have done, was as unmindful of her duty as if she had lived in the infectious atmosphere of Italy or France. She was, however, careful of her reputation; and when she was obliged to leave the Hague and follow her husband into Switzerland, Alfieri thought it impossible to live without her.—Grief, however, did not kill him; he committed follies which,  
he

he says, would not be believed if he were to relate them ; and having, perhaps, talked of suicide in these accesses of folly, he set about it in a way which looked as if he was willing to give his friends an opportunity of preventing him from effecting it. He feigned sickness, and sent for a surgeon to bleed him. Then feigning to fall asleep, he closed his bed-curtains, and loosened the bandage, that he might bleed to death. But his servant was on the watch ; his friend D. Joze da Cunha, with the most anxious friendship, attended him till he could be reasoned into a securer state of mind ;—and leaving the scene of a passion, the guilt of which his conscience never seems to have acknowledged, he returned to Piedmont.

The melancholy which he bore away with him came in aid of Cunha's advice, and he took to reading as a resource ; but his miserable education, followed as it had been by six years of dissipated idleness, rendered him incapable of any better studies than what French literature could supply. He found the *Héloïse*, he says, so laboured and affected in sentiment, that, though he repeatedly began it, he never could finish the first volume. Voltaire's prose works gave him the greatest pleasure ; his poetry was not to Alfieri's taste ; the *Henriade* wearied, and the *Pucelle* disgusted him. Montesquieu he read twice, with mingled pleasure and surprise and perhaps, he says, with some profit. Helvetius left a deep but disagreeable impression upon his mind ; but the book which gave him most delight, and seems, indeed, indelibly to have stamped his character, was Plutarch. In perusing the lives of Timoleon, Cæsar, Brutus, Pelopidas, &c. he wept, and raved, and gave vent to the wildest paroxysms of passionate transport. 'If any one,' says he, 'had been in the adjoining chamber, he must have pronounced me out of my senses. As often as I came to any of the great actions of these famous men, my agitation was so extreme that I could not remain seated. I was like one beside himself ; and shed tears of mingled grief and rage at having been born in Piedmont, at a time and under a government when it was impossible to conceive or execute any great design.' When he was advised to marry, he felt the utmost repugnance at the thought of having children in such a country, and in such degenerate days. This feeling gave way, he confesses with shame, to a love for riches. He paid his addresses to a wealthy heiress, who was not without beauty. The lady shewed a predilection for him, but he had a rival ; his singularities, his open contempt of the customs of his country, and perhaps his ungovernable temper, made the wiser part of her relations espouse his rival's cause, and Alfieri happily, as he acknowledges, for the lady and for himself, was refused. Having now attained his twenty-first year, he became unrestricted master of

of his fortune, which his guardian had faithfully husbanded for him. His yearly income was 2500 sequins, and a large sum of ready money had accumulated during his minority. He was thus rich, for a single man; and giving up all thoughts of settling, or of improving his fortune by entering into the diplomatic line, as he had at one time purposed, he set out again upon his travels, taking Montagne as his travelling companion. To this book perhaps, as he says, it was that he owed the little capability of thinking which he ever possessed in after-life.

The Sardinian minister at Vienna would have introduced him to Metastasio's parties, but he declined the introduction; in part from that sense of awkwardness which haunted him—in part from a contempt for Italian literature, which he had now acquired by reading French. Besides this, he had seen Metastasio perform the customary genuflexions to the Empress Maria Theresa, in a manner which the admirer of Plutarch thought servile and degrading; and he could not think of binding himself by ties of friendship, or even familiarity, with a poet who had sold himself to despotism! At this time he acknowledges that his passions, his inexperience, and his eccentric notions, rendered him ridiculous as well as original. There was, however, a noble rectitude in some of his feelings. He regarded Frederick of Prussia with horror; and felt no respect on being presented to him, but rather an increased indignation, to behold oppression and despotism assuming the mask of virtue. Of all countries, Prussia left upon his mind the most disagreeable impression; the whole country appeared to him like one vast guard-house; and he could never think of this nation of soldiers, as he calls them, without detestation. Alfieri was right in his abhorrence of Frederick, and of the exclusive military spirit; yet it should be remembered that, as the power of Prussia was raised, the character of the nation was elevated also, and a national and patriotic feeling was thus produced to which Germany is at this day, in some degree, beholden for her deliverance. Petersburg had as few allurements for Alfieri as Berlin; he hated every thing belonging to the Russians, except their beards and their horses; and he avoided, with indignation, the sight of the 'philosophic Clytemnestra,' as he calls her.

Leaving the north of Europe, he came again to England. His studies had as yet done little for his intellect, and less for his morals; he hated the obscenity of the French writers, nevertheless their pitch had defiled him; and having sucked poison as well as honey from Plutarch, he became vicious upon system, in order, he says, to escape from the dominion of sentimental love! He paid dearly for his error; but not more so than such an error deserved. At London he intrigued with a woman of rank, whose  
name

name he properly conceals, and which we may well suffer to sleep in the scandalous chronicles of the day. He had an assignation with this woman at her husband's country-seat, about sixteen miles from London.—The husband was to attend a review in town early on Monday morning, and Alfieri had been appointed to supply his place on the Sunday night. Upon the Saturday, in one of his freaks of horsemanship, he broke his collar-bone, and dislocated his arm: it marks the fiery character of the man, that having received this hurt, he attempted, a second time, the leap in which he had fallen, and succeeded in it. He rose from his bed the following evening, in spite of all remonstrance, got into a post chaise, and hurried to keep his guilty appointment. The consequence was, an injury to the shoulder, which was never entirely remedied. The intrigue had been suspected: upon this occasion he was watched, and, on the Tuesday following, the husband called him out from the Opera. As they walked toward the Green Park, the husband upbraided him for having clandestinely entered his house. Alfieri denied the charge, adding, however, that if his lordship gave any credit to it, he was ready to give him satisfaction. The husband cut his denial short by informing him that his wife had confessed every thing: This confounded him; but he replied in a manner of which he afterwards repented:—‘Since she avows it, why should I deny it?’ When they were about to draw, the husband observed his left arm in a sling, and asked if it would not incapacitate him from fighting: Alfieri replied in the negative, thanked him for his generosity, put himself on his guard, and then rushed on him like a madman, wishing, he says, to meet death at his hands. But if his aim was to seek death, the mode of seeking it was rather extraordinary, for he attacked the man whom he had injured with the utmost impetuosity. The husband contented himself with parrying the thrusts, for such they seem to have been. At length, making a thrust himself, he slightly wounded him between the wrist and the arm, then lowered his point, and declared that he was satisfied. Looking at his sword, Alfieri found that it was broken and notched like a saw. He was not at the time without some feelings of compunction and shame; yet he preserved this sword several years as a trophy.

Alfieri consoled himself now by the hope of marrying the woman whom he adored, as soon as the divorce should be completed. Our morals are better than they were at that time. The sister-in-law of the adulteress had assisted her in carrying on the intrigue; and the father paid a visit to his daughter to congratulate her on having made a choice worthy of herself! The lady herself, however, wept without ceasing: she assured Alfieri that the happiness of

of living always with him would amply repay her for the loss of her character—but that she was certain he would never marry her. Being perfectly sincere in his intention, he was almost driven to distraction by the obstinacy with which she expressed this conviction. At length she explained the mystery, by confessing that, before her attachment to him, she had been attached to—her husband's groom ! This worthy precursor, as Alfieri calls him, was at that very time in her husband's service : jealousy had sharpened his eyes sooner than it did his master's : he it was who watched the conduct of his double mistress, spied Alfieri's motions, and gave the information which led to his detection. But when he saw that his master was in the utmost distress at the idea of separating himself from a woman whom he still passionately loved, the groom was honest enough to request an audience, and reveal his own intrigue, entreating that he would now see this woman in her proper character, and regard the loss of one so utterly abandoned, as a blessing rather than an evil. The story had found its way into the morning newspapers, and the lady made a merit of confessing it to Alfieri in the afternoon. Indignant as he was, he could not resolve to leave this woman immediately. He accompanied her in a tour through several counties, and finally left her at Rochester, on her way to France. Meantime the procès in court went on, and the first time that Vittorio Alfieri was known to the English public, was as a defendant in a case of crim. con. But having obtained a conviction, the husband required no damages, and Alfieri acknowledges, with proper humiliation, that throughout the whole affair this brave and generous man acted towards him in a manner which he very little deserved.

Leaving England, as it appears, less under the influence of shame for the offence which he had committed, than of sorrow for the loss of his guilty mistress, he went for consolation to his friend Cunha, at the Hague ; but not finding what he sought, he determined to travel into Spain, the only European country which he had not yet visited. Montagne afforded him some consolation upon the road, and two Spanish horses, which he purchased at Barcelona, still more. At Madrid he neither went to court, nor visited any of those objects which excite the curiosity of strangers. The only acquaintance whom he formed there was with a young watchmaker, who had learned the art in Holland, and had just returned from that country with a good understanding, improved by observation, and a deep sense of the double tyranny which degraded his country.

At Lisbon he formed a valuable and lasting friendship with the Abbé Caluso, brother to the Sardinian minister at that court : from the manner in which Alfieri was affected by Guido's Ode to Fortune,  
Caluso



Caluso declared that he was born a poet, and assured him that, with due attention, he would write very good verses. The opinion which he formed of the Spaniards and Portuguese is an instance of the sagacity with which he could discriminate the character of nations. 'Though their good qualities,' said he, 'be engulfed in an abyss of oppression and abuses of every kind, I am fully persuaded these people, under a wise government, might be led to perform the most brilliant actions—for they possess courage, perseverance, honour, sobriety, docility, patience, and elevation of mind.' The country also delighted him:—in walking through the wilds of Arragon, his emotions, he says, would certainly have given birth to poetry, if he could then have expressed himself in verse. He proceeded in a reverie, weeping and laughing by turns, in a state of mind which is termed poetic enthusiasm, when it leads to the production of any work, but which is 'justly' regarded as folly when unproductive of fruit:—he would perhaps have erased this word, if he had asked himself whether the feelings which he then experienced had not tended to produce or foster in him the disposition of mind by which he afterwards became a poet.

Returning now to his own country, he took a splendid house at Turin. He was as yet but three and twenty; but having begun life at fifteen, he had already ran a long career of folly and vice. A society was formed at his house, chiefly from his old academic companions: they deposited essays and compositions of various kinds in a box, (like the Bath Easton urn,) which was opened once a week, and its contents read by the president. Among those which Alfieri contributed was a scene in the Last Judgment. In catholic countries the people are accustomed to see the most awful subjects treated with levity. This fragment was satirical; it was received with great applause, and its success (which could only have been owing to its merits, for the author was not known) convinced Alfieri that he could communicate his ideas in writing so as to make some effect upon others, and excited a vague hope of producing some work which should earn to him literary immortality. Perhaps no man who has attained to literary distinction had ever so many difficulties to surmount: he had to contend with habits of licentious profligacy, an almost total ignorance of books; and what was yet more arduous, he had to acquire the language in which he was to write; for his mother-tongue was a barbarous mixed speech, altogether unfit for composition. Under all these disadvantages he began, in his twenty-fifth year, to write an Italian tragedy. The commencement of the attempt was accidental: he had formed a disgraceful connection with a woman of distinguished rank and bad character, ten years older than

than himself; and, as he was watching in her chamber during an illness which confined her to her bed, he began, merely as a means of passing the time, to write at random, as he says, some scenes, which he knew not whether to consider as tragedy or comedy; Cleopatra being one of the interlocutors, for no other reason than that her history formed the subject of the tapestry in the anti-chamber. On the lady's recovery he laid them under the cushion of her couch, and forgot them for twelve months. He recollected them at the time when he was determined to break off his intercourse with this unworthy woman; and during this weaning, which he went through with a mixture of extravagance and resolution, which none but Alfieri could have combined, he cast his eyes over the fragment. The resemblance between the state of his own heart and Anthony's struck him so forcibly, that he said to himself—This piece must be finished. 'No sooner,' he continues, 'had this idea passed through my mind, than, forgetting my mistress, I began to scribble, to alter, to read, and re-alter, and, in short, to become a fool in another manner for this unfortunate Cleopatra, born under such unhappy auspices.'

The first benefit which arose from this freak of passion was a diminution of the passion in which it originated. Till he began his dramatic task, he was tied with cords to his chair, lest his resolution should give way, and he should run to the house of the syren, who lived opposite; so that he could see her go in and out, and even hear the sound of her voice. The cords were concealed under his cloak, one hand only was at liberty. Elias, his servant, bound and unbound him; no other person knew that he was thus confined; and in this state this strange man received the visits of his friends! Having got into the shackles of the Muses, other bonds were no longer necessary. He solicited the criticisms of all his acquaintance; his house became a sort of academy; and, after infinite labour, innumerable corrections, and indefatigable patience, the play was completed. He composed an afterpiece also, in prose, in which he satirized his own tragedy. Neither the one nor the other, he says, with all their defects, was the offspring of a fool. They were represented according to his intention, and for two successive nights most indulgently received. 'From that moment,' says he, 'a devouring fire took possession of my soul: I thirsted to become a deserving candidate for theatrical fame; the passion of love never inspired me with such lively transports.' The picture which he draws of his own qualifications for a tragic author, when at the age of twenty-seven he first appeared in that character, is not less curious than candid:—

'A resolute, obstinate, and ungovernable character, susceptible of the warmest affections, among which, by an odd kind of combination, pre-

dominated the most ardent love, and a hatred, approaching to madness, against every species of tyranny; an imperfect and vague recollection of several French tragedies which I had seen represented several years before, but which I had neither read nor studied; a total ignorance of dramatic rules, and an incapability of expressing myself with elegance and precision in my own language. To these were superadded an insufferable presumption, or, more properly speaking, petulance; and a degree of violence which seldom allowed me to investigate and perceive truth. With similar elements it would have been easier to form a tyrannical prince than a man of letters. At length a powerful voice arose from the bottom of my heart, which cried more energetically than that of my few friends—"it is necessary to retrace your steps in order to study grammar and the art of composition." In conformity to this divine and powerful admonition, I at length submitted to the hard necessity of re-commencing the studies of my infancy at an age when I thought and felt like a man. But the flame of glory shone in my eyes, and, resolving to wipe away the shame of my deplorable ignorance, I assumed sufficient courage to combat and overcome every obstacle which opposed my progress.

Three months before the representation of *Cleopatra*, Alfieri had written two tragedies in French prose, *Philip II.* and *Polenices*. He was well aware how ineagre and displeasing the French language is, and how utterly unfit for the higher orders of poetry; but he sketched these plays in it because there was no other in which he could express himself so easily. Both plays (especially the *Philip*) are conceived in his peculiar manner, and with great force and originality. He saw their effect upon his friends, to whom he read them in their rough state: they listened with profound attention from the beginning to the end, and Alfieri read in their silent agitation, and the changes of their countenances, an author's highest praise. They were now first to be translated into Italian prose, and then transformed into verse. The friends to whose judgment he submitted these first attempts, and by whose criticisms he profited, were Father Paciaudi and Count Tana; they taught him to weed out the French idioms and phrases with which his Italian was corrupted; and by their judgment and their encouragement, assisted him so much in his arduous task, that, he says, if ever he should be deemed worthy to rank as a poet, he ought to subjoin to that title, by the grace of God, of Count Tana, and of Father Paciaudi. The latter advised him not to neglect prose, which he termed the nurse of verse, and put into his hands the *Galatea* of Giovanni della Casa. Alfieri had not yet learned to appreciate the early writers of his own language, and to understand the advantage which was to be derived from them. As his understanding ripened, he became a diligent student in this path. 'The fact is,' he says, 'that he who carefully reads these works, and attends to the style in which they are written,

sepa-

separating the ore from the dross in his progress, will be enabled to impart to his own productions, of whatever nature they may be, a richness; a conciseness, a simplicity, and a strength of colouring not to be found in any of the works of the present times. Probably few will undertake such a laborious task, who boast sufficient spirit and capacity to derive advantage from it, while those who possess not these qualities would attempt it in vain.' Alfieri derived the greatest advantage from it, and so will every man of genius who pursues the same course.

He was now become a severe student: and engaging in study with his constitutional ardour, his progress was proportionate to his powers. He recovered his Latin, which had been so totally lost that he could not comprehend a passage in Virgil; and for several months he exercised over his own mind a strict inquisition, noting down, not only his habitual follies, but even his thoughts and the motives of his actions—a singular exercise; but which must undoubtedly have improved his dramatic powers. There yet remained another difficulty, which was to form a metre suited to his austere notions of dramatic poetry: rhyme he seems instinctively to have rejected, feeling at once its utter unfitness for the language of dramatic passion; but the *verso sciolto*, or blank verse of the Italians, as it had hitherto been written, was the most monotonous and languid of all imaginable measures: it seemed as if it had derived from its father, Trissino, a taint of hopeless debility. That the fault should be in the language itself was what Alfieri would not for a moment endure to think. He was now become a passionate admirer of the Italian tongue; and he knew not why that language, which displays itself with such strength and energy in Dante, should become effeminate and feeble in the drama. It was in translating some passages from Seneca's tragedies, that he first understood the essential difference between the epic and dramatic verse, and conceived the idea of breaking the wearying uniformity of the *verso sciolto* by a variety of pauses; of deriving strength from brevity, and producing effect from abruptness: and having satisfied his own judgment upon this point, he regarded the opinion of the existing men of letters with perfect indifference.

His intellectual pursuits were now determined; the ardour of his mind had found a proper channel, and had he known how to regulate his moral affections as well, he might have been one of the happiest of men. But he had been miserably instructed in his duties; and, unluckily, his heart did not lead him right. He had cherished the fiercer qualities, which, if they have their root in goodness, bear fruit but too profusely upon a graft of evil; and he had suffered the best feelings of our nature to wither away within him. There is one part of his conduct which cannot be mentioned

without unqualified condemnation. He left his mother in 1758, when he was only nine years of age; and from that time till her death, 1792, a period of four and thirty years, he never visited her but twice—once for a few hours as he was passing by, and once on a proposed visit of—three days! He acknowledges that she was an excellent parent; he says that she loved him beyond expression, and much more than he deserved; he affirms that his esteem, his gratitude, and his veneration for her were unbounded; but he never expresses the least feeling of regret for having seen her so seldom, nor the slightest sense of that remorse which he ought to have endured for having broken the holiest of all natural ties. From domestic happiness he had hitherto precluded himself; thrice he had been passionately in love, and every time the passion had been disgraceful and criminal; and during the best years of his youth he had systematically sought to preserve himself from a legitimate attachment by promiscuous debauchery. This is a course which no man can pursue with impunity; the heart and the intellect are both punished for the guilt in which both have partaken. He had now persuaded himself that under a despotic government it is sufficiently difficult to live single, and that no one who reflects deeply will either become a husband or a father. Had he reflected a little more deeply, he would have come to a different conclusion. In reality, when he grew wiser in after life, he found it easy to live under a usurpation, which he hated as much as the despotism of his own country, without compromising his character, or degrading himself by any concessions: at this time the love of glory, and the desire of preserving his freedom, that he might speak and write without restraint, prevailed over all other considerations.

In spite of all his systems, Alfieri was destined to fall once more in love, and once more with a married woman. The lady was no less a personage than the wife of Charles Edward, the Pretender; a man much older than herself, and whose character was now become coarse, brutal, and tyrannical. Louisa Stolberg, Countess of Albany, (such were her name and title,) seemed, on the contrary, to unite in herself all those qualities which render a woman worthy of esteem and love. She was at this time twenty-five years of age, beautiful, accomplished, intellectual, gentle, virtuous, and unhappy. 'This fourth and last passion,' says Alfieri, 'manifested itself by very different symptoms from the others. In the three former the mind had no share; in the present instance a sentiment of esteem mingling with love, rendered the passion, if less impetuous, more durable and profound. Far from impeding my progress in useful knowledge, like the frivolous women with whom I was formerly enamoured, the object of this attachment urged me on by her example to every thing dignified and laudable. Having once learned to know, and appreciate

ciate so rare and valuable a friend, I yielded up myself entirely to her influence. I did not deceive myself: at an age when the illusions of the passions have ceased to operate, I feel that I become daily more attached to her, in proportion as time destroys the brilliancy of her fleeting beauty, the only charm which she owes not to herself. Whenever I reflect on her virtues, my soul is elevated, improved and tranquillized; and I dare affirm, that the feelings of her mind, which I have uniformly endeavoured to fortify and confirm, are not dissimilar to my own.' This is the language of real affection. Nor is Alfieri liable to the same condemnation here, as in Holland and England. Italian morality is indeed of a loose fibre; and this attachment, had it ended in a criminal intercourse, would have been as easily excused by the people as by the priest: but the Countess was a truly virtuous woman. Alfieri respected her because she respected herself, and their love being thus strengthened by mutual esteem, was as lasting as their lives. Florence was her place of abode; he therefore determined to reside there also. The possessor of a fief in the Sardinian dominion is not allowed to leave the kingdom without the sovereign's permission, which is sometimes with difficulty obtained, and always limited. There was another law which affected him in a more important point. No Sardinian subject could print a work out of the Sardinian states without permission of the Censor; under a penalty of seventy crowns, and of corporal punishment, if it should be thought expedient to exhibit a public example. Alfieri was not a seditious subject, but he abhorred oppression; and his writings, which breathed that abhorrence, were by no means calculated for the meridian of Turin. In order to emancipate himself, he obtained permission to resign the whole of his property to his sister, in perpetuity, for a certain annuity, which was afterwards exchanged for a definite sum. The motive of this arrangement was obvious; the king, however, was as well pleased to get rid of such a subject, as Alfieri was to become a citizen of the world; and the purchase money was placed in the French funds, which, at that time, 1778, was supposed to be the safest manner of investing it. With his intellect in full activity and his heart at rest, Alfieri would now have been completely happy, if the woman whom he loved had been so. The Pretender frequently treated her in the most brutal manner; her health and even her life were endangered by his barbarity, and she was so convinced of this, as to feel the necessity of obtaining a legal separation. Alfieri's attachment had given rise to much scandal; he who has confessed his follies and his crimes with so little reserve on other occasions, may surely be believed on this, when he asserts that the reports now propagated to blacken his reputation were foolish, malignant, and calumnious. He exerted himself to assist her in this object, though its success

could not but separate her from him as well as from her husband. It was no easy matter, he says, to conduct the affair with prudence to a happy issue; he, however, effected it without compromising, in any respect, her honour, and without infringing in the smallest degree the established regulations of society. Her domestic unhappiness had been notorious, and the motives for the separation were so just and reasonable, that her conduct was generally approved.

Though delivered from her husband, the Countess was still in some degree dependant on his brother, Cardinal York, who placed her in a convent at Rome, and, subsequently, by the Pope's permission, in his own house in that city. After a few months, Alfieri persuaded himself that Rome was also his proper place of residence; he therefore paid his court to the Cardinal: 'there could not,' he says, 'be a greater proof of his unbounded attachment to this woman, than his having humbled himself before such a man; and submitted to a thousand meannesses for the purpose of conciliating the good will of the prelates and *priestlings*, who officiously interfered in her affairs.' Thus finding means to enjoy the society of the Countess, he resumed his dramatic studies, and having at length written fourteen tragedies, he ventured to print four: a copy of these he presented to the Pope, who accepted it graciously, and instead of suffering him to kiss his foot, patted him 'with a grace, truly paternal, upon the cheek.' Alfieri had little respect for the office or the person of Pius VI, but he took the opportunity of saying that one of his unpublished dramas was upon the scriptural history of Saul, and requesting permission to dedicate it to his holiness. The holy father replied that he could not allow any theatrical composition to be inscribed to him, whatever might be the subject. Here Alfieri acknowledges that he experienced two distinct mortifications, and both well deserved; that of being refused, and that of being forced to esteem himself less than the Pope, for his weakness and duplicity, in offering a mark of respect to one for whom he felt none. But the motive which induced him to this act of meanness, might have sufficed to mitigate the severity of his self-condemnation. His visits to the Countess of Albany had again awakened suspicion; and though their intimacy never over-stepped the limits of honour, he confesses that the husband had reason to disapprove the frequency of his visits: he expected that an attempt would be made to expel him, and he wished to secure the Pope's favour, as the best means of guarding against this evil. Measures were indeed taken for this purpose; and Alfieri, calmly considering the course which it behoved him to pursue, thought it best to depart from Rome while he could do it voluntarily, and with honour. This resolution was approved by all his friends; but it was not taken without a great and painful effort.

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He found less consolation in literature than he expected; and having printed six more tragedies at Sienna, he resolved to try the effect of travelling in dissipating his grief, and set out again for England, for the purpose of buying horses! His *Houyhnhnm* propensities returned upon him with all their force; because he had written fourteen tragedies, he bought fourteen English horses, in transporting and keeping which the money which he had accumulated during six years of frugality was wasted. Alfieri accompanied them himself to Italy; his vanity was never so much gratified as when their beauty was admired upon the road; he speaks of his passage over the Alps with them, as the most difficult and *heroic* enterprize of his life, and while he confesses the extravagance and folly of the expedition, evidently remembers it with pleasure, and relates it with pride.

The Countess, meantime, had obtained permission to go to Baden in Switzerland, for her health. She was thus emancipated from the state of inspection in which she lived under the Cardinal; and took care never again to submit herself to it. At first, Alfieri abstained from visiting her, but after a while she took up her abode in Paris, where he joined her, and they separated no more. The Pretender died in 1788: Alfieri affirms, and it is impossible to doubt his veracity, that the tidings of his death affected her with undissembled grief. She was now at full liberty; and it is understood that she privately married Alfieri. The French revolution interrupted their happiness; in his youth and ignorance he perhaps might have been deluded by it, but his mind was now matured: he knew how to distinguish between liberty and license, and he understood the character of the French nation, and clearly perceived the consequences which such principles must produce among such a people. 'I saw and witnessed in silence,' said he, 'the progress of the deplorable effects resulting from the *learned ignorance* of this nation, which can prattle copiously on every subject, but which can never ultimately succeed in any thing, because, as our political prophet Machiavelli long ago remarked, it understands not the practical mode of managing mankind. My heart was torn asunder at beholding the holy and sublime cause of liberty betrayed by self-styled philosophers: so much did I revolt at witnessing their ignorance, their folly and their crimes, that henceforth I desired nothing more ardently than to leave a country which, like a lunatic hospital, contained only fools and incurables.' Remembering the principles of liberty which all his writings exhibit, he expresses himself most anxious that no person should accuse him of having leagued himself with villains, who professed, indeed, similar principles, but who neither understood them nor were capable of putting them in practice



tice. Far from associating with the demagogues of the day, or seeking to be introduced to them during their popularity and power, he 'felt for them,' in his own words, the 'most invincible antipathy and the most profound contempt;' and afterwards, when the tragedy, as he calls it, had continued fourteen years, he boasted, with truth, that he was uncontaminated in thought, word, or deed; never having held any correspondence with the despots who governed, or with the slaves who trammelled themselves to their cars. But both he and the countess had three-fourths of their property in the French funds. Assignats were all that they received for it; and France was the only country in which they could subsist upon this depreciated paper. As the revolution however advanced in its destructive course from bad to worse, all considerations of property were suspended by nearer dangers; and Alfieri, by means of the greatest exertion, obtained passports five days after the fatal 10th of August. The 20th was fixed for their departure;—a well-founded sense of insecurity made them accelerate their preparations, and set out two days sooner. When they came to the gates, the national guards were about to open and let them pass; but a half naked, drunk, and furious rabble rushed from a *cabaret*, and began to exclaim that they should all be reduced to beggary, if the rich were thus allowed to leave Paris, and carry off their wealth. An altercation took place between these wretches and the national guards. Alfieri sprung out of the carriage, and began to vociferate like them, knowing by experience, he says, that this was the only means to succeed with Frenchmen. Foaming with rage, he tore his passport from them, and exclaimed, 'Observe, my name is Alfieri. I am an Italian by birth, and not a Frenchman. Look at me—and see if I am not the individual whom the passport describes, as tall, meagre, pale, and red-haired. I wish to pass; and, by heavens, I will pass!' Some of the mob were for setting fire to the carriage; others for stoning the passengers; but the majority insisted that, as they were noble, and intended to emigrate, they should be conducted to the Hôtel de Ville. The guards, on this occasion, behaved with spirit, prudence, and humanity. The incessant noise which Alfieri made with his Stentorian voice, and the boldness with which he displayed his passports, produced some effect; the tiger-monkeys, as he calls them, who had less at stake, were sooner exhausted, and the opposition relaxed. The guards made a sign to him to spring into the carriage; the postilion mounted; the barrier was thrown open, and they drove off. They were the only foreigners who effected their escape after the 10th of August.

Though the greater part of their property was thus lost, enough for the comforts of life was still left, and Alfieri was now in a state

to enjoy them. They settled at Florence. The anxiety in which he had for some years existed had for the time almost extinguished his ardour for literary pursuits;—that ardour was now rekindled. His first production was an *Apology for Louis XVI.*; and shortly afterwards, he composed a miscellaneous work called the *Anti-Gallican*. At the age of forty-six, he began to reflect with shame, that he who had laboured so assiduously to obtain a name among poets of the highest order, was ignorant of the Greek masters. He commenced the study of this arduous language; and pursuing it zealously and perseveringly, he enabled himself to read it critically, and write it respectably. As age advanced upon him, it brought with it some feeling of religion; he devoted two days in the week to the Bible, regretting that he had so long delayed to study it; and compared the Septuagint, with the Italian translation of Diodati, with the Vulgate, and with the original Hebrew;—a language which he also acquired in these latter years. Those years were at one time disturbed by the political state of Italy. When the French first occupied Florence, he withdrew into the country, during a period of anarchy and danger. The most arbitrary arrests were frequent;—men were seized in the night—torn from their families, and carried into captivity. The victories of the allies left him at liberty to return; and when Italy fell again under the yoke of France, the horrors of anarchy were not added to those of subjugation, and he remained unmolested at Florence.

No other author appears so early to have contemplated the decay of his intellectual powers. Before he had attained the age of forty, he resolved to write no more tragedies; and, though he did not strictly adhere to this resolution, he regarded its breach as an act of weakness. Ten years after, he tried 'his remaining power' in composing six comedies, four of which were written each in six days, without any interval between them; an intemperance in exertion which brought on a severe illness. The last act which he relates of himself is one which, if it be regarded as a mere folly, forms at least a grateful contrast with the follies of his tempestuous youth. Proud, and not without reason, of having made himself a competent Grecian in his declining age, he conceived that, as every kind of labour merited some recompense, he ought to obtain one for his exertions, which should be at once appropriate, honourable, and splendid. He was not a man to pride himself upon academical distinctions, remembering, perhaps, the notable degree which he had taken at Turin; so he invented a literary order, which he called the *Order of Homer*, and conferred upon himself. The collar was as superb as possible;—it bore the names of twenty-three poets, who, in Alfieri's estimation, had surpassed all others. A cameo of Homer

mer was appended to it ; and on the reverse this Greek verse of his own composition :—

Αὐτοὶ ποιῶντας Ἀλφειὸς ἰππὶ Ὀμήρου  
Κοιρανικῆς τιμῆν ἤλφανε Διοτίραν.

It is evident that he hoped the order would survive him, and be perpetuated either by some consent among literary bodies, or by some potentate, who, like the princes of Italy at the revival of letters, should seek for permanent glory by becoming the patron of literature. 'Should impartial posterity,' he says, 'determine that I am not worthy of being a member of this institution, it will not withhold that honorary distinction from others, who may be deemed better entitled to it.' With this feeling he concluded his *Memoirs*, in May, 1803 ; and in the October of the same year died, at the age of fifty-five, in consequence as much of his own obstinacy during illness, as of the disease itself.

No poet of Alfieri's time produced so great an effect in his own country, or obtained so wide a reputation abroad ; and this was not done by flattering the humour, or in any way conforming to the taste or fashion of the age ; on the contrary, his dramatic system seems to have originated in a feeling of indignant contempt for the effeminacy of the Italian theatre. 'The opera,' says Sismondi, 'is not, like tragedy, of noble origin. Born at the voluptuous court of princes, it could not be destined to form heroes ; it was required to combine all enjoyments, all emotions ; to captivate at the same time the eyes, the ears, and the most tender affections of the heart ; to ennoble voluptuousness,—to sanctify it, in some degree, by the mixture of delicate and exalted sentiments ; and if a political purpose is to be looked for beyond that of actual enjoyment, to take from the prince all remorse for his luxuriousness, and from the subjects all thought beyond the present time.' This species of composition had been carried to the utmost perfection by Metastasio. But the strongest emotion which Metastasio ever excites, is that of regret ; or perhaps of indignation, that one who could execute a thing of this description so well should not have attempted something better. Alfieri regarded him with bitter and intolerant contempt ;—he had gone to the well-head of Italian poetry, and drunk at Dante's living spring ;—the milk and honey of Metastasio sickened him. Plots which can only be carried on in a theatre, and situations which are possible no where but upon the stage, excited in him that incredulous hatred which the easy Horace allowed himself to feel for like absurdities, but which in Alfieri partook of his constitutional and unrestrained vehemence. Knowing also how deeply nations are affected by their literature, he considered such dramas as tending, in no slight degree, to perpetuate the degenerate and unmanly character in which they had originated. Because Metastasio had

had written like a Sybarite, he conceived and executed his tragedies in a Spartan spirit. The *Poeta Cesareo* regaled his guests, like Elagabalus, with peacock's brains and nightingale's tongues ;—what Alfieri offered was a plain table, to which Agesilaus or Fabricius might have sat down.

The immediate success of a poet may be owing to many causes besides his real merit ; but it is always a proof of power. Alfieri's success was very great ;—his dramas arrested, at their opening, the attention of the audience, and held them in earnest and painful silence till the curtain fell. This was not owing to any meretricious attraction ;—there was no splendour of decorations—no bustle of incident—no romantic interest of story—no clap-traps of sentiment for the vulgar, or beauties of poetry for the refined ;—the author relied upon dramatic passion alone. His ground-work was always simple ; few characters were introduced, and none but what were indispensable ; and the language was severe, even to austerity, not winning the audience by sweetness, but impressing and subduing them by its strength. Alfieri, as has been seen, was acquainted with no better dramatist among the ancients than Seneca, when he began his own career. He did not study the Greek tragedians till the latter years of his life, when he ceased to write. He knew nothing of the English, Spanish, or German theatres ;—he had no better examples who might teach him what to follow and what to avoid than what the Italian and French language could afford ; the Italian drama being the poorest in Europe—the French, in the judgment of every people except themselves, the worst. From the French, perhaps, he acquired the regularity of his plays ; but to this his own disposition must have inclined him also. In his fictions, as in real life, the object which had possession of him possessed him wholly, and he hurried on with vehement and undivided passion to the end. But Alfieri, who, of all men, would most unwillingly have trod in the footsteps of another, learnt aptly from his predecessors what to shun, and discarded from his compositions the absurdities of French tragedy as he had done the impossible adventures of Metastasio. The convenient confidants, the puling love, and the nauseating *frenchness* (if we may so call it) of the French stage, he rejected with the instinct of original genius, and the indignation of a manly character. The difficulty of opening a drama, so as to make the audience acquainted with the story without any of those clumsy contrivances which are usually employed, is not so great as critics have supposed it to be. Alfieri, in several of his plays, (especially his earliest compositions,) begins with a soliloquy, which, of all unartificial modes, is the least objectionable ; but no dramatist has so often succeeded in opening with perfect skill. Disdaining all complexity of plot, all embellishments of fancy, and all ornaments of every kind, he sought to excite a continuous and undiverted

undiverted interest by presenting, in the severest form, stories which were essentially tragic. It mattered not to him how trite the fable was, nor how often it had been treated, or by what great masters of the dramatic art;—his manner of treating it would sufficiently stamp it with originality. Nor was he deterred by the nature of the story; provided he himself could contemplate it with passion, he regarded not how monstrous it was; how remote from the sympathies, or repugnant to the instinctive feelings of mankind.

Alfieri's manner is no where better exemplified than in his *Myrrha*;—the subject is hideous—so hideous, that, while the reader cannot but admire the skill with which it is treated, he never loses the sense of disgust. Of all his plays, this was the one which the Countess of Albany preferred; for which reason he dedicated it to her. 'The, at once, innocent,' he says,

— and horrid love  
Of the unhappy maid from Cinyras sprung,  
Always caus'd tears from thy bright eyes to flow;  
These tears imperiously my bosom move  
To consecrate to thee, (who heard'st it sung  
With sympathetic feeling,) *Myrrha's woe.*—vol. iii. p. 291.

The drama opens with a scene between *Cecris*, the mother, and *Euryclea*, the nurse of *Myrrha*, on the morning of the day fixed for *Myrrha's* marriage with *Pereus*, son of the king of *Epirus*; and *Cecris* calls upon the nurse, to tell her all that she has observed of the mysterious melancholy of her daughter; a melancholy the more inexplicable because, of all her numerous suiters, *Pereus* had been her voluntary choice. During the last night, the nurse had heard her suppressing her sobs and sighs; but giving way to them at length, and calling frequently upon death, she ran to her, and was rebuked for her officiousness; but *Myrrha*, who was soon softened by her words, imputed her emotions merely to the approaching change of life, and commanded her not to reveal it to her parents. The nurse however, is convinced that the grief is rooted deeper. Certain it is that *Myrrha* does not love *Pereus*;—she was tranquil, if not joyous, before she chose him; and she had delayed as long as possible to choose. Yet she could not possibly have formed an affection for another.

' I know her to possess a lofty heart;  
A heart in which a flame that were not lofty  
Could never enter. This can I safely swear:  
The man that she could love—of royal blood  
That man must be, or he were not her lover.  
Now, who of these have ye admitted here,  
Whom at her will she could not with her hand  
Make happy? Then her grief is not from love.  
Love, though it feed itself with tears and sighs,

Yet

Yet still it leaves I know not what of hope,  
 That vivifies the centre of the heart ;  
 But in her deep impenetrable gloom  
 There glimmers no coy radiance : in her wound,  
 Festering and irremediable, there lurks  
 No sanative balsamic antidote !—vol. iii. p. 297.

The mother declares her determination not to consent to the marriage, if it be thus fatal to Myrrha's happiness. She sends Euryclea to comfort her ; and then, in a short soliloquy, expresses a fear that Venus, the tutelary goddess of the isle, may have been moved to envy by Myrrha's beauty, and by her own presumptuous transports when she boasted of her daughter's charms. Cinyras now enters, and expresses his willingness to break off the marriage ; he speaks of his daughter with the utmost affection, and charges his wife to make her reveal the cause of this secret misery, while he prepares Pereus for the result. Here the first act ends.

Pereus comes to the king's summons ; Cinyras tells him how entirely he approved his daughter's preference of him among her suitors, for his personal qualities even more than for all other advantageous circumstances, and inquires if Myrrha returns his love. The reply is written with great power.

Thou, Cinyras,  
 Although thou be a father, still retainest  
 Thy youthful vigour, and rememberest love.  
 Know then, that evermore with trembling steps  
 And as if by compulsion, she accosts me ;  
 A deathly paleness o'er her countenance steals ;  
 And her fine eyes tow'rd's me are never turn'd.  
 A few irresolute and broken words  
 She falters out, involved in mortal coldness ;  
 Her eyes, eternally suffused with tears,  
 She fixes on the ground ; in speechless grief  
 Her soul is buried ; a pale sickliness  
 Dims, not annihilates, her wond'rous charms :—  
 Behold her state. Yet of connubial rites  
 She speaks ; and now thou would'st pronounce, that she  
 Desired those rites ; now, that, far worse than death,  
 She dreaded them ; now she herself assigns  
 The day for these, and now she puts it off.  
 If I enquire the reason of her grief,  
 Her lip denies it ; but her countenance—  
 Of agony expressive, and of death,  
 Proclaims incurable despair.—  
 Me she assures, and each returning day  
 Renews the assurance, that I am her choice ;  
 She says not that she loves me ; high of heart,  
 She knows not how to feign. I wish, and fear,  
 To hear from her the truth : I check my tears ;

I burn,

I burn, I languish, and I dare not speak.  
 Now from her faith, reluctantly bestow'd,  
 Would I myself release her; now again  
 I fain would die, since to resign her quite  
 I have no power; yet, unpossess'd her heart,  
 Her person would I not possess.'—vol. iii. p. 303.

Pereus readily comprehends the wish of Cinyras, that he should release his daughter from an engagement which she seems to repent, and declares that he would willingly sacrifice his life if he could thus promote her happiness. The father entreats him to say this to Myrrha herself, and endeavour to learn from her the cause of her unaccountable wretchedness. He leaves him as Myrrha enters, in her marriage dress—her hair wreathed with flowers—but with a deadly melancholy in her looks and gestures. When Pereus complains of this, and infers from her silence that he is an object of dislike to her, she replies that this reproach is unmerited; that he has been her choice; that this is the day appointed for the nuptials, and that she is come to perform her part.

' 'Tis true, perchance, my spirits are not buoyant,  
 As her's should be who doth obtain a spouse  
 Distinguish'd like thyself; but pensiveness  
 In some is nature's cast; and ill could he  
 Whose spirits stagnate in a constant ebb,  
 Trace the dim cause that interdicts their flow;—  
 And often an officious questioning,  
 Instead of making manifest the cause,  
 Redoubles the effect.'

Pereus replies—he knew she did not love him; but he had cherished the hope that he was not hated by her. In time for her peace and his own, he has discovered that he deceived himself; and therefore he releases her from her promise. In this way, he can best prove how well he loves her, and how well he deserves her.—Myrrha answers, that he seems to delight in exasperating her grief; which she accounts for by the approaching change of state, and the separation from her parents.

' The long, long pilgrimage to other realms;  
 The change of manners and the change of place;  
 The long farewell to all familiar objects,  
 And all familiar friends, from childhood loved;  
 And other thoughts, by thousands and by thousands,  
 All passionate and tender, and all sad,  
 And all indisputably better known,  
 And felt more keenly, than by any other,  
 By thy humane, courteous, and lofty heart.—  
 I gave myself spontaneously to thee;  
 Nor have I ever with repentant thoughts,  
 I swear to thee, look'd back on this resolve.'

If

If it were so, I would have told it to thee :  
 Thee, above all men, I esteem ; from thee  
 Nothing would I conceal,—that I would not  
 Likewise, from my own consciousness, conceal.—  
 Now I implore, let him who loves me best,  
 Speak to me least of this my wretchedness.  
 And 'twill in time, I feel assured, depart.  
 Could I, not prizing thee, give thee my hand,  
 I should despise myself: and how not prize thee?  
 My lip knows not to speak that which my heart  
 Doth not first dictate: yet that lip assures thee,  
 Swears to thee, that I never will belong  
 To any one but thee.'—vol. iii. pp. 308, 309.

Emboldened by this, he asks if she indeed will perform her promise, and without delay. She answers resolutely that she will ;—but she desires that to-morrow they may set sail, and leave Cyprus for ever. Astonished at this, he notices the inconsistency that she should suffer so severely at the prospect of leaving her parents, and yet hurry her departure, and talk of leaving them for ever. She answers passionately, that she wishes to leave them for ever, and then die of grief. This incautious speech convinces him that she has a fixed dislike to the intended marriage; and he bids her explain herself to her parents, unless she would hear that he had destroyed himself. She calls him eagerly back, but in vain; she then runs to seek her nurse, that she may not for a moment be left to herself. Before the nurse she gives way to tears—wishes that grief would kill her before the marriage—death being her only hope—her only destiny. The nurse tells her that nothing but love can occasion such sufferings; that she had long suspected this, and yet could not wholly satisfy herself that it was so. One day she ventured to go to the altar of Venus, and offer incense in Myrrha's name; the smoke of the incense was repelled, and the goddess appeared to drive her from the temple. Myrrha now, for the first time, discovers, in broken sentences, that she feels herself the victim of that goddess's revenge; and beseeches the nurse to put an end to her misery and life at once. The nurse is about to hasten to her parents. Myrrha then collects herself; declares that she has found relief from her tears, and observes that there is but one course for her to pursue; entreating Euryclea not to leave her till the ceremony is performed.

The third act opens with a scene between the father and mother; they have sent for Myrrha to interrogate her themselves. She enters with a firmer step and better countenance; but is disturbed at perceiving her father. Cinyras addresses her with earnest affection, beseeching her to consult only her own feelings, and, regardless



less of all appearances, retract her consent to the marriage, if she wished so to do.

‘————— if yet  
 Thy will is changed ; if thy committed faith  
 Be irksome to thy heart ; if thy free choice,  
 Though once spontaneous, be no longer such ;  
 Be bold ; fear nothing in the world ; reveal  
 All the misgivings of thy heart to us.  
 Thou art by nothing bound ; and we ourselves  
 The first release thee ; and thy generous lover,  
 Worthy of thee, confirms this liberty.  
 Nor will we tax thee with inconstancy :  
 Rather will we admit, that thoughts mature,  
 Though unforeseen, constrain thee to this change.  
 By base regards thou never canst be moved ;  
 Thy noble character, thy lofty thoughts,  
 Thy love for us, full well we know them all.’—vol. iii. p. 317.

Myrrha, after a painful effort, replies that her grief ‘ passes the confines of a natural sorrow ;’ that an angry and inexorable deity dwells within her, against whom all her power is vain. She feels herself, ‘ with slow, though sure steps, tottering to the tomb ;’ and not presuming to covet human comfort, she believes death to be her only cure, and as such expects and wishes it. She has struggled against this, and still will struggle. She will marry Pereus this day, or die. She entreats them to rise above her grief, as she herself rises above it ; and she makes them promise that they will let her depart immediately after the marriage. In an hour she promises to be ready for the altar ; and she returns to compose her countenance for the ceremony. Cecris then confesses to her husband the offence which she had committed against Venus, in having dared to refuse incense to her, and boasted that more votaries were drawn to Cyprus by Myrrha’s beauty than by devotion to the goddess of the island. This confession is well timed. Cinyras calmly blames her for the act, and still more for having concealed it ; but he hopes that the anger of Venus will not pursue Myrrha beyond Cyprus, and therefore sees the necessity of accelerating her departure. Pereus now enters. He is assured that Myrrha wishes to be united to him ; they agree that the marriage shall be performed in the palace ; and thus the act concludes.

Myrrha appears with a mind resolved, calm, and, as she says, almost joyous. She calls Pereus her much-loved consort, and tells him she expects soon to be herself again.

‘————— To find myself at once  
 With thee alone ; no longer to behold  
 One of the many objects in my sight  
 So long the witnesses, and perhaps the cause,

Of

Of my distress; to sail in unknown seas;  
 To land in countries hitherto unseen;  
 To breathe a fresh invigorating air;  
 And evermore to witness at my side,  
 Beaming with exultation, and with love,  
 A spouse like thee; all this, I am convinced,  
 Will renovate me soon a second time  
 To be what once I was.—vol. iii. p. 331.

But she entreats him never to remind her of Cyprus and her parents—never to mention them. Pereus, in his reply, intimates that, if the marriage had been broken off, he meant that day to have destroyed himself; and he promises that it shall be the business of his life to provide for her happiness.

————— To weep with thee,  
 If thou desire it; with festivity,  
 And mirthful sports, to make the time pass by  
 With lighter wings, and cheat thee of thy cares;  
 With strenuous watchfulness t' anticipate  
 All thy desires; to shew myself at all times,  
 Whichever most thou wishest me to be,  
 Consort, protector, brother, friend, or servant;  
 Behold, to what I pledge myself: in this,  
 And this alone, my glory and my life  
 Will all be centered.—vol. iii. p. 332.

The ceremony begins; but while the nuptial hymns are singing, Myrrha becomes more and more disturbed. At length she breaks out into a passionate exclamation that the Furies are surrounding her, and that this Hymen deserves such torches as theirs. Pereus then declares that she shall never be his wife; reproaches her for having made him an object of derision to the world, and tells her he will soon satisfy her abhorrence of him, which is now plainly avowed. Upon his departure, Cinyras strongly rebukes Myrrha for her unexampled waywardness. She entreats him to kill her; for if he spares her, it is only that she may kill herself. She is left with her mother; and a scene ensues in which Myrrha, in broken and frantic speeches, intimates that her mother is the fatal and eternal cause of her misery. Her reason is not, however, yet wholly overpowered; and she imputes these words to an unknown power, who overrules her distempered organs.

The fifth act opens with a soliloquy of Cinyras. Pereus has slain himself, and he is about to acquaint Myrrha with the circumstance. A horrid scene ensues:—he declares that nothing but love can explain her conduct, and forces her to declare who is the object. The moment that she has betrayed herself, which is, however, so managed by the poet, that she will not even then consent to the abomination,—she seizes her father's dagger, and stabs herself.

None of Alfieri's plays exhibit his dramatic character more strikingly than this. It might have been said that any other man would have shrunk from the subject, if we had not seen a story equally detestable treated in our own days by Horace Walpole. Even Ovid, in relating the fable, seems to expect the abhorrence of the reader; and attempts to disarm it, by preparing him for horrors.

Dira canam: procul hinc natæ, procul este parentes;  
Aut, mea si vestras mulcebunt carmina mentes,  
Desit in hac mihi parte fides; nec credite factum.

In representing Myrrha as impelled by a fatality of which she is unconscious, Alfieri does all that can be done for rendering it less hideous. A principle of fatalism as dreadful as that which pervades the Greek drama can alone render such a character endurable; but a modern dramatist cannot believe this principle; and when he attempts to excite by it the deeper feelings of tragedy, he produces that dislike in the reader which arises from incredulity. The unlearned, who know no more of Venus than songs and pictures may have taught them, see only what is monstrous in the story, and understand nothing of the principle which is designed to mitigate it; the scholar, on the other hand, who comes to this drama with a full knowledge of the mythological tale, is offended at the alterations which Alfieri has presumed to make in it; alterations which, in a story so well known, and of such importance in classical mythology, must be to him intolerable. In every point of view the subject was injudicious; but it is treated with great skill. The secret is kept out of sight till the latest moment; and Myrrha is throughout in *will* so virtuous, that to the last, even when all is revealed, she ceases not to be an object of pity.

Alfieri has treated other subjects as arbitrarily, but not always with equal judgment. Thus in the *Second Brutus*, he represents Brutus as actually the son of Cæsar. Cæsar reveals to him the secret of his birth, as contained in a letter from his mother. He satisfies Brutus of the fact. Brutus persists in his purpose;—gives the signal for killing him, though he does not strike the blow himself;—and concludes by acquainting the Roman people with all these circumstances! This is outraging common sense and feeling, as well as historical truth. In the *Myrrha*, though in contradiction to the mythological story, he has given a heathen colouring,—offended Venus being the unseen cause of all the evil;—but this is a single instance. The passion which he delineates is always mere passion, unmodified by any circumstances of time and country, and such always as it would exist in Alfieri. No other great dramatist (assuredly he must be esteemed such) was ever so little capable of going out of himself—of transfusing himself into other beings,—

beings,—that he may see with their eyes, and feel with their prejudices, and reason on their data, and act from their motives. The characters of his creation are always types of himself; the only difference is in the colouring—some are black and some white—but all are Alfieri. His patriots and his tyrants differ only in the direction of their innate and unconquerable pride. Hence there arises one great defect which does not occur in the *Myrrha*, where all the characters are virtuous, but which pervades most of his other dramas. He delineates historical personages neither as they were according to the calm judgment of history, nor as they appeared to themselves,—but as he chooses to represent them; acting upon his conceptions, and not their own. He exhibits them upon the stage, with their thoughts and motives naked and exposed,—as the *Lame Devil* shews *Cleophas* the secret intrigues in *Madrid*. But men no more carry their hearts thus open in reality, than houses are, like the prints in the *Diable Boiteux*, open to the streets. His *Philip the Second* is a tremendous tyrant, portrayed with more force than *Schiller's*; though *Schiller*, as a poet, is far above *Alfieri*. But the *Philip* of history is a much more awful character than *Alfieri* has conceived;—more awful, perhaps, than he was capable of conceiving. *Philip* was a sovereign who deliberately committed the foulest crimes and cruelties, not from a perverse will, or a wicked heart—not without conscience, or in opposition to its dictates—but because he thought it his duty; because will, heart, and conscience had been poisoned by a system of religion which it would be an affectation of candour, and a betrayal of true religion, to designate by any lighter epithet than that of horrible.

*Sismondi* says that *Alfieri* has placed himself by the side of the great tragic writers of France, and above those of all other countries. But *Alfieri* is as much above the French tragedians, in every respect, as he is below *Goethe* and *Schiller*. To compare him with our own mighty dramatist would be absurd, so immeasurable is the distance. He has united, says *Sismondi*, the beauty of art, the unity, the purity of design, the probability proper to the French theatre, to the sublimity of situations and characters, and the importance of events of the Greek theatre, to the profundity of thought and of sentiment of the English theatre. This praise is exaggerated; but the opinion of a writer who can thus estimate the French drama, can be worth nothing in dramatic criticism. *Mr. Forsyth*, who censures *Alfieri's* manner, and speaks with more asperity of his character than would result from a fair estimate of his good and evil qualities, agrees with *Sismondi* in exhibiting his dramatic power. He says, 'Where lives the tragic poet equal to *Alfieri*? Has England or France one that deserves the name? *Schiller*

ler may excel him in those peals of terror which thunder through his gloomy and tempestuous scenes; but he is poorer in thought and inferior in the mechanism of his dramas.' This critical opinion is delivered with little judgment. The latter works of Schiller are as full of thought as of poetry,—the *Wallenstein*, for instance, of which we have so admirable a translation by Mr. Coleridge;—but in Alfieri there is as little of thought as of imagination or of fancy,—passion is the sole ingredient of his plays. The question, where lives his tragic equal? might have been triumphantly answered, in Germany and in England: Schiller, Goethe, Joanna Baillie, are all superior to him. His verse, indeed, is constructed more skillfully than Miss Baillie's; and the character of his dramas is perfectly original; but in poetry, in thought, in feeling, they leave him far behind. Schlegel, on the contrary, undervalues Alfieri, as much as he overrates Calderon. The latter writer is far more justly appreciated by Sismondi; but in delivering an opinion in contradiction to that of Schlegel, it becomes us to acknowledge that, of all critics, he alone has done full justice to the Greek dramatists and to Shakspeare.

Alfieri's defects have never been so well discriminated as by the present translator.

'Energy and precision are the great characteristics of his manner. There is little sensibility, and still less imagination, displayed in his works. There are few particular passages, which, as in the plays of Shakspeare, and others of our great dramatic writers, forcibly arrest the reader's attention. The effect of his plays may be compared to that of a character who never excites astonishment by any brilliant, transcendent, or sublime action, but who, by keeping the ordinary tenor of his conduct to a pitch of uniform dignity, produces, on the whole, an impression of deep respect. Alfieri's plays are all austere. The characters, though they talk very much of the circumstances in which they are placed, and indeed talk of nothing else, do not go into any analysis of their feelings; there is nothing like the refinement of sentimental, or the metaphysic of imaginative passion among them; but, on the other hand, they are often placed in situations, which, if the plays were brought forward on the stage, would allow to accomplished actors considerable scope for the development of a deeper and wider-extended range of passion, than, in their composition, is given utterance to in words.'—*Preface*, p. xxvi.

'It is not usual to point out the defects of an author which one desires to be instrumental in introducing to the notice of the public; but I can scarcely refrain from remarking, that Alfieri would have been a much greater dramatic writer, if the objects which he had chosen for the excitement of the passions of his heroes and heroines had not almost all of them been of a palpable and material cast. With the struggles of conscience; with the most exalted of all our feelings, the devotional ones; with those hidden mysteries, and invisible sources of sublimity, "which have their full residence in the heart of man; and are partially shadowed

shadowed forth in the actions and sufferings of the greatest minds;" in short, with all that cannot be disappointed or rewarded on earth, Alfieri seems wholly unacquainted.

'His Saul, perhaps, and his Antigone, form the most striking exceptions to this remark. But those who have been accustomed to travel with Shakspeare through the pathless regions of human passion and human thought, will find in reading these tragedies a sense of baldness, a feeling of want, perpetually forced upon their minds.

'The soul of Alfieri was of the first order, but, as Madame de Staël justly observes, he seemed rather born for action than for thought. His characters are influenced by lofty motives, if those motives are compared with the standard of those which generally actuate human beings, but if compared with the loftier standard of conceivable human sublimity (if I may be allowed to use the term) in vice or virtue; of that sublimity which is bedded rather in the invisible than visible world; as that sublimity is represented to us in the spiritual beings of Milton, and above all in his Satan; and in many of the plays of Shakspeare, such as Hamlet, Macbeth, &c. &c. they certainly, if "weighed in the balance, will be found wanting."

'Finally, like the characters of Richardson, though in a very different way, they talk of nothing but of themselves, and of each other, and the circumstances in which they are placed. The exterior circumstance gives the form to the character, and not the character the form to the exterior circumstance. Their minds are cramped in the fetters of events. They never think or feel but in connection with tangible motives; and so far from the good characters heightening the charm, and the bad ones deepening the gloom, of the scenes that surround them, and the imagination and intellect of both the bad and the good casting an individual and untransferable complexion on the events with which they are ushered into notice, their most marked and distinguishing features on the other hand originate in the transactions in which they are involved.'—*Preface*, p. xxviii—xxx.

Such as these dramas are, holding so high a place in Italian literature, and in European reputation, they well deserved to be translated; nor would it have been easy to find a more competent translator than the writer, who has with so much ability and acuteness characterised them. The task was very arduous. Never did any writer succeed in tragedy—scarcely did ever any one attempt it—who had so little fancy, so little sensibility, so little imagination, as Alfieri; strength of passion and strength of language were all to which he trusted.

'The Italian language,' says the translator, 'is so eminently "soft and clear," that no austerity of style can rob it of the power of fascination for which it is indebted to the exquisite melody of its sounds. This is not the case with the English language; and I am inclined to think that blank verse constructed in our tongue upon a model as severe as that of Alfieri, would be generally deemed harsh and unpoetical. As far as I have indulged in inversions, my language is like that of the original. An

inverted style of speaking is natural to a person in a state of strong emotion, in which state tragedy usually presents characters. When much excited, we express that part of the subject which is uppermost in our minds, without attending to logical order; we neglect those nice gradations which prepare the mind of the hearer for, and usher in, our meaning. We plunge at once into the subject matter of our discourse, and bring up the rear of it as well as we can, occasionally not without some disarray of after words, at least as respects an exact order of grammatical sequence, and sometimes even to the detriment of philological perspicuity. Alfieri says, in a letter to one of his friends, that a style fit for tragedy is principally obtained by avoiding the ordinary collocation of words.'—*Preface*, p. xxiv—xxv.

Something of that unusual collocation in which Mr. Lloyd has thought it became him to follow his original, the reader will have perceived in the extracts which have been given. But where the author rises the translator rises also; and the finest parts of these plays are those which are best translated.

ART. III. *Personal Narrative of Travels to the Equinoctial Regions of the New Continent, during the years 1799—1804.* By Alexander de Humboldt and Aimé Bonpland; with Maps, Plans, &c. Written in French by Alexander de Humboldt, and Translated into English by Helen Maria Williams. Vols. i. & ii. London. 1814.

WE have been rather tardy in directing our attention to the labours of this celebrated traveller; and we hardly know what excuse to offer for such apparent neglect towards so highly gifted a person. It is some consolation, however, to be able to state that our readers will lose but little from the delay, for, if we may be permitted to form a judgment from the two volumes now before us, and from two others under the title of 'Researches,' which we shall notice hereafter, the most material parts of all his former publications have been, or will be, worked up anew, and in a less bulky form than that in which some of them originally appeared.

It is not the fault of M. de Humboldt, though it may be his misfortune, that he has fallen into the hands of injudicious friends, who speak of his pretensions in a strain of exaggerated panegyric that must pain a modest man, and shame a wise one:—to term M. de Humboldt 'the first of travellers' is little; he is represented as one in whom may be found the rare union of all that Plato, Thales, and Pythagoras taught among the ancients—all that Montesquieu, Buffon, D'Alembert have written among the moderns. Astronomer, physiologist, metaphysician, antiquary, philologist,—he superadds, it is said, to all these characters a profundity of wisdom in political economy, and an enlarged comprehension in

in the science of statistics that would do honour to the first statesman of any age or country. Language like this has had its usual effects. It has made the subject of it impatient of just rebuke; and M. de Humboldt is disposed to be offended with us, because, in our review of the *Missionary Travels*, (No. XXVI. p. 323) we animadverted on his quoting a fact from a journal in which it did not exist, and which he now admits to be the case. We know nothing of that *unfriendly criticism* of which he complains. M. de Humboldt may rest assured that we deprecate alike all bias of friendship or hostility towards the *person* of an author; but he may also be assured that we shall use all possible freedom with his *works*; neither lavishly bestowing undeserved praise, nor wantonly scattering malicious and unjustifiable censure: we are disposed, indeed, to think very highly of M. de Humboldt's acquirements; we admire his zeal and unwearied industry in collecting information, and his liberality in distributing it; but at the same time we have a duty to perform which will neither permit our senses to be 'ravished,' nor our judgment swayed, 'by the whistling of a name.'

The 'Personal Narrative of Travels' is a quaint title, which would seem to have had its origin from a feeling of the author, founded, we fear, on experience, that 'the curiosity of the public is oftener fixed on the *persons* of travellers than on their *works*.' The many volumes hitherto published were the joint adventure of M. Boupland and himself; though the latter was but a kind of *sleeping partner*; it now appears that they have dissolved the firm, as M. de Humboldt announces, in the Introduction, that the present narrative was composed by himself from notes taken on the spot. It is, at any rate, a title not well suited to the work; first, because the volumes have very little of *narrative* in them; and secondly, because his own *personal* observations hold but a secondary place to those of other persons:—we will not, however, quarrel with him *in limine*;—our stumbling at the threshold shall not prevent us from examining the building within, nor shall our dislike to the name of the fabric, influence our judgment in passing sentence on the design and execution.

There are two ways of reviewing M. de Humboldt's book; the analytical, which, by excluding the superfluous matter, would lay bare a skeleton composed of but scanty and meagre materials, as far as the present volumes are concerned; and the synthetical, if we may be allowed that term to express the collecting together his general views and opinions, and, according to his own taste, 'exhibiting them in groups, and not separately, as they were successively observed.' We prefer the latter, as being less dry, and possessing moreover the advantage of displaying the author's *manner* of treat-



ing a subject, as well as the *matter* of it; and we are certain of its being the one most agreeable to himself.

It will not be necessary to detain our readers with the Baron's account of himself from his 'boyish days,'—his thirst after foreign travel,—his disappointment in not going to Egypt—in not joining the expedition to New Holland under Captain Baudin—in not embarking for Algiers—his journey to Madrid—to Corunna,—which, with a catalogue raisonné of his mathematical and philosophical instruments, take up about forty pages, in what he calls *preparations*.

It cannot fail to strike the reader, on looking over the contents of the two volumes, that they are occupied almost wholly with an account of a voyage from Corunna to Cumana, performed in about thirty-seven days, including a stoppage of five days at Teneriffe. He is apprized, indeed, as if to prevent disappointment, that 'the course was such as is taken by all vessels destined for the Antilles since the first voyage of Columbus'—and that 'a voyage from the Coast of Spain to the Canary islands, and thence to South America, is scarcely attended with any event which deserves attention; especially when undertaken in summer,' which was the season of the present voyage. There are few of his readers, we should apprehend, who will not have anticipated this piece of information. In the course of the 300 years and upwards that have elapsed since the first voyage of Columbus, they will probably call to mind that 300,000 ships at least must have made the same passage, without deviating three degrees of latitude from the same beaten track, all of them 'crossing the ocean from east to west on a calm and pacific sea, which Spanish sailors call the Ladies' Gulf—*el golfo de las damas*.'

Many of those who may not have the curiosity to go regularly through the pages of M. de Humboldt, may nevertheless wish to know what are the nature and distribution of the subjects employed to fill up two volumes on so short and common a passage by sea, which, to ordinary minds, affords little more than a daily renewal of that ennui which passengers generally feel, and a daily repetition of the same view of sky and water, to the end of the voyage; and but a meagre supply of subjects for the observation even of the most inquisitive traveller. The passage then from Corunna to the Canaries occupies 108 pages, which are chiefly employed in dissertations on the trade-winds, the gulf-stream, currents, marine productions, and general observations on volcanic mountains suggested by a glimpse of some of the Canary islands; and a discussion on the distance at which high mountains may be seen at sea; all of which are enlarged upon as being interesting to navigators, and

and beneficial to navigation. The remaining part of the first volume, from page 109 to 289, is wholly occupied by observations, descriptions, and discussions relative to the Canary islands, but more particularly to Teneriffe; and with the account of a journey to the Peak of Teyde, an object which seems to have laid such hold on our author's mind, that we find it renewed, after his arrival at Cumana, from the 143d to the 182d page of the second volume. The former part of this second volume consists chiefly of dissertations on meteorology, hydrography, and magnetism; and the latter part contains some notices not very important, nor yet wholly uninteresting, on that part of the new world on which they had just landed.

As M. de Humboldt is not over scrupulous in censuring former navigators for their ignorance, or want of attention to matters which he considers as highly 'interesting to navigation,' he will not be offended at the freedom we shall use in examining *his* claims to the great benefits which he would be thought to have conferred, by this voyage, on the theoretical part of that science; especially as it is on this ground that he mainly rests his apology for having filled a volume with remarks on the great 'high road of nations,' as Mr. Madison calls it, which was first marked out by Columbus, and followed by all succeeding travellers.

On the 5th June, 1799, M. de Humboldt and his friend Aimé Bonpland sailed from Corunna on board the Spanish sloop *Pizarro*; and after a struggle of the moral feelings so common and so natural on leaving, perhaps for ever, all that is near and dear, and giving vent to the reflexions suggested by the feeble light of a fishing hut at Lisarga, 'the last object they beheld in the west of Europe,' self-preservation resumed her empire, and their chief anxiety was how to escape the English cruizers; this point once secured, they began to feel themselves at ease, and seriously to set about 'some observations which might prove interesting to navigators.' The first of them put on record was suggested by experiencing the effect of the great current which from the Azores is said to direct itself towards the Straits of Gibraltar and the Canary islands. 'Comparing,' says M. de Humboldt, 'the place of our ship deduced from Berthoud's Timekeeper, with the pilot's reckoning, I was able to discover the smallest variations in the direction and velocity of the currents.' This is, indeed, a discovery of some importance, perfectly new, and interesting beyond measure to navigators; it is one, we will venture to say, which the most accurate and experienced navigator never dreamt of seeing accomplished by any means, much less by a comparison of the place of a ship, however correctly obtained, with the  
*reckoning*

*reckoning by the log*; because the experienced navigator knows too well that it is not in the nature of things to ascertain a ship's place by the 'pilot's reckoning.' The log in merchant-ships is usually hove every two hours; in king's ships every hour; it is an incorrect instrument, acted upon very differently from the great body with which it is supposed to be simultaneously moved along; the line which is used to measure the velocity is not always itself carefully measured; it is subject to considerable contraction and expansion by being alternately wet and dry; the minute, or half minute glass is seldom true to a second; the moment of the knot leaving the tafferel rail of the ship is rarely simultaneous with the moment of turning the glass, and the line is mostly stopped at some unequal spot in the divisions by knots, and the fractional part guessed at—but these are trifling errors; the log is sometimes hove by one person, sometimes by another; at the beginning of the hour the ship may go two, three, or four knots; at the end, eight or nine; in the middle, it may have been calm; the person who throws it takes a rough average. Again:—the ship is scarcely ever steered in a right line for five minutes together, her head vibrating a quarter, or half, or a whole point, on each side of her direct course, according to the skill, or the want of it, in the helmsman. All these things considered, it would be idle to contend that the 'pilot's reckoning' is a point of comparison to ascertain the direction and velocity of a current. M. de Humboldt will hardly turn short round upon us, and say that these things do not happen in a *Spanish* 'pilot's reckoning,' because he has informed us, in another place, that when he predicted that land would be seen at such an hour, and accordingly was seen, the pilots laughed at him, 'and thought themselves two or three days sail from the coast;' (vol. ii. p. 25.)—an admirable reckoning by which to compare the place of the ship as deduced from the chronometer, and thereby to discover 'the smallest variations in the direction and velocity of the currents!'

This little flourish, however, seems to be given for no other purpose than to afford an opportunity of introducing a long dissertation on currents in general, and particularly on that which is usually known by the name of the Gulf-stream, though it is not easy to discover what connection there can be between the Gulf-stream of Florida and a passage from Corunna to the Canary islands. Indeed, a 'Personal Narrative' of travels is not exactly the place where one would look for discussions on the currents of the Atlantic; at any rate, if the narrator should think proper to digress for twenty or thirty pages from his direct route to pick up an extraneous subject, it is but fair to expect he has some new facts to record, or some new elucidation to offer of those already known;

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M. de Humboldt, as far as our sagacity has been able to penetrate, has neither of these to plead in excuse for this aberration; on the contrary, he merely recapitulates well known facts, and propagates anew old and ill-digested opinions. His language too is sometimes not sufficiently clear to free it from the suspicion of error. When he says, for instance, that the current which is felt between the Azores, the southern coasts of Portugal, and the Canary islands, is commonly attributed to that tendency towards the east, 'which the Straits of Gibraltar impress on the waters of the Atlantic ocean,' the expression is not only unphilosophical, but is scarcely intelligible: it may be, for we have not the original, the fault of the translator; but our opinion is inclined the other way. We should have thought also that so learned and scientific a writer as M. de Humboldt would not have quoted M. de Fleurieu, in his notes to the Voyage of Captain Marchand, for an opinion that the Mediterranean loses, by evaporation, more water than the rivers can supply, without once noticing Halley who established that theory on the basis of experiment before Fleurieu was born. We mean not to support the truth of Halley's theory; we know it is liable to a multitude of objections, from which the old notion of an under-current setting out of the Straits is entirely free; and if it has been proved experimentally, what should be the case theoretically, that the water of the Mediterranean is more salt, and consequently of greater specific gravity, than that of the Atlantic, it is as necessary that the former should rush out underneath, and the latter rush in above, as that the flame of a candle should be driven by the cold air through the bottom of a door into the room; while the more rarified air carries it outwards at the top of the door. This under current and the two lateral currents which Tofino found constantly setting outwards along the shores of Europe and Africa, at new and full moon, afford a more satisfactory solution of the problem than the unequal effect of evaporation. From Fleurieu, however, our author learned that the 'Straits of Gibraltar cause a movement in the neighbouring ocean, and that their influence is felt at the distance of six hundred leagues:' and he seems fully persuaded that 'the opening of the pillars of Hercules has accelerated the motion of the waters towards the east.' It may be worth while to dwell a little on a point so 'interesting to navigation.'

It has long been received as an established fact, that the great stream of Florida, usually known by the name of the Gulf-stream, is solely owing to the accumulated mass of water forced into the Gulf of Mexico by the trade-winds blowing perpetually, and with little or no variation, from the S. E. on one side, and the N. E. on

on the other side of the line, the focal point of their united forces being just opposite the entrance into the Caribbean sea, which may be considered as the great anti-chamber to the gulf. M. de Humboldt seems to think that the attention of naturalists was first directed to this explanation of the phenomenon in 1776 'by the curious observations of Franklin and Sir Charles Blagden,' which is not the case. We find this opinion in many of the old voyages, to which we do not think it necessary to turn for a specific reference, especially as we happen to have before us a little tract, published in 1762, called the '*Atlantic Pilot*,' by 'William Gerard de Brahm, Esq. Surveyor General of the Southern District of North America,' in which he ascribes the ordinary elevation of the waters in the Gulf of Mexico, and the stream of Florida, entirely to the trade-winds; but adds that the lunar influence, acting with or against the variable winds, without the tropics, has some effect in accelerating or retarding the velocity of the stream; 'the disposition of the stream,' as he expresses it, 'being increased to its superlative, if the effects both of the winds and moon are combined:' and he exemplifies the operations of these combined powers on the neighbouring shores in various ways, and gives among others the following singular fact, as having fallen within his own knowledge:

In the month of September, of the year 1759, a heavy gale of wind from the N. E. so greatly impeded the current of the Gulf-stream, that the water, forced at the same time into the Gulf of Mexico by the trade-winds, rose to such a height, that not only the Tortugas and other islands disappeared, but the highest trees were covered on the peninsula of Larga; and at this time, he states, the Litbury snow, John Lorrain, master, being caught in the gale, came to an anchor, as the master supposed, in Hawke channel, but to his great surprize found his vessel the next day high and dry on Elliott's island, and his anchor suspended in the boughs of a tree.

Thus then the cause of this perpetual current may be considered as perfectly ascertained; and though M. de Humboldt, with due philosophical caution, admits the cause, he seems to have wholly mistaken the effect in supposing the continuance of the Gulf-stream to the bank of Newfoundland, and from thence towards the E. and the E. S. E.; and that the waters, 'still preserving a part of the impulsion they have received near a thousand leagues distance, form a current on the meridian of the isles of Corvo and Flores, 160 leagues in breadth;' adding 'we cannot doubt but the same cause,' that is, the trade-winds, 'which driveth the waters to make the circuitous sweep of the Gulf of Mexico, agitates

tates them also near the isle of Madeira.' We certainly must take leave to doubt both these positions, and to maintain that the trade-winds have nothing to do with the agitation of the waters near the isle of Madeira, of Flores, or of Corvo. This supposed whirlpool of the waters of the Atlantic, or, as he chuses to call it, 'the current of rotation,' of 3800 leagues in extent, though far from being a new, is, as we conceive, a very erroneous idea; and we are the more surprized that M. de Humboldt did not see the inconsistency of admitting the existence of such a current—after reprobating the idle story about the change of colour, and the saltness of the water, of the Oronoco, in the sea, at sixty leagues from its mouth, which he very properly calls 'a fable invented by the coasting pilots.' 'It is undoubtedly true,' he says, 'that the influence of the most considerable rivers of America, such as the Amazons, the Plata, the Oronoco, the Mississippi, and the Magdalena, is restricted, in this respect, within much narrower limits than is generally thought;' (vol. ii. p. 26;) and yet he would have us believe in the existence of a current, without a constantly impelling force, flowing in a circle of 3800 leagues: nay, more,—he ventures to estimate the time of its revolution at 'two years and ten months, from our knowledge of the swiftness of currents.'

We know it is, or at least has been, a common opinion that this Gulf-stream, after striking the great bank of Newfoundland, turns off to the E. and the S. E., which bank M. Volney, 'ingeniously,' as M. de Humboldt thinks, 'calls the bar of the mouth of this enormous sea river'—a figure of speech more ingenious than true. This turning of the current, we venture to say, is merely ideal; it is opposed to every known law in hydraulics, and contrary to the fact. Fluids are not, like rays of light falling on a plain surface, or solid bodies impinging against each other, reflected in angles equal to the angles of incidence. A stream of water impeded in its course by any obstacle, a plank for instance, is first forced above its ordinary level by the continued impulse of the current behind, till, by its own gravity, falling down on each side, it slides along the plank, and turning round each end resumes nearly its original direction; it is the same with a gust of wind blowing directly against an insulated house, or block of houses, whose violence is greatest at the two corners. On this principle, the Gulf-stream, being directly opposed by the great island of Newfoundland and its extensive southern bank, (supposing it to reach that extent,) instead of being reflected to the S. E. would be divided, one part of it flowing round Cape Ray on the west, and the other round Cape Race on the east, and, uniting again to the northward of Newfoundland, would form a bank in the eddy on the north side between the Capes Degrat and Bonavista, where there is now 160 fathoms depth of water. The direct

direct contrary, however, of all this is the case. One current sets out of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, between Cape Ray and Cape North, and another joins it in a south-easterly direction, from the northward, parallel to the coast of Labrador; and if the bank of Newfoundland can be considered as an alluvial deposit, it is placed precisely on the spot, and has assumed the form, that the united effects of these two last currents might be expected to give it; whereas neither as a bar, nor as a deposit, can it be considered to have the most distant relation to the Gulf-stream of Florida, which, if continued, would create a bank on the north side of the island, where, as we have said, there are 160 fathoms of water. But setting all theory apart, the supposition of the Gulf-stream reaching the bank of Newfoundland is contrary to the fact—we assert this on the authority of more than fifty journals which we have examined; we are also borne out by the very excellent chart of Mr. Purdy, published in 1812 by Whittle and Laurie, to whose merits in hydrography Major Rennell has borne honorable testimony. The stream, in fact, decreases gradually in velocity from four knots and a half an hour, at the narrowest part of the Strait of Florida, to something less than two, opposite Cape Hatteras; and by the time it has arrived about the forty-first parallel, near Nantucket, it has nearly ceased, being mixed and dispersed over the surface of the ocean, so as very rarely in this parallel to be distinguished.

On the principle above mentioned, it is easy to account for the constant rushing of the waters into any opening of a coast struck by a current; that part of the equinoctial current, for instance, which strikes the coast of South America, is diverted partly along the coast of Brazil to the southward, and partly joins the main current, which, rushing round both sides of Trinidad, flows through the Caribbean sea and the narrow channel of Yucatan into the Gulf of Mexico. Again: the easterly current that strikes the coast of Spain, near Cape Ortegal, flows partly into the Bay of Biscay, sweeping the shores of that bay, and after strong westerly winds, setting out by Ushant in a N. W. direction, as has been most satisfactorily shewn by Major Rennell; the other part, setting down the coast of Portugal, flows freely into the mouth of the tunnel formed by the Capes St. Vincent and Cantin, and is thus received into the Mediterranean. The southerly part of the easterly current, striking the Barbary shore, turns partly to the northward into the Straits of Gibraltar, and partly to the southward, following exactly the direction of the coast; and this has been, and always will be, found to be the case, in regard to all currents that are impelled against a shore. A singular fact has been communicated to us from unquestionable authority, which elucidates the nature of the current striking

striking the coast of Portugal. A gun-boat for the service of Cadiz, being in tow of the *Rebuff* gun-brig, broke adrift in a gale of wind on the 25th October, 1810, in latitude  $39^{\circ} 44'$ , and longitude  $9^{\circ} 38' W.$  On the 19th November following, His Majesty's sloop of war *Columbine*, when cruising eight or nine miles to the westward of Cadiz light-house, observed a gun-boat to leeward, which proved to be the identical boat that twenty-five days before had broken adrift from the *Rebuff*. The distance traversed by the boat was about 350 miles, or 14 miles a day, chiefly by the current, the wind in the mean time being so various as nearly to render the drift negative, or, if any thing, against the set of the current. The drift of this boat also offered a corroboration of the fact, of the little influence which rivers falling into the sea have at short distances from their mouths, as its course lay across, and very near to, the mouths of the Guadiana and Guadalquivir—whose streams were not sufficiently strong to turn it out of its direct line towards the opening of the Straits.

The easterly currents, of which we have been speaking, are generated, no doubt, by the almost constant westerly and north-westerly winds, which prevail on the coast of North America, aided, probably, by the winds and currents descending from the more northern regions of that continent, and the Frozen Sea. It is those winds that make a passage from Halifax to the British channel of sixteen or eighteen days almost certain; and those currents which carried the bowsprit of the *Lille Belt* sloop of war, lost near Halifax, in eighteen months, in a  $W\frac{1}{2} N.$  course to the mouth of the Basque Roads. It is those winds and those currents that cast upon the shores of the Hebrides the products of Jamaica and Cuba, and of the southern parts of America—that carry to the coasts of Norway and Iceland barrels of French wine, and the remains of the cargoes of vessels wrecked in the West Indies; and that wafted the Esquimaux, if we may believe James Wallace of Kirkwall, in their leathern canoes, to the Orkney islands—none of which could possibly have been accomplished by M. de Humboldt's 'current of rotation,' though they are brought forward as examples to prove his theory.

We should not have dwelt so long on this subject if an unusual degree of importance had not been attached to the theory of currents in the Atlantic.

On the 11th June our two naturalists were gratified with the singular sight of the whole sea around them being covered with a prodigious quantity of medusas. The vessel was nearly becalmed, but the Molluscas were borne towards the south-east with a rapidity four times that of the current; their passage lasted near three quarters of an hour. The appearance of this shoal gave rise to a question



tion which is not easily answered. 'Do these animals come from the bottom of the sea, which is, perhaps, in these latitudes some thousand fathoms deep? or do they make distant voyages in shoals?' Another question is suggested respecting the galvanizing of the medusa and its connection with the causes of the phosphorescence of the sea, which is equally puzzling, and such, we conceive, as would not have been asked if M. de Humboldt could have furnished a plausible answer. The experiment of placing a medusa on a pewter plate, and striking against it with any sort of metal, to make the animal emit light, is well known to galvanists and was scarcely worth introducing into the narrative, merely because a shoal of these creatures *happened* to pass the vessel.

Nothing material seems, after this, to have occupied the attention of our philosopher until he came in sight of the Island of Lancerota, on the 16th June, at two o'clock in the afternoon, the precise time it was calculated they should see it, according to Lewis Berthoud's time-keeper. The moon illumined the summits of Lancerota—Antares threw out its resplendent rays near the lunar disk—the phosphorescence of the ocean seemed to augment the mass of light diffused through the air—then great black clouds, rising behind the volcano, shrouded the moon and the beautiful constellation of the scorpion—lights moving to and fro suggested the probability of fishermen preparing for their labours—and these recalled to the fancy of the passengers those which Pedro Gutiérrez, page of Queen Isabella, saw in the Isle of Guanahani, on that memorable night of the discovery of the new world.

Travellers by sea have frequently been blamed for entertaining their readers with accounts of countries they never visited, merely because they happened to cross the parallel of latitude in which they were situated; this indeed is no unusual trick to eke out a page or two; but M. de Humboldt, in this respect, exceeds all his predecessors, all, at least, that we have ever met with. He sees Lancerota, it is true, through his telescope; and discovers that it is 'stratified basalt in thin and steeply sloping strata:' his vision is sufficiently distinct to perceive that 'every thing was black, parched, and stripped of vegetable mould;' and for the rest he finds it written down in the pages of Viera and Glass, and of those voyagers who preceded him. The manners of the Guanches remind him of the inhabitants of Thibet; and the great wall of China is suggested to his exuberant fancy by reading of the partition of Lancerota also by means of a stone wall. The very name of this island calls to his recollection how Jean de Béthencourt and Gadifer de Salle 'were welcomed by Guaderfia, sovereign of the Guanches, with the same hospitality that Cortez found in the palace of Montezuma. The shepherd-king, who had no other riches than his goats, became  
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the victim of coward treachery, like the Sultan of Mexico.'—(vol. i. p. 97.)

There are, indeed, no bounds to our author's excursive fancy. The configuration of the distant coasts of the neighbouring islands, seen partly through a telescope, and partly through the mind's eye, transports him, in imagination, to the Euganean mountains in the Vicentin, and the banks of the Rhine near Bonn; the similitude of rocks in both hemispheres gives wings to the fancy, and wafts it in an instant from the Canary islands to the mountains of Auvergne, from the Mittelgebirge in Bohemia to the elevated plain of Mexico, and thence to the banks of the Ganges. Something of the same kind occurred to his busy mind on passing Cape St. Vincent, though at a distance of 240 miles. The Desert islands and Madeira were invisible, yet he feels it necessary to employ a page or more in discussing the point of distance at which these islands may be seen, and of their respective heights; and takes his leave of them by uttering a regret that he should not have been fortunate enough to enjoy the means of *verifying their longitude!* Now this looks so like a piece of *charlatanerie* that we really wish it had not appeared. What! talk of verifying the position of an island, in sailing past it at a distance, which Cook, and Wallis, and Borda, and Bory, and Johnson, and Horsburgh, and Flinders, and a hundred navigators and astronomers besides, have determined as nearly as the best instruments used on shore, and on board ship in the bay, could determine it, by hundreds of sets of lunar distances, and by chronometers? But it is not in this instance alone—there is an affectation of scientific accuracy perpetually occurring, which, as we have the results only without data, almost leads us to suspect the former to be gratuitous. Before he embarked, indeed, he detected, by his chronometer, '*if we suppose it did not augment its diurnal retardation during the passage from Madrid to Corunna,*' (rather an important *if,*) an error in the longitude of Ferrol, of '*23 seconds of time,* more than that at which it is fixed by M. Tofino,'—the most able and accurate hydrographer that Spain ever possessed!

M. de Humboldt landed in Graciosa, and the small part which he traversed resembled—

—'those promontories of lava which we see near Naples, between Portici and Torre del Greco. The rocks are naked, with no marks of vegetation, and scarcely any of vegetable soil. A few crustaceous lichens, *variolaria*, *lepraria*, and *urceolaria* were scattered about upon the basaltes. The lavas which are not covered with volcanic ashes remain for ages without any appearance of vegetation. On the African soil excessive heat and lengthened drought retard the growth of cryptogamous plants.'—vol. i. p. 89.

M. de Humboldt is, perhaps, more at home in geology than in

any other branch of physical science, and his facts in this interesting department of human knowledge will always be valuable; but he is so fond of generalization, that he constantly resorts to, what he affects to condemn, 'those geological reveries which we are accustomed to call systems.' In his anxiety to produce effect, by some general and striking proposition, he sometimes, we think, lays himself open to the imputation of not being well grounded in the first principles of chemistry and mineralogy. He is quite safe, however, in stating, though he is by no means the first who made the observation, that primitive rocks are mixed with the volcanic products of the Canary islands.

'Fragments of granite have been observed at Teneriffe; the island of Gomora, from the details furnished me by M. Broussonnet, contains a nucleus of micaceous schist; the quartz disseminated in the sand, which we found on the shore of Graciosa, is a different substance from the lavas and the trappean porphyries which are so intimately connected with the volcanic productions. From these facts it seems evident, that in the Canary islands, as well as on the Andes of Quito, in Auvergne, Greece, and the greater part of the globe, the subterraneous fires have pierced through the rocks of primitive formation. In treating hereafter of the great number of warm springs which we have seen issuing from granite, gneiss, and micaceous schist, we shall have occasion to return to this subject, which is one of the most important of the physical history of the globe.'—vol. i. p. 92.

M. de Humboldt's observations on the imperfection of our knowledge respecting volcanic mountains are but too just; but he does not seem to perceive how very applicable the latter part of the reflection is to himself.

'If,' says he, 'we reflect on the little progress which the labours of mineralogists and the discoveries in chemistry, have made towards the knowledge of the physical geology of mountains, we cannot help being affected with a painful sentiment; and this is felt still more strongly by those who, questioning nature under different climates, are more occupied by the problems they have not been able to solve, than with the small number of results they have obtained.'

Though our author is not the first traveller who suggested the probability of the Canary islands having once been a connected chain of primitive mountains, and, indeed, a journey across Teneriffe to the Peak of Teyde could not have furnished him with sufficient data to come to such a conclusion, yet his subsequent researches in the Cordilleras removed, he says, the principal difficulty that stood in the way of such a supposition. But after Broussonnet's information, as above quoted, why ask, 'Whether the archipelago of the Canary islands contain any rocks of primitive or secondary formation?' If Doctor Gillan and Bory St. Vincent be at variance on this point, he might have recollected that these 'distinguished

tinguished scientific men' were not competent judges, having seen just as much and no more of Teneriffe than himself, in the usual excursion from Santa Cruz to Oratava and back again. We can, however, undertake to solve the question. These islands have recently been explored by M. Von Buch, one of the first geologists of the age, accompanied by Mr. Smith, Professor of Botany at Christiania in Norway, (now on the interesting expedition to explore the source of the Congo or Zair.) These gentlemen not only ascertained that the eruptions on this group of islands are almost in the same line, like the active volcanoes in Chili and in the kingdom of Guatemala, which Humboldt found grouped in rows, and a continuation of the chains of primitive rocks; but discovered on one of the islands (Palma, we believe) primitive rock in the very focus of a volcano; which at once puts an end to all doubt respecting the existence of volcanic fire in or under rocks of primitive formation.

Admitting M. de Humboldt to have proved his point, 'that the Canaries have no more been *created* by volcanoes than the whole body of the smaller Antilles has been formed by madrepores;' it is by no means a legitimate conclusion, that they should be the remains of a great continent *sunk* by volcanoes: nor can we discover how 'the observations which have been made on the grouping of the volcanoes in America prove that the ancient state of things represented in *the conjectural map of the Atlantic*, by M. Bory St. Vincent, is no way in contradiction to the acknowledged laws of nature.' It is one of M. de Humboldt's failings to hunt up the opinions of others in support of his own, without sufficient regard to the character of the respective authors. The insufferable coxcomb above mentioned had republished a theory of very old date, in his 'conjectural map', that the isles of the Canaries and Madeira are nothing more than the mountainous remains of the ancient Atlantis. Such an hypothesis may not, perhaps, be contradictory of the laws of nature, because we know that in our day new islands have been created, and old ones have disappeared; but we may just as well suppose the remains of a southern Atlantis in the peaked summits of St. Helena, Gough's island, Tristan d'Acunha, and Ascension; or admit the theory of the Spaniard who calls himself Ali Bey, which sinks the old Atlantis in the Mediterranean, and digs out an ocean in the centre of Africa. Indeed, on the principle that it is not contrary to the laws of nature, there is not a group of islands in the great southern ocean or the Pacific, that we may not set down, *ad libitum*, on 'conjectural maps,' as the remnants of old continents. We were further struck with M. de Humboldt's want of discrimination in his reference to books, on finding him quoting 'a highly useful work, the ninth edition of

Hamilton Moore's *Practical Navigator*! on an occasion connected with a subject on which M. de Humboldt, we think, is pleased to entertain unnecessary doubts. We allude to the hypothesis which supposes a connection between the waters of the ocean and the focus of volcanic fires. All the volcanoes known in the world are either on islands or within no great distance of the sea coast; in the interior of great continents they are not found to exist; and it is a fact, well known to mariners, and sufficiently remarkable, that, in the neighbourhood of insular volcanoes in a state of activity, a constant current or indraught sets towards the island or group of islands. The Pizarro had nearly been thus drawn upon the West Rock when becalmed in the channel between it and the isle of Clara. 'It is difficult,' M. de Humboldt says, 'to conceive how a mass of basalt, insulated in the vast expanse of ocean, can cause so considerable a motion in the waters;' and this idea leads him to reflect on that remarkable indraught towards the small archipelago of the Gallipagos islands in the Pacific ocean. These currents, he allows, cannot be owing to the difference of temperature between the fluid and the masses of rock; 'and how can we admit,' he asks, 'that the water is engulfed at the base of these rocks which often are not of volcanic origin?' evidently implying that if they *were* of volcanic origin, the difficulty would be solved. And yet, in explaining the nature of those spiracles on the plain of Rambleta, (out of which the cone of Teyde rises at the height of more than 11,000 feet above the level of the ocean,) which are called, by the natives, the 'nostrils of the peak,' he adds, in a note, 'we must not consider the fact as merely accidental, that we have not yet discovered an active volcano more than 40 leagues distant from the ocean; but I consider the hypothesis, that the waters of the sea are absorbed, distilled, and decomposed by volcanoes, very doubtful.'—(vol. i. p. 184.) We should at least have expected that the grounds of his doubts on a subject more interesting to geology than any other connected with that science, would have been stated. That the aqueous vapour issuing from the nostrils of the peak is nothing more than atmospherical water, heated by the interior surfaces over which it passes, admits not, we think, of a doubt; but what other explanation can be given of the copious and constant stream of heated *fresh* water which rushes into the crater of the little volcanic island of Amsterdam, below the level of high water mark, than that of supposing it to arise from the constant decomposition and distillation of sea water? there are neither rains, nor clouds, nor surface sufficient to afford any such supply from the atmosphere.

The second and only remaining chapter of the first volume is occupied entirely with a very long and not very interesting account of the

the island of Teneriffe; and a journey from Oratava to the top of the peak, so often travelled and so often described, that this portion of the narrative might, as we conceive, have been spared with advantage to the book. Indeed M. de Humboldt says, that 'in an excursion to the peak, as well as in those which are commonly made in the valley of Chamouni and to the top of Etna, where we are forced to follow the guide, we see almost nothing but what has been already seen and described by former travellers.'

He deems it proper, notwithstanding, to occupy many pages with a discussion of the question, which we thought had long been decided, on the identity of obsidian and pumice, and whether these substances are or are not of volcanic origin. The affirmative was never disputed, till, being found in connection with rocks supposed, by Werner to have been produced by water, this great geologist, to save his theory, was induced to deny their igneous origin; but Dolomieu, Spallanzani, Sir James Hall, Doctor Home, and Sir George Mackenzie have, by their researches, and several chemists by experiments, set the question, as we conceive, entirely at rest. In a valley about 20 miles to the eastward of Hecla, presenting one of the most extensive eruptions known in the world, Mackenzie and his party fell in with 'a supposed stream of lava,' but they were 'most agreeably surprized to find it consist of obsidian, pumice, and slags.' It was an immense stream, the surface covered with pumice, and obsidian beneath; they learned also, that, when in 1783 flames issued from the sea for several months and small islands appeared, vast quantities of pumice and light slags were washed on shore. Sir George observes—'The connection of obsidian and pumice is so very intimate, that the origin of the one must also be the origin of the other; and the evidence we already possess seems to be perfectly sufficient to establish their igneous origin. Pumice generally occurs above obsidian, and may be considered as bearing the same relation to the latter, as the common slags of a stream of lava bear to the body of lava.\*' It has also been ascertained by direct experiment that obsidian intumesces by heat and is easily converted into pumice, so like to it in every respect as not to be distinguished from the natural production; specimens are also made by heat, in which the pumice is blended with obsidian. M. de Humboldt quotes a variety of opinions, but our readers must decide for themselves what, in the following passage, he means to say his own is. Having stated that Spanish mineralogists had no doubt that pumice-stone owes its origin to obsidian—

'I was formerly,' he says, 'of this opinion, which must be confined to one variety only of pumice. I even thought, with many other

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\* Mackenzie's *Travels in Iceland*, p. 306.

geologists, that obsidian, so far from being vitrified lava, belonged to rocks that were not volcanic; and that the fire, forcing its way through the basalts, the green stone rocks, the phonolites, and the porphyries, with bases of pitchstone and obsidian, the lavas and pumice stone, were no other than these same rocks altered by the action of the volcanoes. The deprivation of colour and extraordinary swelling which the greater part of the obsidians undergo in a forge fire, their transition into pectstein, and their position in regions very distant from volcanoes, appear to be phenomena very difficult to reconcile, when we consider the obsidians as volcanic glass. A more profound study of nature, new journeys, and observations made on the productions of burning volcanoes, have led me to renounce those ideas.—(vol. i. p. 220.)

We are not sure whether the Baron de Humboldt is the only traveller who, perched on the summit of the peak, has been fortunate enough to observe the instant when, at rising, the upper limb of the sun came in contact with the limit of the horizon; but if so, he has not taken advantage of the occasion so as to turn it to any practical utility; nor is he correct in saying that he 'saw the true horizon;' this being, as every body knows, a plane passing through the centre of the earth. The difference in point of time of the sun's rising at its summit and at its base might just as well, and more accurately, have been calculated in Paris from knowing the height of the mountain, than from any observation of the moment of its appearance by the chronometer, at so great a dip, and through a medium of such refracting power. The appearance of the sun at the summit sooner by 11' 51" than on the plain, is the result of a calculation which, to be sure, is nearer the truth than the opinion of the ancients that the sun was visible on mount Athos three hours sooner than on the coast of the Egean sea, but that is all that can be said of it. It is to be regretted that, at so favourable a moment, M. de Humboldt had not made use of his repeating circle, or been furnished with the dip sector, invented and described in the *Philosophical Transactions*, some years ago, by Doctor Wollaston; he might then have measured correctly the visible arc of the heavens, and, by such an observation, verified those measurements of the peak which have been obtained by barometrical and trigonometrical operations.

These minor faults are such perhaps as we should not dwell upon in the work of an ordinary traveller, and might indeed be passed over in the 'narrative of the first of Travellers,' were they not obtruded with all the parade of science; but really, when we find the most trite and trivial matters meretriciously tricked out in the garb of philosophy and mathematics; and results stated from insufficient data or no data at all, (the latter of which is invariably the case with regard to his accurate deductions of longitude whether by chronometer or lunar observations,) we cannot see why he should expect

expect a milder judgment to be exercised towards him, than that which he so frequently passes on others, whose pretensions are of a humbler cast. A practical navigator will smile at the importance attached to the finding of heights of mountains, by measuring the small angles which they subtend, when seen at sea, from uncertain distances, and at his longitudes ascertained to the fraction of a second, by Lewis Berthoud's miraculous time-keeper, of which the rate of going was not even known: for examples of this kind the reader is referred to pp. 12—27—115 of vol. i. and pp. 25, 26—38, 39—241, 242—254 of vol. ii.

The 'geography of plants' is a favourite system of M. de Humboldt; on this subject he never fails to indulge in that fondness for generalization which his more accurate co-adjutor M. Bonpland has not been able to check. The following 'botanical chart' is described as exhibited to the eye when placed at the summit of the peak of Teneriffe—that barren point on which 'no trace of verdure, not even of a lichen, enlivened the ground, no insect fluttered in the air.'

'From the summit of these solitary regions, our eyes turned over an inhabited world; we enjoyed the striking contrast between the bare sides of the peak, its steep declivities covered with scorix, its elevated plains destitute of vegetation, and the smiling aspect of the cultured country underneath; we beheld the plants divided by zones, as the temperature of the atmosphere diminished with the height of the site. Below the Piton lichens begin to cover the scoriaceous lava with lustered surface; a violet\*, akin to the *viola decumbens*, rises on the slope of the volcano at 1740 toises of height; it takes the lead not only of the other herbaceous plants, but even of the graminæ, which, in the Alps, and in the ridge of the Cordilleras, form close neighbourhood with the plants of the family of cryptogamia. Tufts of retama loaded with flowers make gay the vallies hollowed out by the torrents, and which are encumbered with the effects of the lateral eruptions; below the spartium (retama) lies the region of ferns, bordered by the tract of the arborescent heaths. Forests of laurel, rhamnus, and arbutus divide the ericas from the rising grounds planted with vines and fruit trees. A rich carpet of verdure extends from the plain of spartium, and the zone of the alpine plants, even to the group of the date trees and the musa, at the feet of which the ocean appears to roll. I here pass slightly over the principal features of this botanical chart, as I shall enter hereafter into some further details respecting the geography of the plants of the Isle of Teneriffe.'—(vol. i. p. 181.)

A little further on he accordingly informs us, that the Island of Teneriffe, so corrupted from the *Chinerfe* of the Guanches, exhibits five zones of plants, which may be distinguished by the names of the region of vines, region of laurels, region of pines, region of

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\* *Viola cheiranthifolia*.



the retama, and region of grasses : that these zones are arranged in stages, one above another, and occupy, on the steep declivity of the peak, a perpendicular height of 1750 toises ; that the first extends from the sea shore to two or three hundred toises of height, where the centigrade thermometer in winter stands at noon between  $15^{\circ}$  and  $17^{\circ}$  ( $59^{\circ}$  and  $62^{\circ}$ ,  $6'$  of Fahrenheit) and does not exceed, in the greatest heats of summer,  $25^{\circ}$  or  $26^{\circ}$  ( $77^{\circ}$  or  $78^{\circ}$ ,  $8'$  of Fahrenheit). In this zone are found eight kinds of arborescent euphorbia, mesembrianthema, cacalia, dracœna, the date tree, the plantain, the sugar cane, the India fig, the arum colocasia, the root of which furnishes the lower class with a nutritive fecula, the olive tree, the fruit trees of Europe, the vine, and different species of grain.

The *second* zone consists of the wooded part of Teneriffe ; it is the region of springs that rise up amidst a turf always verdant, and never parched with drought. In it are found four species of laurel, the canary oak, a native olive the largest tree of the zone, the myrica faya of the Azores, two species of sideroxylon with beautiful leaves, the arbutus callicarpa and other evergreens of the family of myrtles ; bindweeds and the canary ivy entwine the trunks of the laurels, and at their feet vegetate a numberless quantity of ferns. The soil is covered with mosses, and a tender grass is enriched with the flowers of the golden campanula, the chrysanthemum pinnatifidum, the canary mint, and several bushy species of hypericum. Plantations of chesnuts form a border round this region of springs, the greenest and most agreeable of all. The *third* begins at 900 toises of absolute height, is 400 toises in breadth, 'entirely filled by a vast forest of pines,' among which is mingled the juniperus cedro of Broussonnet.

The *fourth* and *fifth* zones occupy heights equal to the most inaccessible summits of the Pyrenees ; they are the regions of sterility, where heaps of pumice stone, obsidian and broken lava form impediments to vegetation ; the flowery tufts of the spartium nubigenum are so many oases amidst a vast sea of ashes ; the scrofularia glabrata, and the viola cheiranthifolia advance even to the Malpays ; toward the summit of the peak the urceolaria, and other plants of the family of the lichens, labour at the decomposition of the scorified matter, and by their unceasing action of organic forces, the empire of Flora extends itself over islands ravaged by volcanoes. (vol. i. p. 270.)

The traveller who should expect to find this regular systematical arrangement of plants, in the five zones of the peak, (analogous to the five zones into which old geographers partitioned the earth's surface,) will be wofully disappointed ; nor must the reader conclude, that this pretty 'botanical chart' was an eye-draft laid down

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on the spot by M. de Humboldt, in his hasty excursion to the top of the peak : by no means ; it was dressed up with great care and study in his closet, according to a rule, and from materials, which he derived chiefly from M. Broussonet, who probably took the hint from the three regions of Mount *Ætna*—the fertile, the woody, and the barren—which Brydone says might just as well be called, in imitation of the three zones of the earth, the torrid, the temperate, and the frigid. It has happened to ourselves to ascend the peak of *Teneriffe*, and so far from meeting with ‘ that vast forest of pines, 400 toises in width, entirely filled with them,’ we can only tax our recollection with having seen one solitary pine, stretching out its horizontal arms over a well, as we sometimes see a Scotch fir on a ‘ blasted heath.’ Sir George Staunton does indeed say, that pines were thinly scattered on the side of the hill ; they were, however, low down in M. de Humboldt’s second zone ; but in the third zone, ‘ entirely filled with them,’ he mentions only our solitary fir overshadowing a watering place in a rock. The truth is, the *Teneriffe* pines grow on the opposite side of the peak, invisible to those who ascend it, and so totally unknown to cursory visitors that the species, hitherto supposed the *pinaster*, is, as we understand from Professor Smith, entirely new—and it has accordingly been named by him the *pinus Canariensis*. It is always an ungracious task to bring forward ‘ insulated facts,’ that destroy some grand comprehensive and preconceived theory, and must be particularly disagreeable to M. de Humboldt, who openly professes to hold in no great estimation those travellers who satisfy themselves with collecting mere facts. Researches, according to his doctrine, can only be interesting, and convey correct notions, when they are employed in comparing and generalizing the various phenomena which nature exhibits ; with him, nothing is valuable that cannot be brought within his grand scheme of universal generalization.

‘ This mode of viewing nature in the universality of her relations is, no doubt, prejudicial to the rapidity suitable to an itinerary ; but I thought that, in a narrative, the principal end of which is the progress of physical knowledge, every other consideration ought to be subservient to those of instruction and utility. It is, by *isolating facts*, that travellers, on every account respectable, have given birth to so many false ideas of the pretended contrasts which nature offers in Africa, in New Holland, and on the ridge of the Cordilleras. The great geological phenomena are subject to the same laws, as well as the forms of plants and animals.’—(vol. i. p. 230.)

We must either misunderstand M. de Humboldt in the above quotation, or beg leave to differ totally from his doctrine. Nature surely delights not more in similarity than in contrast ; and though the laws by which she acts may be more narrowed in  
inorganic

inorganic matter, the endless diversity which we meet with in the plants and animals of different countries cannot be called '*pretended* contrasts.' Does Nature, we would ask M. de Humboldt, offer no contrast in giving to New Holland the *kangaroo* and the *ornithorynchus paradoxus*, and to Africa the *hippopotamus* and *camelopardalis*, and refusing them to all the world besides? Do the large eucalypti, or gum-trees, of New Holland, more than 100 species of which have been discovered, and which, as Mr. Brown says, form at least four-fifths of its forests,—do the banksias and many other genera exclusively confined to this new continent,—do the proteas, found only in Southern Africa, and that species called the argentea seen no where but on the skirts of the Table Mountain,—do the native plants of St. Helena, two-thirds of which are confined to that little spot in the wide ocean, form only '*pretended* contrasts' with plants common to all the world? Nay, is not M. de Humboldt himself a little inconsistent in considering it a remarkable circumstance, to find in the avicennia of Cumana, 'an instance of a plant common to the shores of South America and the coasts of Malabar,' while 'cactuses are as exclusively peculiar to the new world, as heaths to the old?' We can scarcely conceive a greater contrast than that of a hill, bristled with the horrid cactus, and another covered with the gentle heath; but it afforded an opportunity of '*grouping*' and launching a general proposition, which however is liable to particular exceptions. It would have been more guarded to say that no heath has *yet* been discovered in America; but who knows what the unexplored regions of the north of that vast continent, what Patagonia may hereafter be found to produce? As to the cactus, we are mistaken if there be not a native species on the peninsula of India thickly beset with long thorns and entirely different from the nopal introduced by the French or Dutch, on the coast of Coromandel, which was so strongly recommended by Dr. Anderson, as a preventive of scurvy: at any rate, it appears, from a manuscript of the late Dr. Roxburgh, that he had obtained a cactus Indica from the Malay islands—so very unsafe is it to deal in systems.

There is growing at Oratava, a remarkable dragon tree, *dracoena draco*, which is regularly mentioned by every traveller; M. de Humboldt, to say something new about it, asserts that among organised beings, this tree is undoubtedly one of the oldest inhabitants of our globe; that it has never been found in a wild state on the continent of Africa; and that the East Indies is its real country. If he means that the *dracoena* is exclusively an inhabitant of the East Indies, he is certainly mistaken; for admitting the *dracoena borealis* of the Hortus Kewensis, from Hudson's Bay, to be what M. de Humboldt says it is, a convallaria; he should have known that

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that the *dracœna terminalis* was found by Captain Cook, in great abundance, in the South Sea islands, where it was esteemed by the natives as a sacred plant, and from the roots of which our great navigator made a kind of beer for his people; that four or five species are natives of the isles of France and Bourbon, one of China, one of the West Indies, and one of the Cape of Good Hope; in short, that no less than sixteen species are described in *Persoon's Synopsis*, of which, so far from 'the East Indies being the real country,' not more than four or five are natives of it: nay, M. de Humboldt has himself described 'a few plants of the agave and *dracœna* on the fore ground of the plain of Cholula,' in the kingdom of Mexico.\* The subject is not of much importance; though the detection of the error destroys the germ of a nascent theory, lurking under the wing of a very simple question, 'Does the existence of the *dracœna* (on Teneriffe) prove that, at some very distant epocha, the Guanches had connections with other nations originally from Asia?' The *dracœna* in Mr. Francis's garden was brought there, undoubtedly, by the Portuguese, who introduced it also into the island of Madeira, where it is common enough. Its antiquity, therefore, is not equal to that of many of our venerable oaks and church-yard yews still vigorously flourishing; and yet the oldest of these is but an *ephemeris*, when compared with some of the *ficus Indica*, or banyan trees, of India, which may indeed be almost considered as immortal. Mr. Forbes, of 'oriental memory,' will tell us how often he has smoked his hookah under the branches of the identical tree, on the banks of the Nerbuddah, which afforded shelter to a regiment of Alexander's cavalry. If M. de Humboldt believes that the *dracœna* in question was in existence at the discovery of the island, he may just as well believe another equally credible fact, that Our Lady of Candelaria stood in a cave with a couple of lighted torches in her hand, to shew the invaders the way into the bay of Santa Cruz.

M. de Humboldt winds up his long chapter on Teneriffe, and with it his first volume, by the often repeated relation concerning its original inhabitants, the Guanches; and with what he is pleased to call the statistical and political economy of the Canary islands, which of course could only be collected from hearsay and preceding writers.

We cannot but admire M. de Humboldt's attachment to the volcanic Peak of Teyde. So reluctantly does he take leave of this fascinating object, that after carrying his readers across the Atlantic, and landing them safely in the city of Cumana, they once more find themselves doomed to 'discuss the trigonometrical and barometrical

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\* *Researches*, &c. vol. i. p. 88.

measurements,

measurements, made within the last century, by various travellers, who have visited the island of Teneriffe.' This dissertation in his 'Personal Narrative,' in which he has not the smallest concern, having in no way attempted its measurement, occupies forty pages; the conclusion of it is, that 'the real height of the Peak of Teneriffe differs little probably from the mean between the three geometrical and barometrical measurements of Borda, Lamanon and Cordier;' namely, 1905, 1902 and 1920 toises, the mean of which is 1909 toises, or, 12,358 English feet.

Before we quit the first volume, we have to notice another theory, not a new one, of the moral effects produced by a transparent atmosphere.

'If a mass of light, which circulates about objects, fatigues the external senses during a part of the day, the inhabitant of the southern climates has his compensations in moral enjoyments. A lucid clearness in the conceptions, a serenity of mind, correspond with the transparency of the surrounding atmosphere. We feel those impressions without overstepping the limits of Europe. I appeal to travellers who have visited countries rendered famous by prodigies of the imagination and the arts, the favoured climates of Italy and Greece.'—vol. i. p. 183.

Where, we would ask, are those impressions felt but *within* the limits of Europe; and not only in 'the favoured climates of Greece and Italy,' which may perhaps be considered as exceptions from, rather than examples of, the influence of climate? for while in Europe the cloudy, foggy, chilly atmosphere of the north had no power to dim the 'lucid clearness in the conceptions,' nor disturb the 'serenity of mind' of the Scandinavian Scalds, and Icelandic bards, in vain should we look for that moral clearness of conception and serenity of mind corresponding with the natural transparency of the atmosphere, on any part of the continents of Asia, Africa, or America. We believe that Montesquieu's doctrine of the influence of climate, of blue or cloudy skies, once so prevalent, is no longer tenable; but that when political and moral causes correspond,

Extremes in nature equal ends produce.

At the commencement of the second volume, the voyage is resumed from Teneriffe towards America; and the nature and causes of the trade-winds are, very unnecessarily as we think, discussed. Had M. de Humboldt studied Major Rennell's clear statement of these winds and the consequent currents, in his *Geography of Herodotus*, he would not only have derived clearer ideas than he seems to have imbibed from Prevost, *Æpinus*, or the *Journal de Physique*, but would, we think, have blotted out this part of his narrative as superfluous.

Few experienced navigators, we suspect, will be found to take example from those Spaniards 'who have proposed to steer a  
course

course on a diagonal line from cape St. Vincent to Terra-Firma, and the West India Islands,' though it may have been successfully followed by Admiral Gravina, and may shorten the passage from Cadiz to Cumana, 'one twentieth of the distance;' the doubt as to the choice of the direct or circuitous passage, and of the meridian at which the equator should be cut in the navigation from Europe to Buenos-Ayres or Cape Horn, may perplex a landman not familiar with sea affairs, but we believe that the masters of any of the West India traders or the South-sea whalers, from London or Nantucket, are capable of giving more correct and satisfactory information on these points than could be collected from the master of the Spanish sloop Pizarro.

So active an observer of nature as M. de Humboldt could not pass any part of the Mar do Sargasso, without particular notice of the singular phenomenon there presented, the most singular, we may perhaps say, with the exception of submarine coral mountains, which the multitudinous ocean exhibits.

It is known to most of our readers that between the parallels of about  $18^{\circ}$  and  $35^{\circ}$  of northern latitude, the Atlantic, for a space of at least sixty thousand square leagues, is studded over, like an inundated meadow, with bushes of a marine plant called the *fucus natans*; in some places very abundant, and in others more dispersed. If we could imagine the surface of a wide extended moor covered over with water, the furze and heath bushes would appear something like the clusters of fucus scattered over the thickest part of the Mar do Sargasso:—well then might the crew of Columbus be struck with terror at such an appearance rising out of the surface of the sea.

M. de Humboldt says, familiarly enough, that these floating sea weeds 'grow on submarine rocks only from the equator to the fortieth degree of north and south latitude;' that when torn from the rocks, 'the vegetation can scarcely continue a longer time than it would do in the branch of a tree torn from its trunk;' that in order to explain how moving masses are found for ages in the same position, 'we must admit that they owe their origin to submarine rocks, which, placed at forty or fifty fathoms depth, continually supply what has been carried away by the equinoctial currents'—then, 'this current bears the tropic grape into the high latitudes, towards the coasts of Norway and France'—but that it is not the gulf-stream, as some mariners think, which accumulates the fucus to the south of the Azores:—and this singularly confused statement is concluded by a wish that navigators would heave the lead more frequently in these latitudes of sea weeds—and why? because 'Dutch pilots have found a series of shoals from the banks of Newfoundland as far as the coast of Scotland, by using lines composed of

of silk thread !' had he added 'golden plummets', the picture of Dutch prodigality would have been complete.

But we cannot let pass so easily this familiar explanation of the grassy sea ; it is a question of some curiosity, and ought not to have been slurred over in so slovenly a manner by one who philosophizes on every trifling occurrence and on the most trivial objects. Let us then see what his statement amounts to.

These fuci, in the first place, are asserted to grow on submarine rocks *only* from the equator to the fortieth degree of north and south latitude—that is, on a belt of 4800 geographical miles in width, a tolerable span for an *only* ; we doubt, by the way, if a single bush was ever seen floating in the Southern Atlantic ; but 'they grow on rocks at the bottom of the sea'—who has seen or ascertained the existence of these rocks ?—who has ever *sounded* at the equator, or at any portion of the 40 degrees either north or south of it, at any distance from land ?—M. de Humboldt had himself supposed that the sea, in the parallels of 33° or 34° N. instead of 40 or 50, was *some thousand fathoms* deep,—(p. 71)—but who ever saw the fucus natans either *on* the equator, or to the *South* of the equator, or within the parallel of 15° degrees north of the equator—excepting on the *shores* of the Atlantic ? We should be glad to know to what depth light and heat are transmitted sufficient to support the vegetation of these submarine fuci, and to give them that beautiful green tint in which they are constantly clothed while floating on the sea of Sargasso—we say *constantly*, for it is remarked that, contrary to the second assertion of M. de Humboldt, the vegetation *does* continue 'a longer time than it would do in the branch of a tree torn from its trunk ;' and indeed we are rather surprised that it should have escaped him that Linneus changed the specific name of *Sargasso* to that of *Natans*, on account of its continuing to vegetate while floating on the ocean.

The next assertion is, if possible, more weakly grounded than the preceding ; because they are found for ages in the same place, 'we must admit that they owe their origin to submarine rocks forty or fifty fathoms deep, which continually supply what has been carried away by the equinoctial currents.' Who ever sounded, we again ask, at or near the equator to ascertain these submarine rocks, and these 40 or 50 fathoms ? We can assure M. de Humboldt, that we have ourselves seen 320 fathoms thrown out in the Mar do Sargasso, but in vain ; and that the general belief is that this central basin of the Atlantic is 'deeper than did plummet ever sound ;' the 40 or 50 fathoms then is a gratuitous assertion. M. de Humboldt, however, is fully aware of the difficulties that even this depth would oppose to his theory with regard to the green colour of the fucus. He had indeed, in some measure, prepared us for them (in

(in vol. i. p. 84.) At the depth of 32 fathoms, in the channel between the islands of Alegranza and Montana Clara, the lead brought up an organic substance of so singular a construction, that they doubted whether it was a zoophite or a kind of sea-weed; they, however, ranked it *provisionally* among the *sea-wracks*, and gave it the name of *fucus vitifolius*; it was fixed to a piece of madre-pore, and its leaves were as green as grass—hence it is concluded, not very philosophically, that this doubtful sea-weed vegetated at the bottom of the ocean, at the depth of 192 feet, and consequently that the sea-weed of Alegranza presents a new example of plants which vegetate in a great obscurity without being whitened; and as Bouguer found, by experiment, that light is weakened after a passage of 180 feet, 1478 times, M. de Humboldt concludes that this *fucus*, at the depth of 32 fathoms, can only have received a light equal to half that of a candle at a foot's distance; whereas, by direct experiment, he proved that the vivid light of two Argand's lamps was required to give to the *lepidium sativum*, the faintest tint of green. All this is certainly not well calculated to help his theory of the growth of the *fucus natans*—but might not the madre-pore with its adherent *fucus*, if after all it was one, have been detached from the rocky shore of Alegranza? But what shall we say to the *fuci* growing green at the bottom of the unfathomable ocean with so scanty a portion of light, and heat and air?—and the same *fucus* vegetating on the surface in the open air, and under the strongest degree of light and heat that the atmosphere can be charged with?

The equinoctial currents are convenient enough for M. de Humboldt's system—the plants grow on submarine rocks under the equinoctial line and on each side of it, and when they have figured away for a certain time in the Mar do Sargasso, the equinoctial currents sweep them off the stage. It is rather unlucky, however, that the Mar do Sargasso is wholly removed out of the equinoctial currents, being an eddy in the midst of the Atlantic, free from fixed winds and regular currents:—still they 'bear them into the highest attitudes, towards the coasts of Norway and France'—why not to the intermediate coasts of Scotland, Ireland, England, Denmark and Holland? If 'it is *not* the gulf-stream, as some mariners think, which accumulates the *fucus* to the south of the Azores'—how came the gulf-stream to carry that wreck of a ship which he met with near the Mar do Sargasso, and which he says *must* have been wrecked in northern latitudes, 'and brought thither by that extraordinary whirl of the waters of the Atlantic?' (vol. ii.) Thus has M. de Humboldt unguardedly shut the only door against himself through which he could possibly escape, his *current of rotation*.

We acknowledge that this subject involves many difficulties; but there are two or three facts that may tend to throw some light upon it.



it. In the first place, the sea of Sargasso may be considered as an eddy, situated, in point of latitude, between the regular equinoctial current setting to the westward, and those easterly currents put in motion by the westerly winds commencing a little to the northward of the parallel in which the trade-winds begin to blow; into this eddy the fucus is thrown out of the gulf-stream, as wreck is thrown into the eddies of rivers, where, by variable winds and calms, and partial currents, it floats about on this wide expanded surface. The fact of its being thus thrown out of the stream is a common observation of navigators; it is particularly mentioned in Purdy's Chart of the Atlantic. We have observed that the *fucus natans* is well known to grow on the rocks along the gulf of Paria, and on the coasts of Caraccas and Tortugas: it is also quite certain that, in its detached state, it lives and vegetates; for it is a remarkable fact that, in this whole sea of floating bushes, not a withered plant is ever discovered; and yet if taken out of the water, the plant, within a few hours, collapses and turns brown.

The question then occurs, what becomes of all this sea-weed that for ages has been accumulating in this great eddy of the ocean?—this is certainly a question of difficult solution; but if we were put upon our answer, we should say that, instead of separating from submarine rocks, 'after its period of fructification, of its own accord, or from fish and molluscas gnawing its stems,' which seems to be the opinion of M. de Humboldt, it descends rather to the bottom, there to perish for want of light and air and heat. We ground our argument chiefly on the multitude of bushes which are seen suspended just below the surface as in a sinking state, borne down perhaps by the quantities of testaceous and crustaceous animals that are always found lodging among the interwoven branches of the plants. We are by no means satisfied that we are right, but we are quite certain that M. de Humboldt is wrong.

Osbeck, the Swede, an excellent naturalist, a plain matter-of-fact man, and no theorist, in the year 1752, when on his homeward voyage from China, paid great attention to the Grassy-sea: he doubts not of the *fucus natans* being an American plant thrown into the great eddy from the gulf of Florida; he states the fact of its pushing out new leaves without roots; and adds, that the slime enclosed eggs of crabs and other insects, and that the animals which he caught and examined in these bushes were the *lophius histrio*, or American frog-fish—the *cyprinus pelagicus*—the *sygnathus pelagicus*, or the sea-horse—the *scyllæa pelagica*, or the sea-hare—the *cancer pelagicus*—the *cancer minutus*, and the *sepia*—enough in all conscience to sink a bush of sea-weed.

M. de Humboldt might have spared the note p. 10. vol. ii. about the 'Phœnician vessels coming in thirty days' sail, with an easterly

easterly wind, to the *Weedy sea*, which the Portuguese and Spaniards call *Mar do Zargasso*.' It is much of the same value as his theory of the eruption of the waters through the Dardanelles into the Mediterranean, founded on the traditions of the Samothracians, by which Egypt on the one side, and the plains of Tarragon, Valencia, and Murcia on the other, were entirely submerged, till a passage was forced by the waters of this sea through the pillars of Hercules. For ourselves, we prefer the testimony of Herodotus to the vague traditions related by Strabo and Eratosthenes, or even the theories of M. de Humboldt.

The beauty of the southern sky, and the new constellations that opened to their view, suggest some very natural reflexions that must have occurred to every traveller who has crossed the tropical regions.

'We feel (says M. de Humboldt) an indescribable sensation when, on approaching the equator, and particularly on passing from one hemisphere to the other, we see those stars which we have contemplated from our infancy, progressively sink, and finally disappear. Nothing awakens in the traveller a livelier remembrance of the immense distance by which he is separated from his country, than the aspect of an unknown firmament.'—vol. ii. p. 19.

The following passage gives a favourable specimen of M. de Humboldt's talent for composition, and shews with what a happy facility he seizes upon common objects, and renders them interesting.

'When we begin to fix our eyes on geographical maps, and read the narratives of navigators, we feel for certain countries and climates a sort of predilection for which we know not how to account at a more advanced period of life. These impressions, however, exercise a considerable influence over our determinations; and from a sort of instinct we endeavour to connect ourselves with objects on which the mind has long been fixed as by a secret charm. At a period when I studied the heavens, not with the intention of devoting myself to astronomy, but only to acquire a knowledge of the stars, I was agitated by a fear unknown to those who love a sedentary life. It seemed painful to me to renounce the hope of beholding those beautiful constellations which border the southern pole. Impatient to rove in the equinoctial regions, I could not raise my eyes towards the starry vault without thinking of the Cross of the South, and without recalling the sublime passage of Dante, which the most celebrated commentators have applied to this constellation;

'Io mi volsi a man destra, e posi mente  
All' altro polo, e vidi quattro stelle  
Non viste mai fuor ch' alla prima gente.  
Goder pareva lo ciel di lor fiammelle;  
O settentrional vedovo sito  
Poi che privato se di mirar quelle !'

'The pleasure we felt on discovering the Southern Cross was warmly shared by such of the crew as had lived in the colonies. In the solitude of the seas, we hail a star as a friend from whom we have long been separated. Among the Portuguese and the Spaniards, peculiar motives seem to encrease this feeling; a religious sentiment attaches them to a constellation, the form of which recalls the sign of the faith planted by their ancestors in the deserts of the new world.

'The two great stars which mark the summit and the foot of the Cross having nearly the same right ascension, it follows hence that the constellation is almost perpendicular at the moment when it passes the meridian. This circumstance is known to every nation that lives beyond the tropics, or in the southern hemisphere. It has been observed at what hour of the night, in different seasons, the Cross of the South is erect, or inclined. It is a time-piece that advances very regularly near four minutes a day, and no other group of stars exhibits, to the naked eye, an observation of time so easily made. How often have we heard our guides exclaim in the savannas of Venezuela, or in the desert extending from Lima to Truxillo, "Midnight is past, the Cross begins to bend!" How often these words reminded us of that affecting scene where Paul and Virginia, seated near the source of the river of Latamiers, conversed together for the last time, and where the old man, at the sight of the Southern Cross, warns them that it is time to separate.'—vol. ii. p. 21, &c.

On approaching the coasts of America it became calm, the rain fell in torrents, and the thermometer stood at  $81^{\circ}$ . A malady broke out in the Pizarro, and an Asturian youth of nineteen, the only son of a poor widow, was very rapidly carried off by it. This incident, by no means unusual, is related with such good taste and feeling, that we make no apology for extracting the whole passage.

'Several circumstances rendered the death of this young man affecting. His features bore the marks of sensibility, and a great mildness of disposition; he had embarked against his inclination, and his mother, whom he had hoped to assist by the produce of his labours, had sacrificed her own tenderness to the idea of securing the fortune of her son, by sending him to the colonies to a rich relation, who resided at the isle of Cuba. The unfortunate young man expired the third day of his illness, having fallen from the beginning into a lethargic state interrupted by fits of delirium. Another Asturian, still younger, did not leave one moment the bed of his dying friend, and, what is very remarkable, did not contract the disorder. He was to follow his countryman to St. Jago de Cuba, by whom he was to be introduced to the house of this relation, on whom all their hopes depended. Nothing could be more affecting than the sorrow of him who had survived his friend; and who bewailed with bitterness the fatal counsels which had thrown him on a foreign climate, where he found himself abandoned and without support.

'We were assembled on the deck, absorbed in melancholy reflexions. Our eyes were fixed on a hilly and desert coast, on which the moon  
from

from time to time shed its light athwart the clouds. The sea, gently agitated, shone with a feeble phosphoric glittering. Nothing was heard but the monotonous cry of a few large sea-birds, flying towards the shore. A profound calm reigned over these solitary abodes; but this calm of nature was in discordance with the painful feelings by which we were oppressed. About eight, the dead man's knell was slowly tolled; at this lugubrious sound, the sailors ceased their labour, and threw themselves on their knees to offer a momentary prayer; an affecting ceremony, which, while it brought to our remembrance those times when the primitive christians considered themselves as members of the same family, seemed to blend mankind into one common feeling from the sentiment of a common evil. The corpse of the Asturian was brought upon deck during the night, and the priest entreated that it might not be committed to the waves till after sun-rise, in order to pay it the last rites, according to the usage of the Romish church. There was not an individual on board who did not sympathise with the fate of this young man, whom we had beheld, but a few days before, full of cheerfulness and health.—vol. ii. p. 31, &c.

It is not before the voyage has ended that M. de Humboldt makes the discovery that 'the form of a personal narrative, and the nature of its composition, are not well fitted for the full explanation of phenomena which vary with the seasons and the position of places;' unwilling, however, to lose the opportunity of giving the reins to his excursive fancy, he presents us with a suite of scientific dissertations, grounded not on his own personal observations, but on the experiments and observations of others—on the temperature of the air and the ocean, the hydrometrical state of the atmosphere, the intensity of the blue colour of the sky, and the magnetic phenomena—all of which, instead of interrupting the narrative, might with more propriety have been thrown into an appendix. We deem it not a mere want of taste, but a want of respect towards his readers, to tell them, in a tone of philosophic gravity, that 'a very sensible decrement of heat is observed on the globe, whether we go from the equator to the poles, ascend from the surface of the earth into the highest regions of the air, or dive into the depth of the ocean;'—and to add to this homely and familiar truth, that 'this phenomenon has a great influence on the climatic distributions of vegetable and animal productions.'—p. 52.

We could never discover any hope of advantage to the interests of navigation from observations on the temperature of the ocean. It is an old subject, on which M. de Humboldt cannot be supposed to have thrown much new light in his little voyage across the Atlantic. Indeed we do not find that he has added to the facts, or improved upon the hints long ago thrown out by Benjamin Franklin and Jonathan Williams, collected in a little treatise published in Philadelphia, under the title of 'Thermometrical Navigation.'

To depend on a difference of temperature that is always liable to vary, and yet may not vary in the distance of a thousand miles a single degree of Fahrenheit's thermometer, would be absolute insanity; and none but a madman or an idiot would dip his thermometer in search of soundings, instead of heaving the lead. But the investigation is 'highly interesting to the physical history of our planet.' Be it so—and we should say the thermometer cannot be too much exercised both at sea and on shore, even though its results should never enable us to solve the question, 'Does the quantity of free caloric remain the same during thousands of years?' or to determine whether the barometric pressure of the atmosphere, the quantity of oxygen, the intensity of the magnetic powers, and a great number of other phenomena, have undergone any change since the time of Noah, of Xisuthris or of Menou. Philosophers have long amused themselves in settling the point whether ice or steam be the natural state of water, and in solving the problem of the increase or diminution of the heat of the earth: but a plain matter-of-fact man wishes for data, instead of wild hypotheses. A collection of facts continued with care for a thousand years might be of use in these important questions, and every encouragement for amassing them has our most cordial approbation—all we contend for is to make sure of our facts before we theorize. With this feeling we cannot possibly participate in the pleasure which M. de Humboldt seems to enjoy in contemplating a prospect so remote as that which follows.

'Very distant posterity will one day decide whether, as Mr. Leslie has endeavoured to prove by ingenious hypotheses, two thousand four hundred years are sufficient to augment the mean temperature of the atmosphere a single degree. However slow this increment may be, we must admit, that an hypothesis, according to which organic life seems gradually to augment on the globe, occupies more agreeably our imagination, than the old system of the cooling of our planet, and the accumulation of the polar ice. Some parts of physics and geology are merely conjectural; and it might be said that science would lose much of its attraction if we endeavoured to confine this conjectural part within too narrow limits.'—vol. ii. p. 82.

The hygrometer is an instrument so very imperfect, and its results of so little importance at sea, that we consider it as wholly useless to navigation: the humidity of the air has little or no apparent effect on the winds; but it generally increases its transparency, and seems to bring objects nearer to the view. 'This phenomenon,' says M. de Humboldt, 'is well known to those who have made hygrometrical observations:—true; and to every old woman it is known that, when the distant spire of the parish church is seen more clearly, and the hills seem to approach, 'there is rain brewing in the

the sky.' The cyanometer, or instrument to measure the intensity of the blue sky, is still more useless, if possible, to navigators. This intensity, in fact, depends neither on the siccity nor humidity of the lower strata of air; while it may be rendered pale and even obliterated by a stream of vapour in the upper region of the atmosphere. On the summit of high mountains, elevated above the grosser portions of the atmosphere, it might be curious to compare experiments with those made with the same kind of instrument by Saussure on the Alps; but it is mere ostentation to talk of such experiments made at sea with a view of being useful to navigation. We prefer, as more simple and more correct, that 'natural diaphanometer,' which for ages has regulated the prognostics of mariners—'a great paleness of the setting sun, a wan colour, an extraordinary disfiguration of its disk;'—though we should be cautious in admitting that these meteorological phenomena are the 'unequivocal signs of a tempest.' The marine barometer is far more important to the mariner than hygrometers or cyanometers. By this instrument a change of weather never fails to be indicated by the least rising or falling of the mercury in the tube; the descent, in tropical latitudes, of an eighth of an inch, when at a distance from the land, is the unequivocal indication of an approaching storm. Many a ship has been saved from destruction by the timely notice given by this instrument to prepare for a storm; and no ship, in our opinion, should be permitted to go to sea without one.

To the accuracy of the experiments made to determine the intensity of the magnetic forces, we cannot give the least confidence. The number of oscillations made by a needle delicately suspended and placed on so moveable a body as that of a small sloop, will depend rather on the quantity of the ship's motion, than on the quantity of magnetic force.

The observations on Cumana are minute and not without interest; but they need not detain us long. Every thing had a novel appearance, and nature wore a grander aspect than in Europe. A silk cotton tree (*bombax heptaphyllum*) had a trunk, in its fourth year, nearly two feet and a half in diameter! but it was an Indian who told them so. The governor of Cumana talked of azot, oxyd of iron, and hygrometer, 'words,' says M. de Humboldt, 'as agreeable to our ears as the name of his native country pronounced on a distant shore to those of a traveller.'

The cactus forms a strong feature in the vegetable productions of the intratropical parts of the new world. Armed with its formidable thorns, it opposes so impenetrable a barrier that plantations of it are employed as one of the best means of military defence. The places where these plants naturally spring up in groups are called *tunales*; and to add to their terrific character,

the *cascabel*, or Cumanian rattlesnake, the coral and other vipers, with poisonous fangs, frequent in vast abundance these arid haunts to deposit their eggs in the sand. There is little indeed that is inviting on the scorched plain of Cumana.

‘The earth drenched with rain, and heated again by the rays of the sun, emits that musky odour which, under the torrid zone, is common to animals of very different classes, to the jaguer, the small species of tyger-cat, the thick-nosed tapir, the galinazo vulture, the crocodile, vipers and rattlesnakes. I have seen Indian children, of the tribe of the Chaymas, draw out from the earth and eat millepedes or scolopendras eighteen inches long, and seven lines broad. Whenever the soil is turned up we are struck with the mass of organic substances which, by turns, are developed, transformed, and decomposed. Nature in these climates appears more active, more fruitful, we might even say, more prodigal of life.’—vol. ii. p. 205.

The banks of the Manzanares, however, are well shaded by mimosas, erythrinæ, ceibas, and other trees of gigantic growth. Both sexes of all ranks and ages bathe several times a day in this river, which, when flooded, is sometimes at 72° of Fahrenheit’s thermometer when the temperature of the air is at 90°. All the ladies of the first families are taught to swim; and the first question at meeting is generally whether the water be cool? It is usual to assemble in groups in the river on moonlight nights, to sit in the water on chairs in light clothing, smoke segars, and converse about the weather, &c.

The city of Cumana, with its Indian suburbs, does not contain 20,000 inhabitants; we are only surprized that such a number should be found to inhabit it, on account of the frequency and fatal effects of earthquakes. In 1766 it was entirely destroyed: ‘the whole of the houses were overturned in a few minutes, and the shocks were hourly repeated during fourteen months.’ In 1797 more than four-fifths of this devoted city were entirely overthrown.

Our limits forbid us to follow M. de Humboldt through his long dissertation on earthquakes, in which we have the pith and marrow of all that has been observed and conjectured on the subject from Seneca down to ‘Dr. Young in the New Cyclopaedia.’ It is convenient enough to have a suite of facts and opinions thus clustered together, and we should not object to it in another form, but surely it is misplaced in ‘a personal narrative of travels.’ We must also pass over his account of the salt-works on the peninsula of Araya, the pearl-fishery which once existed on the coast of Cumana, and the wonderful stone, *piedra de los ojos*, which, placed in the eye, is asserted by the natives to expel any extraneous substance that may accidentally have been introduced; and which M. de Humboldt soon discovered to be nothing more than

than a thin porous operculum of some small univalve shell. The geological remarks and observations are interesting and important; but we shall have other opportunities for noticing them in the succeeding volumes. His reflexions on the difference between ancient and modern colonies are judicious and just; he has pointed out, we think, the principal causes which, in the latter, have operated in dispelling national remembrances, without filling their place by others relative to the country newly inhabited. This want of recollections of glory to inspire noble sentiments, and the indifference of the Spanish colonies towards the mother-country have long been met by a corresponding indifference on the part of the mother-country, which is now feeling the effect of its unjust and impolitic conduct; and unless the people of the Spanish colonies are made of materials different from the rest of the species, we may venture to predict that their final emancipation is an event not very distant.

It would be great injustice, and a violation of truth, not to allow to M. de Humboldt an extraordinary share of talent; his literary acquirements appear indeed to be more various than generally fall to the lot of man. To intellectual powers of the highest order, he adds an ardent and enthusiastic mind, full of energy and activity in the pursuit of knowledge. In the true spirit of enterprize and research, we doubt if he has any superior; and it seems to be equally exerted on all occasions: the ardour of pursuit, the mental energy, and the bodily activity are as much in earnest in rummaging the shelves of a library, as in clambering up the sides of a volcanic mountain. He is well read in all the modern discoveries of astronomical, geological, and physiological science; but his book affords no evidence that he is well grounded in mathematics, in chemistry and mineralogy, or in the principles and details of the several departments of natural history, with the exception perhaps of botany, in which he had an able assistant in M. Bonpland. Our doubts arise, in some degree, from the constant attempt at generalization, a species of philosophy the more likely to become fashionable from its lying at so little depth beneath the surface: "It is an easy way to rouse the reader's attention by exhibiting objects in large masses, and it gratifies the general reader by giving him striking results, while it spares him the trouble of thinking. We are not, however, arrived at that period in physical science, more especially in that branch of it which relates to geology, to systematize with safety; we are but yet in the rudiments: and the best service which naturalists of the present day can render to science is to follow the injunction of Bacon, to collect facts with judgment, and describe them with exactness; it belongs to a remoter period to group them into systems: every new fact in science advances,



while new theories frequently retard, the progress of the human mind. Such is M. de Humboldt's immoderate fondness for theory and system that, to establish a favourite point, he thinks nothing of ransacking all the libraries of Europe, from Venice to Berlin. His imagination appears to be always on the wing; for a single word or a name suggests a hundred different ideas, and transports him to as many different places—from the Peak of Teyde to the summit of Chimboraco—from the burning sands of Africa to the fields of ice that surround the poles: in the mean while, the subject under immediate discussion is lost sight of, and taken up again, or abandoned, as it may happen. We are by no means sure, however, that this exuberance of foreign matter may not rather be the result of a systematic reference to the indices of books, than of previous knowledge arranged in the memory. This must at least be the case in quoting periodical journals, Transactions of learned societies, the *Journal de Physique*, and other works of the same kind, which are more for reference than reading. We shall not say of him as Felix did of St. Paul; but we may observe, that too much reading, or too frequent reference, betrays him sometimes into inconsistencies.

M. de Humboldt however has one good quality for a traveller; he is no egotist; he never offends by thrusting forward his own exploits, his own adventures, and his own 'hair-breadth escapes:'—all the parade which he displays is employed in adorning science, in whose cause he is always eloquent; perhaps he may too frequently throw his cloak of wisdom over subjects that ages ago had descended to the vulgar, and thoughtlessly expend his powers on familiar objects that are generally understood. In a word, we are persuaded that he aims at too much for any one man to accomplish; or, to make use of a nautical phrase, (as we have been dealing in naval matters,) he spreads too much canvass, and stows too little ballast.

ART. IV. *The Fair Isabel of Cotchele. A Cornish Romance: in six Cantos.* By the Author of *Local Attachment*, and Translator of *Theocritus*. Foolscape octavo. pp. 371. Cawthorn.

THE valuable manuscript of the poem before us was inclosed, it seems, in a bureau of Mr. Walter Scott, which was 'for some time inaccessible.' (p. 371.) The key, however, was at length luckily found, or a blacksmith procured; and the *Cornish Romance* emerged from the obscurity of its seclusion.

Novelists, who undertake to describe manners and characters, have often assumed the agreeable fiction of a *prosopopœia*. Thus we have 'The History of a Black Coat,' 'The History of a Gold-headed

headed Cane,' &c. We should be much disposed, had we leisure, to erect a similar novel on the interesting incident above-mentioned; and entitle it 'The History of a Manuscript.' Much might be revealed, could the said MS. find a tongue, respecting the little pleasing anxieties, the sentimental irritabilities, the fluttering, sensitive jealousies, which are often the portion of great topographers and poets.

In the drawer of this mystic cabinet were some papers belonging to Mr. Scott himself; and the reader will not fail to remark a fortunate result of this contiguity, in the spirit communicated to these pages from the lays of the Northern Minstrel. Thus the *Lady of the Lake* has stanzaic introductions, so has *Fair Isabel*; the *Lady of the Lake* is in short lyric measure, so is *Fair Isabel*; the *Lady of the Lake* is interspersed with songs, so, beyond all possibility of cavil, is *Fair Isabel*; for the songs alone would form a very respectable 'Complete Songster,' adapted to the vocal paradise of Vauxhall. We must, however, admit a wonderful improvement on the plan of Mr. Scott, inasmuch as these songs are not always incidental, but are made to supply the place of dialogue: most of the principal characters, the lady and her Abigail, and her lover and his rivals, reciprocally warbling chansons and chansonnettes on every possible occasion; so that the author may boldly claim the merit of originality in giving the first example of 'an operatic romance.'

Thus 'archly' replies the fair Isabel to her lover, who had been singing to her in the disguise of a gipsy.

————— "If you mean me,"  
And dropp'd a sly half curtesy.

SONG.

I was then, in sooth, a cottage maid,  
Of mine own shadow quite afraid:  
And as I through my vagaries ran  
I met a fine young gentleman,  
Whom some-one would rejoice to see,  
If you mean me.'

Nothing is more charming than this even in the '*Ovide en Rondeaux*.'

But has Mr. Polwhele given us the whole of the adventures of his MS.? We can scarcely avoid suspecting that it has also been closeted with the papers of Lord Byron; at least we can only account, by a friendly juxtaposition of this nature, for its being possessed of such words as 'kiosk,' and 'khan,' and 'bazar,' and 'yataghan,' and 'minareh.' Let not, however, the author of *Fair Isabel* be alarmed: it is by no means our wish to convey an impression that the general conduct of his poem, any more than its particular

particular details, are copied from these popular writers. Both Mr. Scott and Lord Byron have a bad custom of hurrying the reader along with them in a sort of breathless interest, and stirring his blood in a way that is both troublesome and unmannerly. Of this offence we cheerfully acquit our author. He has worked after other models, and ingrafted the Italian opera on the monkish legend. There is an old gentleman who rides to the wars, and a young lady who is left behind in a sort of Castle-Spectre turretted mansion; and she kneels in her oratory on a velvet cushion, and the colour of the oratory ceiling is sky-blue; and she has long conversations with Jessica the waiting-maid,—and they have each a lover, —and they make assignations in a wood,—and these assignations are broken in upon by sundry alarming occurrences—passing footsteps, warning voices, songs, and ‘gleamy figures that sink away.’ There are also a prioress and a monk, who between them shut up the young lady in a sepulchral vault; and she, and a certain Lady Alice, who had been poisoned, we believe, but are not quite certain, and comfortably confined, suddenly appear in white, with visards, at a masked ball, given in honour of the old knight’s return from the wars. This grouping, as the reader sees, is adopted with great judgment and effect from the concluding scene of the *Revers*, where Marcus Curius Dentatus, a troubadour, a knight-templar, and a Prussian grenadier returning from the Seven Years war, very strenuously join in storming the abbey of Quedlinburgh. The catastrophe then winds up; the monk is shipwrecked, and the prioress jumps off a rock into the sea, dragging with her her confidante Maud; or, as it is expressed, with a laudable attention to the parish register,

‘*Matilda,—so baptized was Maud:*’

and of whom we had been told,

‘*The beetle did she love to greet,  
And on her bodkin’s point impale.*’

The manner in which she expiated this prank, and every other, deserves an ampler notice.

‘*I know you well, I know you well,  
Cried Maud with a dire maniac yell;  
They beckon, beckon me to hell;  
I did it, I did it, the Prioress cried;  
And seizing her quick with a mad clasp embraced,  
And, in serpent folds twisted close, close round her waist,  
With Maud in her arms from the precipice sprang.*’

The reader cannot fail to have remarked the beautiful imitation of ‘*Me, me, adsum qui feci:*’ elegantly rendered by Dr. Trapp, ‘*me, me, I did it.*’

In

In his concluding address, the author appears to think that the reader must by this time be interested to know a little more of the writer of the 'Fair Isabel of Cotchele.' He enters therefore on a biographic retrospection, and complains that he was drawn from the grove where he owned '*luxurious stings*,' and where, as he modestly says,

'Passion eloquently pour'd  
The soul of love through every chord,'  
and compelled to '*rear* his unambitious hearth ;'

'Where Isca widening seeks the main,  
*Amidst the titled proud and vain*,  
'Twas there on topographic lore  
Some evil genius bade me pore ;  
By day alert, with keen research  
Hunt out a ruin, hail a church ;'

and lastly, to explore,

'——— though faint with wan disease,  
By the pale lamp, *long pedigrees*.'

We have nothing to do with this gentleman's Exeter squabbles ; though we regret to find that his toil, as he says, 'has been unrecompensed by gold or fame :' but he is not the only instance of powers and faculties miserably miscalculated. Mr. Polwhele bewails himself that the perversity of his stars should have forced him from the classics, and from poetry, to antiquarian researches. Now, we are not quite sure that his histories of Devonshire and Cornwall are not full as likely to obtain for him a respectable station in literature, as his attempt to translate Bion, &c. ; nor are we altogether convinced that he would have been worse employed in decyphering mutilated tomb-stones, or even in tracing '*long pedigrees*,' than in stringing together the '*bald, disjointed*' rhymes of his Cornish Romance.

We have some notion of a line or two in an old Latin poet ; the words indeed have escaped us,—but they began, as we remember, with *Solve senescentem*—If Mr. Polwhele should fortunately recollect the rest of the passage, and would apply it to his own case, we have a strong impression that it might be attended with very beneficial results.

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ART. V. *A History of Inventions and Discoveries*, by John Beckmann, Public Professor of Economy in the University of Gottingen. *Translated from the German* by William Johnston. 1815.

WE are not disposed to quarrel with a title under which so much good matter is to be found ; especially when (as in the present

present instance) it belongs exclusively to the translator. The ingenious dissertations to which it relates were originally given to the public in detached portions, and at different times, under the modest and unassuming name of 'Collections towards a History of Inventions.' Neither of these titles by any means reaches the scope of the learned author's essays; which we should rather consider as forming an interesting inquiry into the progress of the human mind as developed in the advancement of the general health, comforts, and conveniencies of mankind, but more especially of those who inhabit great cities, by judicious regulations of police; by new discoveries in the arts; by improvements of those that were either unknown, or known but imperfectly, to the most polished nations of antiquity; and by the introduction, domestication, and culture of various foreign products of the animal and vegetable kingdoms.

In conducting his researches, Professor Beckmann displays a depth of learning and a soundness of judgment rarely to be met with in a critic of the German school. He is not merely a scholar, well stored with biblical knowledge, but a practical philosopher, familiar with facts and the common concerns of mankind. His admiration of ancient authors does not so blind him to the merits of the moderns as to ascribe, as some have affected to do, all the knowledge of the latter to that of the Greeks and the Romans. Allowing to these wonderful people all due credit for their inventions in the arts, he studiously avoids entering into any theoretical discussion upon the state of their abstract sciences; hence, in the perusal of these volumes, we are neither perplexed with the subtleties of Polydore Virgil, nor carried away with the fanciful declamations of MM. Perrault and Fontinelle; nor annoyed with the misapplied wisdom of M. Du Tens, who gravely tells us that Empedocles was as well acquainted with the laws of centripetal and centrifugal forces as Newton; a secret, he says, which had hitherto remained undiscovered, because the old philosopher chose to conceal it under the metaphorical names of *Love* and *Hatred*, which Du Tens thinks all must agree to be the true symbols of attraction and repulsion.

Du Tens indeed has the happy knack of demonstrating from Greek authorities that all the discoveries which Galileo, Kepler, Copernicus, Newton, Des Cartes, and Leibnitz are supposed to have made, were well known to that band of sages whom Dante greeted in the 'prata di fresca verdura' of the infernal regions;

'Democrito, che 'l mondo a caso pone,  
Diogenes, Anassagora e Tale,  
Empedocles, Eraclito, e Zenone,' &c.

Such puerilities as these find no place in the volumes of Professor Beckmann. Having no particular theory to support, no vanity to

to

to display, no prejudice to gratify, he enters upon his researches in the spirit of truth. He is always careful not to be carried away by apparent etymologies; he weighs well the power and intention of the words employed, by comparing the several senses in which they are used by different authors; and it is not till he has examined the parallel passages that he ventures to draw his conclusion; and the reader is generally satisfied that his conclusion is the right one. Of the soundness of his judgment an instance may be quoted in the two articles under the heads of *Ultramarine* and *Cobalt*. After much research he infers that neither the Greeks nor the Romans were acquainted with the use of these substances, as applicable to the art of painting; and that those beautiful deep blue colours in the fresco-paintings on the walls of some of the ruins of ancient Rome, the freshness of which induced travellers to conclude that ultramarine must have been employed, (from the well known property of that colouring matter preserving its lustre, though exposed to air or to a very considerable degree of heat,) could not therefore be correct; and that in fact the colouring matter of those blues was nothing more than a preparation of copper ochre. He then examines and compares the passages in Aristotle, Theophrastus and Pliny, and concludes that the chrysocolla of the one, the cyanus of the other, and the cœruleum of the third, were all of them copper earths.

This inference of the Professor has recently been verified by the experiments of Sir Humphry Davy. In clearing away the rubbish within the baths of Titus, the walls of which display many beautiful specimens of fresco-painting, the painter's room was discovered; and in several of the jars were found different kinds of paint, and among others a considerable quantity of the beautiful celestial blue in question. Sir Humphry not only succeeded in analyzing this substance, which was found to consist of a frit of copper, soda and silice, but recomposed it from fresh materials, so as to produce the identical colouring matter in question.

The dissertations, which, in the four volumes, amount to more than a hundred on as many distinct subjects, are placed according to the pleasure of the translator, without the least attention to technical or alphabetical arrangement, or even to the order of their publication. They are in fact totally disconnected; but were we to attempt to class them, we might probably succeed in reducing them under one general head, for each of the four volumes, as under:

1. The interchange of natural productions, animate and inanimate, between distant regions of the globe, such as flowers, fruits, kitchen vegetables, birds, fishes, &c.

2. Regulations

2. Regulations of police, as the paving, lighting, watching, and cleansing the streets of cities and large towns; promotion of health and domestic comfort by the use of drains, sewers, fountains, water-pipes, water-closets, &c. including various other luxuries and conveniences.

3. Inventions of mechanic art, as corn-mills, fire-engines, clocks and watches, gunpowder, glass cutting, &c.; and

4. Discoveries in science, more particularly of various chemical preparations, as gold varnish, aurum fulminans, salts, the use and application of various metals, &c.

It will be obvious that, from such a variety of matter, our limits will allow only of a small selection, and this we shall endeavour to make from such articles as we conceive to be most amusing or most commonly interesting; recommending our readers, for more detailed information, to the book itself, which will be found to supply abundant matter for the gratification of all tastes; and which none, we think, can open without finding instruction or entertainment, or both. We shall begin with

*Flower Gardens.*—(vol. iii. p. 1.) Professor Beckmann has not been able to discover any decisive testimony that either the Greeks or Romans indulged a taste for flowers; none at least that would imply their having gardens set apart for the culture of these pleasing objects. It does not appear that they ever endeavoured to improve their own wild and indigenous plants, or that they imported others from foreign countries. We can only consider the florid description of the garden of Alcinous as the effusion of poetry; and those of Cicero and Pliny were only vineyards with grottos, alcoves, and arbours. It is not in fact above two centuries ago that our own gardens were probably, in point of taste as well as of products, even inferior to those of the Greeks and Romans: and, for most of the embellishments we now possess of flower-beds, shrubberies, and conservatories, we are indebted to foreign countries. The nations among whom a taste for flowers was first discovered to prevail in modern times were China, Persia, and Turkey. The vegetable treasures of the eastern world were assembled at Constantinople, whence they passed into Italy, Germany and Holland; and from the latter into England: and since botany has assumed the character of a science, we have laid the whole world under contribution for trees and shrubs and flowers, which we have not only made our own; but generally improved in vigour and beauty. The passion for flowers preceded that of ornamental gardening, which still continued to be totally destitute of taste. The Dutch system of straight walks enclosed by high clipped hedges of yew or holly, every where prevailed; and tulips and hyacinths bloomed under the sheltered

sheltered windings of the 'Walls of Troy,' most ingeniously traced in box.

Notwithstanding all the ridicule that has been directed against Brown and Repton, we are certainly indebted to them, in no small degree, for expelling the stiff formality of the Dutch system of ornamental gardening, and enlarging our prospects by the exchange of walls and high trimmed hedges for the sunk-fence. But the person who succeeded best in bringing us back to the point nearest to nature was Kent. It was he who, as Walpole observed, chastened or polished, not transformed, the living landscape:—'where the united plumage of an ancient wood extended wide its undulating canopy, and stood venerable in darkness, Kent thinned the foremost ranks, and left but so many detached and scattered trees as softened the approach of gloom, and blended the chequered light with the thus lengthened shadows of the remaining columns.' From his time, the taste in pleasure-grounds, shrubberies, and ornamental gardening has gradually improved, and may now be said to have reached a degree of excellence in this island unrivalled in any other part of the world.

It is certain that no nation on earth can boast that assemblage of various kinds of shrubs and flowers now to be found in Great Britain. Most countries have a predilection for some particular plants, while all the rest are disregarded. In Turkey, for instance, the flowers which, after the rose, are principally esteemed, are the ranunculus and the tulip, the latter of which grows wild in the Levant; but, through accident, weakness or disease, 'few plants,' says Beckmann, 'acquire so many tints, variegations, and figures as the tulip.' This gaudy flower was first cultivated in Italy about the middle of the sixteenth century under the name of tulipa, obviously derived from tuliband, which, in the Turkish language, signifies a turban.

It is well known that in Holland the tulip became, about the middle of the seventeenth century, the object of a trade unparalleled in the history of commercial speculation. From 1634 to 1637 inclusive, all classes in all the great cities of Holland became infected with the tulipomania. A single root of a particular species, called the Viceroy, was exchanged, in the true Dutch taste, for the following articles—2 lasts of wheat, 4 of rye, 4 fat oxen, 3 fat swine, 12 fat sheep, 2 hogheads of wine, 4 tons of beer, 2 tons of butter, 1000 pounds of cheese, a complete bed, a suit of clothes, a silver beaker,—value of the whole 2500 florins. The account of this tulipomania is so curious, and we believe so just; that we shall make no apology for extracting it.

'These tulips afterwards were sold according to the weight of the roots. Four hundred perits (something less than a grain) of *Admiral Leifken*,



*Leifken*, cost 4400 florins; 446 ditto of *Admiral Vonder Eyk*, 1620 florins; 106 perits *Schilder* cost 1615 florins; 200 ditto *Semper Augustus*, 5500 florins; 410 ditto *Viceroy*, 3000 florins, &c. The species *Semper Augustus* has been often sold for 2000 florins; and it once happened that there were only two roots of it to be had, the one at Amsterdam, and the other at Haarlem. For a root of this species one agreed to give 4600 florins, together with a new carriage, two grey horses, and a complete harness. Another agreed to give for a root twelve acres of land; for those, who had not ready money, promised their moveable and immoveable goods, houses and lands, cattle and clothes. The trade was followed not only by mercantile people, but also by the first noblemen, citizens of every description, mechanics, seamen, farmers, turf-diggers, chimney-sweeps, footmen, maid-servants, old clothes-women, &c. At first, every one won and no one lost. Some of the poorest people gained, in a few months, houses, coaches and horses, and figured away like the first characters in the land. In every town some tavern was selected which served as a change, where high and low traded in flowers, and confirmed their bargains with the most sumptuous entertainments. They formed laws for themselves, and had their notaries and clerks.—(vol. i. p. 43.)

The Professor observes that these dealers in flowers were by no means desirous to get possession of them; no one thought of sending, much less of going himself to Constantinople to procure scarce roots, as many Europeans travel, to Golconda and Visiapour, to obtain rare and precious stones. It was in fact a complete stock-jobbing transaction. Tulips of all prices were in the market, and their roots were divided into small portions, known by the name of *perits*, in order that the poor as well as the rich might be admitted into the speculation: the tulip root itself was out of the question; it was a non-entity; but it furnished, like our funds, the subject of a bargain for time.

‘During the time of the tulipomania, a speculator often offered and paid large sums for a root which he never received, and never wished to receive. Another sold roots which he never possessed or delivered. Often did a nobleman purchase of a chimney-sweep tulips to the amount of 2000 florins, and sell them at the same time to a farmer, and neither the nobleman, chimney-sweep, nor farmer had roots in their possession, or wished to possess them. Before the tulip season was over, more roots were sold and purchased, bespoke, and promised to be delivered, than in all probability were to be found in the gardens of Holland; and when *Semper Augustus* was not to be had, which happened twice, no species perhaps was oftener purchased and sold. In the space of three years, as Munting tells us, more than ten millions were expended in this trade, in only one town of Holland.’—vol. i. p. 46.

The evil rose to such a pitch that the States of Holland were under the necessity of interfering; the buyers took the alarm; the bubble, like the South Sea scheme, suddenly burst, and as in the  
outset

outset all were winners, in winding up, very few escaped without loss.

*Kitchen Garden*.—(vol. iv. p. 256.) The kitchen gardens of England, till about the end of the sixteenth century, were as scantily supplied with roots and vegetables as the pleasure-grounds and parterres were with shrubs and flowers. 'It was not,' says Hume, 'till the end of the reign of Henry VIII. that any sallads, carrots, turnips, or other edible roots were produced in England; the little of these vegetables that was used was imported from Holland and Flanders. Queen Catharine, when she wanted a sallad, was obliged to dispatch a messenger thither on purpose.\* The cauliflower, from the Levant, moved slowly out of Italy to the Netherlands, and about the end of the seventeenth century reached England. We had artichokes from the same source in the time of Henry VIII. and it was about the beginning of his reign that the planting of hops was first introduced from Flanders. *Spinach*, *hispanach*, (spinage,) we are supposed to have had from Spain, as well as scorzonera, where it was discovered by a Moor in the middle of the sixteenth century, and used as an antidote to the poison of a snake called *scurzo*. We are indebted to the present Bishop of Carlisle for an early, useful, and elegant substitute for asparagus, by the culture (which he first introduced) of the sea cale (*crambé maritima*.) The potatoe did not make its appearance in Europe till Raleigh, in 1603, brought it to Ireland, whence, by slow degrees, it passed over to Scotland and the northern counties of England; and in the course of 200 years has become pretty general over the whole of Great Britain. It is also getting into use in all our foreign possessions, and has even succeeded in breaking the fetters of religious prejudice in India.

While this invaluable root has but now, as it were, crept out of Ireland, another plant, derived from the same source, and introduced at the same time, nauseous in its taste and noxious in its qualities, spread itself with such rapidity that in as many years as the potatoe required ages, it was found in a state of cultivation in the remotest corners of the world: the most inveterate prejudices fled before it; and in spite of prohibitions and denunciations, it pre-

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\* Hume is not quite correct in supposing our ancestors before Henry VIIIth's time to have had no sallads. They had always their winter-cresses and water-cresses, and common alexanders, which served them for celery; they had rampion and stinking rocket of potent virtue; they had poor-man's pepper to season their dishes, and borage for their cool tankard, and amaranthus and goose-foot, or *Good Henry*, and sproutkales, which served them for greens.

Their fruits, indeed, were neither numerous nor excellent, being chiefly confined to gooseberries, currants, and strawberries. What apples and pears they had were generally indifferent, and their plums and cherries bad. They had no forcing-beds or hot-houses till the end of the seventeenth century, when the pine-apple was first brought from Holland by Mr. Bentinck.

vailed in India, Persia, China and Japan. So universal indeed was the use of tobacco in all these countries, and yet so very dissimilar in each of them were the instruments through which its smoke was inhaled, and at the same time so unlike those made use of in Europe, that if the introduction of the plant could not be traced, step by step, in the most satisfactory manner, it would be difficult to believe that it was not indigenous in them all : yet it met with no encouragement from the ruling powers in any of them ; the emperor Jehan-Geer denounced it as a pernicious and poisonous European herb ; the governors of the provinces of China did the same ; but to little purpose ; and in England even the whole weight of royal antipathy, displayed in the ' Counterblast to Tobacco,' with all the heavy imposts laid upon that ' enchanting Nicotian drug from the Indies,' were found too feeble to check its importation and consumption. ' Whenever a fog came on,' says Howell, ' during the time that King James was hunting, he used to say that Beelzebub was smoking tobacco.' ' In Ireland,' observes the same author, ' this weed is taken excessively in sneezing, which the husbandman at the plough-tail, and the servant-maid at the washing block, suck into their nostrils to beget new spirits.' It is more than probable indeed that it was this ' begetting of new spirits,' or the pleasure communicated by a state of intoxication, which could alone have overcome the nauseous and repulsive taste of this plant. There are few nations, civilized or savage, that do not conquer their aversion to substances, however disgusting, which produce this effect ; and it has been observed that where no discovery of spirituous liquors, or other substances capable of producing intoxication, has been made, the people are in the habit of dancing and whirling round till the brain turns, and they fall through giddiness. We recollect having read somewhere of certain islanders who were in the practice of standing on their heads against a tree, to ' beget new spirits.'

*Police Regulations.* Those who have never experienced the want of the luxuries and conveniencies of every description which London and other great cities and towns of England now afford, will not readily conceive how our ancestors contrived to pass their lives in any degree of comfort with their unpaved, unlighted, undrained streets—without water conveyed to their door by pipes or aqueducts—without hackney-coaches or other light vehicles for travelling—without a general or penny-post—and a thousand other petty conveniencies, the privation of any one of which would grievously disturb the temper and affect the comforts of the present generation.

*Paving of Streets.*—(vol. ii. p. 19.) The first of all conveniencies is probably that of a free and easy power of locomotion ; and hence

hence we find that the ancient Greeks and Romans paid particular attention, the latter more especially, to the pavement of their roads or highways—while they were indifferent as to the state of their streets; though, as Professor Beckmann observes, one would think that men would be more desirous of a good pavement (in front of their houses) where they daily trod, than on the highways which they probably seldom troubled. The streets of Rome however were partially paved; and those of Herculaneum and Pompeii had (besides the pavement) raised *trattoirs* on the sides for the use of foot passengers.

The streets of London had no pavement in the eleventh century. In 1090, Cheapside, the heart of the city, was of such soft earth, that when the roof of St. Mary-le-Bow was blown off by a violent gale of wind, four of the beams, each six and twenty feet long, were so deeply buried in the street that little more than four feet remained above the surface. The first toll we know of in England, for repairing the highways, was imposed in the reign of Edw. III. for mending the road between St. Giles's and Temple-bar.—(Rymer, vol. v. p. 520.) It was not till 1417 that Holburn was paved, though it was often impassable from its depth of mud; it appears, indeed, that during the reign of Henry VIII. many of the streets of London were 'very foul and full of pits and sloughs, very perilous and noxious as well for the king's subjects on horseback as on foot and with carriage.' Smithfield was not paved till 1614. In fact, down to 1762, the streets of the metropolis were generally obstructed with stalls, sheds, sign-posts, and projections of various kinds; and each inhabitant paved before his own door in such manner, and with such materials, as pride, poverty, or caprice might suggest: there were no trottoirs—the footway was exposed to the carriage-way except in some of the principal streets, where they were separated by a line of posts and chains, or by wooden paling. In that year, (1762,) the 'Westminster Paving Act' passed, from which we may date all those improvements and conveniences which have made this country the boast and envy of the world.

The first pavement in Paris was made in 1184, on which occasion, Rigord, the physician to Philip II. says 'it changed its name from Lutetia (so called from its filthiness) to Paris the son of Priam.' What relationship there was between the city of Paris and Priam we are ignorant; but he tells us that the king, standing one day at the window of his palace near the Seine, and observing that the dirt thrown up by the carriages produced a most offensive stench, resolved to remedy this intolerable nuisance by causing the streets to be paved. For a long time swine were permitted to wallow in them; till the young king, Philip, being killed by a fall from his horse,

norse, from a sow running between its legs, an order was issued that no swine should in future run about the streets. The monks of the abbey of St. Anthony remonstrated fiercely against this order, alleging that the prevention of the saint's swine from enjoying the liberty of going where they pleased was a want of respect to their patron; it was therefore found necessary to grant them the privilege of wallowing in the dirt without molestation, requiring the monks only to turn them out with bells about their necks.

Two centuries after the first paving of Paris a mandate was issued by Philip the Bold, that every citizen should repair and clean the streets before his own house; but they were nevertheless filled with dirt in spite of repeated laws inflicting severe penalties. In some places the merchants joined and kept a dung cart, at their own expense; but the nobility and clergy pleaded their privileges of exemption. To clean the market-places and the squares was the business of nobody, and consequently these became the common receptacles of filth, brought thither by night from all parts of the town. We may guess the state of the Parisian streets from the circumstance of the first privy being known in that city in the year 1513. It was the custom at that time for the inhabitants to throw all matters out of the windows, which they were permitted to do on giving notice by calling out three times *Gare l'eau!* The Scotch, who certainly learned this laudable practice from their ancient continental friends, carried it down to a much later period; and we are not quite sure if an attentive damsel might not still, in some parts of the *auld town* of Edinburgh, hear herself greeted with the once familiar sound of *Haud yer haunde, lassie.*

Those who are only accustomed to the pure air and clean streets of London, can scarcely be brought to imagine that many large cities in the world know not yet the luxury of a water closet. Mr. Beckmann tells us that the residence of the King of Spain was destitute of this improvement, at the very time that the English navigators found conveniences constructed in the European manner near the habitations of the cannibals of New Zealand. It is but a very few years since the streets of Warsaw ceased to be the common receptacle of every kind of filth. Those of Lisbon still continue to be so: in the streets of this great city it is suffered to accumulate in heaps which, in the summer months, are dried into dust, and dispersed and scattered by the wind, in the most offensive manner. A Portuguese gentleman, who had a large tract of land in the neighbourhood of Lisbon, once offered to cleanse the streets at his own expense; but his petition was considered as insulting to the police, and he was glad to be let off with a reprimand. The streets of Berlin were never cleaned till about the middle of the seventeenth century; and hogsties were erected

erected immediately under the windows: this practice was forbidden, but to little purpose, in 1641; and it was not till forty years afterwards that it was suppressed by a positive order, that no inhabitant should keep swine; which was carried into execution without any exception, because, observes the Professor, St. Anthony had no abbeys in Berlin.

The Dutch could scarcely be otherwise than cleanly from the abundance of water in all the streets of their large towns; but they carried their northern ideas into latitudes but ill-suited to receive them. At Batavia, situated almost under the equinoctial, they have introduced the canals and fish-ponds of Holland:—the houses are furnished with large china jars somewhat resembling their owners—narrow at the top and broad at the bottom; these are the common receptacles of all offensive matter. Every day—about nine in the evening—the Chinese gardeners, in their flat *sampans*, scour the canals with a well-known cry, upon which the slaves run out with the jars, and empty them into these floating magazines of productive manure. An intolerable stench infects the whole atmosphere, which is little regarded by the inhabitants, excepting that it sometimes draws from the phlegmatic Dutchman an observation, that the nine o'clock flower is now in blossom—*daar bloiet den foela nonas horas!*

*Lighting the Streets.*—(vol. iii. p. 376.) This was a police-regulation unknown to the Romans. In returning from their nocturnal feasts their slaves carried before them torches or lanterns. Public illuminations on particular occasions are, however, very ancient—Egypt and Greece had them. Rome, according to Suetonius, was lighted up on the occasion of some games exhibited by order of Caligula. The Jews lighted up the Holy City for eight days at the feast of the Dedication of the Temple; and Constantine ordered Constantinople to be illuminated on Easter eve.

It would appear from some passages in the fathers of the Greek church, that Antioch was permanently lighted in the fourth century, and Edessa in Syria in the fifth, and that the lamps were suspended, as they now are in Paris, from ropes stretched across the street. Paris was not lighted until the early part of the sixteenth century. In 1524 a mandate was issued for the inhabitants whose houses fronted the streets to hang out candles, after nine in the evening, to prevent incendiaries and street robbers. In 1555, large vases, filled with pitch, rosin, and other combustibles, called *falots*, were placed at the corners of the streets. In 1662, an Italian Abbé of the name of Laudati obtained an exclusive privilege for twenty years to let out torches and lanterns for hire; for this purpose he erected booths in every part of Paris, and had men and boys in

waiting at each, ready to attend either foot passengers or carriages; five years after this the whole city was lighted as it now is.

The citizens of London, as Maitland says, were ordered in 1414 to hang out lanterns to light the streets; and Sir Henry Burton, according to Stowe, ordered in 1417 'lanterns with lights to be hanged out, in the winter evenings, betwixt Hallowtide and Candlemasse;' and for 300 years afterwards the citizens of London were, from time to time, reminded, on pains and penalties, to hang out their lanterns at the accustomed time. In 1736, an application was made to parliament to increase the lamps from 1000 to 5000; and in 1744, on account of the number of robberies, an act passed for completely lighting the cities of London and Westminster.

In 1553, at the Hague, lights were ordered to be placed before the doors on dark nights; and in 1678 lamps were placed in all the streets. In 1669 Amsterdam was lighted with horn lanterns. Hamburgh was lighted in 1675. In 1679 every third house in Berlin was to shew a light, and in 1682 it was lighted, but very badly, as it still is, at the public expense. Hanover was lighted in 1696; but Dresden, Leipzig, Cassel, Halle, Gottingen, Brunswick, Zurich, and some other German towns, not till the eighteenth century. Venice, Messina, and Palermo are all lighted, so are Madrid, Valencia, and Barcelona; but Lisbon is still in the dark, as is Rome. Sextus V. made an attempt to have the streets lighted, but the most he could accomplish was to increase the number of lamps placed before the images of the saints.

*Night-Watch.*—(vol. iii. p. 397.) The next great improvement in police regulations, after paving and lighting the streets, was that of the night-watch, which, however, is perhaps more inefficient in London than in any other city of the world. The night-watch is certainly a very ancient institution. It is often alluded to in the Song of Solomon and in the Psalms. Athens and other cities of Greece had their *κωδωνοφοροι*, or bell-bearers, besides mutes that went their rounds occasionally to see that the others did their duty. The same regulation nearly prevails in all the cities of China; the number of the hour, or watch, is struck on a hollow piece of wood, and mute officers go round to see that these watchmen sleep not on their post. The patrols of Rome carried bells, but they used them only to give the alarm in cases of fire, &c. The French say that the first night-watch in their country was established by Charlemagne in the year 595. At first the citizens were obliged to keep watch in turn, under the command of a *mites gueti*, who was also called *chevalier*; *guet*, they say, is derived from *wache*, *wacht*—the watch; as is *bivouac* from *bewacht*. Beckmann thinks that the custom of calling the hour was first practised in Germany; and

and in this he is partly borne out by Montaigne, who, in his travels through that country in 1580, observes that he thought the calling out the hours in their cities a strange custom. The watchman's rattle is unquestionably of German origin. The night-watch in Holland is called the *ratel-waght*.

*Hackney Coaches.*—(vol. i. p. 3.) The introduction of hackney coaches was a great convenience in large cities. Though carriages for amusement and convenience were known to the ancients, they would seem to have disappeared in the dark ages, and to have revived only with the revival of arts and letters. The Romans had their *arcera*, their *carpentum*, and *carrucæ*; but very little appears to be known about them; they were probably covered carts with two wheels, such as are still used by the Chinese. Under the feudal system, the vassals always attended their lords on horseback. 'Masters and servants, husbands and wives, clergy and laity, all rode upon horses or mules, and sometimes women and monks on she-asses, which they found more convenient.' Ministers and magistrates, members of council and ambassadors, all rode on state horses. His holiness the pope mounted a grey horse, and emperors and kings, if present, were honoured by holding the stirrup. Bishops most commonly rode on asses. It was not till the beginning of the sixteenth century that covered carriages were brought into use, and then only for ladies of high rank, it being thought disgraceful for men to ride in them. By degrees, however, they were used first by invalids, then by persons of high rank on long journeys, and towards the middle of the sixteenth century they had become pretty common, and assumed a degree of elegance and splendour very unlike their first appearance: they had no springs, but were hung by leather straps. In 1550 there were but three coaches in Paris, one belonging to the queen, one to Diana de Poitiers, the mistress of Henry II. and the third to René de Lavat, who, from extreme corpulence, was unable to ride on horseback. Coaches let for hire, under the name of Hackney-coaches, were first established in London in 1625: at that time there were only 20, which did not ply in the streets, but stood at the principal inns. They soon, however, became so numerous, that Charles I. found it necessary to limit their number. In 1652 there were 200: in 1694 they were limited to 700; in 1715 to 800, and at present we believe they amount to 1200.

In Paris, carriages and horses were first let for hire in 1650, by one Savage, who lived at the hotel St. Fiacre; and hence they took the name of *fiacres*. This patron saint of hackney-coaches, (vol. iv. p. 296) was a native of Scotland; he was born in the seventh century, and lived as a hermit at Meaux in France. The *Tableau de Paris* sets down the number of *fiacres* at 1800, and



states, what seems scarcely credible, that above a hundred foot passengers lose their lives by them every year ; we can, however, readily believe, that from the narrowness of the streets, the want of *trottoirs*, and the declivity from the sides to the middle, a great number of accidents unavoidably take place.

The want of paved streets, of lights, of sewers and of water in great cities, were merely inconveniencies ; but the want of every kind of comfort within their houses leaves us nothing to envy of the enjoyments of our forefathers in those good old times, which are the sad burden of many ' an idle song,' and the constant theme of repining patriots. We may form a tolerably correct notion of the comforts of the poor about the beginning of the sixteenth century, from the *luxuries* registered in the household-book of the great Earl of Northumberland. From this document, it appears that, in one of the most noble and splendid establishments in the kingdom, the retainers and servants had but spare and unwholesome diet : salt beef, mutton and fish three fourths of the year, with few or no vegetables ; ' so that,' as Hume says, ' there cannot be any thing more erroneous, than the magnificent ideas formed of the *roast-beef of old England*.' ' My lord and lady' themselves do not seem to fare very delicately, they ' have set on their table for breakfast, at seven o'clock in the morning, a quart of beer, as much wine, two pieces of salt-fish, six red-herrings, four white ones, or a dish of sprats.'

Down to the reign of Elizabeth, the greater part of the houses in considerable towns had no chimnies : the fire was kindled by the wall, and the smoke found its way out as well as it could, by the roof, or the door, or the windows. The houses were mostly of waling plastered over with clay ; the floors were clay strewed with rushes, and the beds straw pallets with wooden pillows. In the discourse prefixed to Hollingshed's History, the writer, speaking of the increase of luxury, mentions three things especially, that are ' marvelously altered (for the worse) in England'—the multitude of chimnies lately erected—the great increase of lodgings—and the exchange of treene-platers into pewter, and wooden-spoons into silver and tin : ' and he complains bitterly that nothing but oak for building houses is now regarded, ' for when our houses (says he) were built of willow, then we had oaken men ; but now that our houses are come to be made of oak, our men are not only become willow, but a great many altogether of straw, which is a sore alteration.' But though they had ' wooden spoons,' they had nothing in the shape of a fork, but took the meat out of the dish with their fingers. This is sufficiently clear from Tom Coryate, who, half a century afterwards, in the year 1608, travelled through France, Italy, Switzerland and part of Germany, and published an account of

of his adventures under the quaint title of *Crudities*. 'The Italians,' he observes, 'and also most strangers who are commorant in Italy, do always at their meales use a little fork, when they cut their meats;' which he thinks 'no other nation in Christendom doth use;' and the reason assigned is, 'because the Italian cannot by any means endure to have his dish touched with fingers, seeing all men's fingers are not alike cleane.' Hereupon, says Thomas, 'I myselve thought good to imitate the Italian fashion by this forked cutting of meate.' And he adds, with great naïveté, 'I was once quipped for that frequent using of my forke, by a certain learned gentleman, a familiar friend of mine, one Mr. Lawrence Whitaker, who, in his merry humour, doubted not to call me at table *furcifer* only for using a forke at feeding, but for no other cause.'

*Knitting Stockings*.—(vol. iv. p. 186.) A writer, whose name does not immediately occur to us, bestows a benediction on the memory of Edward III. for having invented clothes; by which we suppose is meant the protection and encouragement given in his reign to foreign weavers, and the enactment of a law which prohibited every one from wearing any cloth but of English manufacture: but so little was at that time the policy of encouraging manufactures understood, that while Parliament prohibited the exportation of woollen fabrics, it favoured the exportation of the raw material. Though the doublet and leather jerkin gave way in this reign to woollen coats, yet both the former continued to be very commonly worn for three centuries after Edward's time.

Professor Beckmann has an ingenious and interesting essay on 'knitting nets and stockings.' The former he shews to have been well known to the ancients; the latter he calls a modern invention. The first is performed by knotting into meshes that cannot be unravelled; the second, by a certain arrangement of loops or curves so entangled with each other as to be highly elastic without separation; yet capable of being unravelled, and having the same thread applied to any other use. The Professor laments that novels and romances should have banished this female occupation, which 'neither interrupts, discourages, nor distracts the attention, nor checks the powers of the imagination.' In conversation, 'the prudent knitter' has the power 'to see and hear what she does not wish to seem to hear or see.' Many other advantages are enumerated to recommend it to female attention. It neither injures the body nor the mind—it occasions no disagreeable position—requires no straining of the eye-sight—is performed as conveniently when standing or walking, as when sitting—may be interrupted without loss and resumed without trouble—the whole apparatus costs little or nothing—takes up no room—is so light, that 'it can be kept,  
and

and gracefully carried about in a basket, the beauty of which may serve to display the taste of the fair artist.'

The females, however, of the present age, have a fair excuse for laying aside the good old custom of knitting stockings. The stocking-loom performs the work, if not better, at least so much quicker and cheaper, that knitting by hand would now be considered as a waste of labour. The Professor enters into a long investigation of the invention of this curious machine, and ridicules the vanity of the French in laying claim to it, when it is well known that it was invented by William Lee of Woodborough in Nottinghamshire, about the year 1589. In the Stocking-weavers Hall, in London, is an old painting, in which Lee is represented pointing out his loom to a female knitter standing near him; below it, is the following inscription:—'In the year 1589 the ingenious William Lee, Master of Arts of St. John's College, Cambridge, devised this profitable art for stockings, (but being despised went to France,) yet of iron to himself, but to us and others of gold: in memory of whom this is here painted.' This painting might give rise to the story of his having invented the machine to facilitate the labour of knitting, in consequence of falling in love with a young country-girl, who, during his visits, was more attentive to her knitting than to his proposals; or the story may perhaps have suggested the picture. Aaron Hill ascribes the invention to a young Oxonian, who, having contracted an imprudent marriage, and having nothing to support his family but the produce of his wife's knitting, invented the stocking-loom, and thereby accumulated a large fortune. But there can be no doubt of Lee's being the inventor; his name is mentioned as such in the petition of the stocking-weavers of London to Oliver Cromwell, to allow them to establish a guild.—Meeting with no encouragement from Queen Elizabeth, Lee accepted an invitation from Henry IV. of France, carried over nine journeymen and several looms to Rouen in Normandy; was neglected after the assassination of the king, and died in great distress at Paris.

It is not known when or by whom the art of knitting stockings by hand was discovered: Savary boldly hazards an assertion, that the Scotch were the first people in the world who knit stockings, because St. Fiace, of whom we have already spoken, was the chosen patron of the stocking-knitters of France, and St. Fiace was a Scotchman. 'That great and expetisive prince Henry VIII. (says Howell) wore ordinarily cloth-hose, except there came from Spain, by great chance, a pair of silk-stockings. King Edward, his son, was presented with a pair of long Spanish silk-stockings, by Thomas Gresham, his merchant, and the present was taken much notice of. Queen Elizabeth, in the third year of her reign,

was

was presented by Mrs. Montague, her silk-woman, with a pair of black knit silk-stockings; thenceforth she never wore cloth any more.' Knitting, therefore, in England, can scarcely be carried back beyond the middle of the sixteenth century.

*Jugglers.*—(vol. iii. p. 264.) The Professor has an amusing essay on 'Jugglers,' under which title he comprehends not only those who, by quick and artful motions and by various preparations, delude the senses in an agreeable manner, or practise an innocent deception on the spectators, so that they think they hear and see what they really do not; but rope-dancers, posture-makers, automata, teachers of animals to perform uncommon tricks, &c. for all the exhibitors of which he finds an apology on public grounds, and thinks they deserve well of the community for affording private amusement to such as 'cannot enjoy the more expensive deceptions of an opera.' The arts of juggling, he says, have served as a most agreeable antidote to superstition; and to that popular belief in miracles, exorcism, conjuration, sorcery, and witchcraft, from which our ancestors suffered so severely; the effects of shadows, electricity, mirrors and the magnet, once powerful instruments in the hands of interested persons, for keeping the vulgar in awe, have been stript of their terrors, and are no longer frightful under their most awful forms.

The ancients were great conjurors. Eumus, a Syriac slave in Sicily, persuaded his fellow slaves, a century and a half before our era, that he held immediate communication with the gods; and, when under divine inspiration, he breathed flames or sparks from the mouth among his companions. The Rabbi Barchochebas, in the reign of Hadrian, by breathing flames, made the credulous Jews believe that he was the looked-for Messiah; and the Emperor Constantine was thrown into great terror, when Valentinian informed him that he had seen one of the body guards in the evening breathing out fire and flames. Some of the historians pretend that these deceptions were performed by putting inflammable substances within a nut shell, pierced at both ends. Our own fire-eaters content themselves with rolling a little flax or hemp so as to form a ball about the size of a walnut, which is suffered to burn till nearly consumed; more flax is then tightly rolled round it: the fire will thus remain within for a long time, and sparks may be blown from it without injury, provided the air be inspired, not by the mouth, but through the nostrils.

The Professor mentions an Englishman of the name of Richardson, who used to chew burning-coals, pour melted lead on his tongue, and swallow melted glass. The skin of the soles of the feet and hands may be rendered so callous as to secure the nerves from injury; and it is not uncommon at the copper-works, for workmen

to take melted copper in their horny hands, and throw it against the wall: this, the Professor says, he has seen himself; and he adds, that during the time, a smell was emitted like that of singed horn: he observes further, that the skin may be made callous enough to sustain such an ordeal in various ways, and among others, by frequently moistening it with spirits of vitriol, or by repeatedly rubbing it with oil, which in time will render leather horny. He does not, however, explain by what process the tongue and interior of the mouth may be rendered callous. The trial by ordeal was supposed to be a juggling trick of the priests, employed as best suited their views.—After it was abolished, Albertus Magnus, a Dominican monk, pretended to discover the secret, which he said was a paste composed of the sap of the althea, (marsh-mallow,) the slimy seeds of the flea-bane, and the white of an egg, which protected their hands so completely, that they could handle with impunity red-hot iron.

We believe, however, that our modern fire-eaters, &c. have a readier way of practising their deceptions, and as Mr. Wery says, of 'ingrossing the inquisitive people's admiration.' This gentleman, finding, we suppose, that the English had the most money and the least penetration, (a discovery of great importance to a juggler,) announces the following 'wonderful experiences' to be performed in the 'Waur-hall, at Brussels, by Miss Roggers, an American creature—the same who entered an oven heated to 90 degrees, holding in her hands a leg of mutton and eggs, and did not go out, but when the leg of mutton and eggs were entirely baked.' 'This same creature,' says Mr. Wery, 'shall wash her arms in aquafortis of 70 degrees, and there shall not appear on them any black or yellow spots; she shall lick up some red-hot iron bars; she shall equally let a red-hot iron bar pass on her bare legs and arms, without feeling the slightest sensation; she shall wash her arms with inflammable phosphorus, and then with a red-hot fire-shovel, from which the spectators shall see come out sparkles with the greatest astonishment; she shall wash her hands and feet into eighteen or twenty pounds of melted-lead, and put a part of it into her mouth with her hands: and a great many more 'wonderful experiences,' with a sight of which we were ourselves gratified at the last annual festival held in Smithfield, and long celebrated under the name of Bartholomew fair.

This wonderful 'creature,' exhibited by Mr. J. Wery, did certainly wash her hands in boiling oil, and then suffered aquafortis to be poured over them; but below the oil, we presume, there was a quantity of water, the air from which, when heated, pouring itself through the supernatant oil, gave it the appearance of boiling, when in fact its temperature did not exceed a hundred degrees of Fahrenheit;

heit ; and when the hands were well coated with oil, there was no danger from the aquafortis. She had also a ladle of melted lead, out of which she appeared to take a little with a spoon and pour into her mouth, which was returned in the shape of a solid piece of lead. In pretending to dip the spoon into the lead, which being on an elevated stage could not be seen by the spectators, a small quantity of quicksilver was dexterously conveyed into it, and this she swallowed, the solid piece of lead being previously placed in the mouth. Whether the heel of this wonderful creature was 'horny' or not, we did not examine ; but the rapidity with which she placed it on and removed it from a bar of hot iron, allowed very little time, we should suppose, to singe the skin of the most delicate foot. She admitted, however, that it was coated with a certain composition.

The exhibition of cups and balls is of great antiquity, and depends entirely on manual dexterity. Tumbling, balancing, rope-dancing, catching balls, rolling jars along the body, horsemanship, are arts acquired by long and severe practice. Swallowing stones and inserting a sword-blade into the stomach could only be accomplished by long and painful iteration, and are disgusting to behold. People have exhibited themselves who would suffer large stones to be broken on their breast with a hammer, or iron to be forged on an anvil placed upon it—but these are mere tricks—it is not even necessary, as the Professor seems to think, to put the body into a position so as to form an arch—let the anvil be large enough and the hammer small, and the stroke will scarcely be felt ; thus an anvil of 200 pounds will resist the stroke of a hammer of 2 pounds wielded with the force of 100 pounds, or of 4 pounds with the impetus of 50 pounds, (action and reaction being equal and reciprocal,) without the body sustaining any injury.

Feats of rope-dancing and horsemanship were brought from the east, that is to say, from Egypt to Constantinople ; from Turkey they travelled to Rome, from Rome to Paris, and thence spread over all Europe. To train horses, dogs, pigs, and other animals to exhibit a degree of intelligence approaching to that with which human beings are endowed, must require the exercise of extraordinary cruelty, mixed perhaps with extraordinary kindness. We remember a fellow who taught turkies to dance by making them walk across plates of hot iron. The Romans are said to have taught an elephant to dance on the slack-rope stretched across the theatre ; and such was the confidence placed in its dexterity, that a person mounted him when he performed the feat.

The marionettes, or puppet-shows, the various kinds of automata, the androides, the ombres chinoises, are ingenious mechanical contrivances which can hardly be ranked among the appendages of jugglers. We have the testimony of both Plato and Aristotle, that  
Dædalus

**Dædalus** was said to have made statues which had not only a locomotive power, but which it was necessary to tie down to prevent them from running away! and Aristotle describes a wooden *Venus* made by him to which motion was communicated by quicksilver,—like a Chinese or a Dutch toy. The Professor seems inclined to doubt the wonderful powers of these Dædalean images:—when the astonished Greeks beheld them, he says, they might cry out ‘they will soon walk,’—the next generation affirmed that they really *did* walk; and posterity, adding a little more, asserted they would have run away, had they not been bound. The better way would have been to deny them altogether.

Speaking figures are supposed to be as ancient as the oracles of Egypt and Greece. At what later period they were renewed and fell into the hands of lay jugglers is not exactly known. Professor Beckmann observes that Reitz, in his annotations to Lucian, mentions one Thomas Irson, an Englishman, who astonished King Charles II. and his whole court with a speaking figure, till one of the pages discovered a Popish priest in the adjoining chamber answering the questions that were whispered into the ear of the wooden head, through a pipe directly opposite to it.

As early as the year 1500, Aetius pretended to cure the gout and convulsions by the magnet, and Paracelsus the tooth-ache. In the fifteenth century, Marcellus cured the tooth-ache with it, and Camillus in the sixteenth century. Baptista Porta recommended it for the head-ache, and Kircher says it was worn about the neck as a preventive against convulsions and affections of the nerves: about the end of the seventeenth century, magnetic tooth-picks and ear-picks were fashionable preventives against pains in the teeth, eyes, and ears. Lastly come the impudent quacks, Mesmer and Maignaduc, who, having filled their coffers by animal magnetism, retired, laughing at the credulity of their besotted followers.

*Secret Poisons.*—(vol. i. p. 74.) By these, we are told, are generally understood all poisons which can be administered imperceptibly, and which gradually shorten the life of man, like a lingering disease. That the ancients were acquainted with this kind of poison the Professor thinks may be proved by the testimony of Plutarch, Quintilian, and other respectable authors. Theophrastus speaks of a poison prepared from aconite that could be moderated in such a manner as to produce death in two or three months, or in two or three years; and he tells us that Thrasyas had another preparation by which death, without the least pain, could either be hastened or retarded, and corruption prevented. The principal poisons known to the ancients were prepared from hemlock, poppy, and certain animal substances, among which the most remarkable is supposed to have been the *lepus marinus*, the sea-hare; (the *aplysea depilans* of

of the *Systema Naturæ*;) with the more active and powerful mineral poisons they seem not to have been acquainted.

In the year 1659, during the reign of Pope Alexander VII. it was observed at Rome that many young married women were left widows, and that many husbands died when they became disagreeable to their wives. Suspicion fell on a society of young women under the direction of an old lady who pretended to foretel future events, and who had often predicted the death of certain persons to those who were interested in such an event. By means of a crafty female their practices were detected; the whole society were arrested and put to the torture; and the hag, whose name was Spara, and four others, publicly hanged. This Spara, according to Le Bret, was a Sicilian, who had acquired her knowledge from Tofania, at Palermo. All the world has heard of *aqua Tophania*—*aqua della Toffana*, or, *acquetta di Napoli*, which that infamous woman professed to bestow by way of charity on such wives as wished to get rid of their husbands. Labat says that Tofania distributed her poison in small glass phials which bore the inscription, *Manna of St. Nicholas of Bari*. She lived to a great age, but was at length dragged from a monastery in which she had taken sanctuary, and put to the torture, when she confessed her crimes, and was strangled. Garelli, the physician to Charles VI. king of the two Sicilies, at the time when Tofania was arrested, wrote to the celebrated Hoffman:

‘Your elegant dissertation on the errors respecting poisons, brought to my recollection a certain slow poison which that infamous poisoner, still alive in prison at Naples, employed to the destruction of upwards of six hundred persons. It was nothing else than crystalized arsenic dissolved in a large quantity of water, by decoction, with the addition, but for what purpose I know not, of the herb *cymbalaria* (*antirrhinum*.) This was communicated to me by his imperial majesty himself, to whom the judicial procedure, confirmed by the confession of the criminal, was transmitted.’

The Abbé Gagliani, however, gives a different account of the preparation.

‘At Naples,’ he says, ‘the mixture of opium and cantharides is known to be a slow poison; the surest of all, and the more infallible, as one cannot mistrust it. At first it is given in small doses, that its effects may be insensible. In Italy all call it *Aqua di Tufania*. No one can avoid its attacks, because the liquor obtained from the composition is as limpid as rock water, and without taste; its effects are slow and almost imperceptible; there is not a lady at Naples who has not some of it lying carelessly on her toilette with her smelling bottles. She alone knows the phial, and can distinguish it.’

Perhaps the lady has two phials, the one of Garelli for the husband,



band, and that of Gagliani for the lover. We are inclined to think that a great deal more has been said of the Aqua Tofania than it merits; and strongly suspect that the battered constitutions brought from Naples are to be ascribed less to the powers of the aqua cymbellaria than to the effect of debauchery among a depraved people living under a debilitating climate. There can be no doubt, however, that the infamous art of preparing and secretly administering various kinds of poison, was very extensively practised about the middle of the seventeenth century in Rome and Naples: in France, but more especially in Paris, that nursery of every vice, it prevailed, if possible, to a much greater degree. About the year 1670, a woman of fashion, Margaret D'Aubray, wife of the Marquis de Brinvillier, began to make a distinguished figure among the votaries of vice and infamy. Her husband possessed a yearly income of 30,000 livres, and she brought him an additional fortune of 200,000 livres. The Professor has taken great pains to draw up a correct account of the horrible practices of this wretched woman: her history is briefly as follows:—A needy adventurer, of the name of Godin de Sainte Croix, who, as a captain of dragoons, had formed an acquaintance with the Marquis during their campaigns in the Netherlands, became, in Paris, a constant visitor at his house, where in a short time he found means to insinuate himself into the good graces of the Marchioness. It was not long before the Marquis died; not, however, until their joint fortune was pretty nearly dissipated. Her conduct in openly carrying on this amour, induced her father to have Sainte Croix arrested and sent to the Bastille. Here he got acquainted with an Italian, of the name of Exilé, from whom he learnt the art of preparing poisons. After a year's imprisonment Sainte Croix was released, when he flew to the Marchioness, and instructed her in the diabolical art, which she undertook to practise, in order to better their circumstances. She assumed the appearance of a nun, distributed food to the poor, nursed the sick in the Hôtel-Dieu, and tried the strength of her poisons, undetected, on these helpless wretches. She bribed one Chaussée, Sainte Croix's servant, to poison her own father, after introducing him into his service, and also his brother, and endeavoured to poison her sister: a suspicion having arisen that they had been poisoned, the bodies were opened, but for that time the parties escaped detection. Their villainous practices were brought to light in the following manner:—

' Sainte Croix, when preparing poison, was accustomed to wear a glass mask; but as this happened once to drop off by accident, he was suffocated and found dead in his laboratory. Government caused the effects of this man, who had no family, to be examined, and a list of them to be made out. On searching them, there was found a small box,

box, to which Sainte Croix had affixed a written request that, after his death, it might be delivered to the Marchioness de Brinvillier, or, in case she should not be living, that it might be burnt. This request was as follows:—"I humbly beg that those into whose hands this box may fall, will do me the favour to deliver it into the hands only of the Marchioness de Brinvillier, who resides in the Street Neuve St. Paul, as every thing it contains concerns her, and belongs to her alone; and as, besides, there is nothing in it that can be of use to any person except her: and, in case she shall be dead before me, to burn it, and every thing it contains, without opening or altering any thing: and, in order that no one may plead ignorance, I swear by the God whom I adore, and by all that is most sacred, that I advance nothing but what is true. And if my intentions, just and reasonable as they are, be thwarted in this point, I charge their consciences with it, both in this world and the next, in order that I may unload mine, protesting that this is my last will. Done at Paris, this 25th May, in the afternoon, 1672. *De Sainte Croix*." Nothing could be a greater inducement to have it opened than this singular petition; and that being done, there was found in it a great abundance of poisons of every kind, with labels, on which their effects, proved by experiments on animals, were marked. When the Marchioness heard of the death of her lover and instructor, she was desirous to have the casket, and endeavoured to get possession of it by bribing the officers of justice; but as she failed in this, she quitted the kingdom. La Chaussée, however, continued at Paris, laid claim to the property of Sainte Croix, was seized and imprisoned, confessed more acts of villany than were suspected; and was, in consequence, broken alive on the wheel in 1673.—vol. i. p. 91.

The Marchioness fled to England, and from thence to Liege, where she took refuge in a convent. Desgrais, an officer of justice, was dispatched in pursuit of her; and, having assumed the dress of an abbé, contrived to entice her from this privileged place which, as the Professor very justly observes, 'folly had consecrated for the protection of vice.' Among her effects was found a confession, and a complete catalogue, of all her crimes, in her own hand writing: she was taken to Paris, convicted, and on the 16th July, 1676, publicly beheaded, and afterwards burnt. But the death of this French Medea did not put a stop to the practice of secret poisoning, which was carried to such an extent that, in 1679, a particular court was established to try offenders of this class, called the *Chambre de Poison*, or *Chambre Ardente*.

*Adulteration of Wine*.—(vol. i. p. 396.) The Professor tells us, that 'no adulteration of any article has ever been invented so pernicious to the health, and, at the same time, so much practised as that of wine, with preparations of lead; and we heartily agree with him, 'that the inventor deserves severer execration than Barthold Schwartz, the supposed inventor of gunpowder.' The calx of lead dissolved in the acid which spoils wine, gives to the

liquor a saccharine taste, not unpleasant, without altering the tint, and it stops the fermentation, or corruption; but for these advantages gained by the wine-dealer, the consumer, by the Professor's account, pays dearly, for it communicates to the wine the quality of occasioning, according to the quantity used and the constitution of the consumer, 'a speedy or lingering death, violent colics, obstructions, and other maladies; so that one may justly doubt whether Mars, Venus, or Saturn is most destructive to the human race.'

The ancients, he thinks, knew that lead rendered harsh wine milder, and preserved it from acidity; and that the acid of wine had the power of dissolving lead: for Pliny says that, when the Greek and Roman wine-merchants wished to try whether their wine was spoilt, they immersed in it a plate of lead, which could only be to observe whether by corrosion the colour of the lead was changed. They also knew how to improve and clarify their wine, by boiling it with lime or gypsum, which is also practised by the moderns: but the Professor does not apprehend that any ill consequences can arise from the use of gypsum; and thinks that 'wine-merchants who employ it and lime, deserve no severer punishment than brewers, who, in the like manner, render sour beer fitter to be drunk, and more saleable.' The brewers of beer, however, in England, whatever may be their merits in Germany, are as little scrupulous of poisoning their customers as the dealers in wine can possibly be; and we believe that the coculus indicus, opium, quassia, and other trash, brewed up with their ale and porter, to give them the appearance of strength, are fully as hostile to the health of those who indulge in these once wholesome liquors, as the litharge in wine. If, therefore, the man who invented the latter practice merits, according to Pirkheimer, 'a perpetual curse for rendering noxious and destructive a liquor used for sacred purposes, and most agreeable to the human body'—we cannot think that he would judge much more favourably of the brewer of beer 'for converting that bestowed upon us by nature to promote mirth and joy, and as a soother of our cares, into a poison, and the cause of various distempers.' The wine dealers, when litharge was prohibited, had recourse to bismuth and sulphur; which produced such baneful effects, that the wine trade of Wurtemberg was nearly ruined; and it became necessary to issue an order forbidding this adulteration under pain of death. One man, on being detected, was banished; another, of the name of Ehrne, was beheaded. These decisive measures, with the invention of a solution of the arsenical lever of sulphur, for detecting metals, called the *liquor probatorius Wurtembergicus*, restored the character of the Wurtemberg wines; and the dealers are now content

content to use the more innocent articles of sulphur, isinglass, and eggs.

The Professor reprobates, among other practices, that of conveying water for culinary purposes in leaden pipes, and collecting it in leaden cisterns, which, he says, has on several occasions been attended with alarming consequences. We doubt the fact, unless, indeed, the water was impregnated with some saline or acid substance; pure water having no effect whatever on the surface of lead: but when we reflect on the careless and indifferent manner in which acid vegetables are thrown into copper vessels; on the custom of putting copper pieces of money into peas and various kinds of vegetables to make them *green*, of cramming acid fruits into glazed jars, &c.,—it is more surprizing that a single individual escapes, than that half the world should die of lingering diseases; and we fear that, without being infected with the whimsical antipathies of Matthew Bramble, we may justly say, with the old Dutch Governor of Batavia, that 'we eat poison and drink pestilence at every meal.'

But we must have done. We have touched, and that but slightly, on the lighter and more popular parts; but the investigations into the history and discoveries in chemical sciences and the mechanical arts, form no inconsiderable portion of these entertaining and useful volumes. We may venture to add, that the translator has executed his task in a very creditable manner, and done full justice to his author.

ART. VI.—*Sermons* by Archibald Alison, LL.B. 8vo. pp. 484. Vol. ii. Edinb. 1815.

**T**HE true critic, it is commonly said, ought to dwell upon the excellencies, rather than upon the imperfections of a writer; but however just this remark may be in the case of works of extraordinary genius, we doubt whether it can be received as a general proposition; not only because works of this character are necessarily very rare, but because we apprehend that criticism can in no way so effectually promote the interests of sound literature, as by removing the obstacles which prejudice and bad taste are perpetually throwing in the way of its progress.

The success which the first volume of the sermons before us met, and the loud applauses with which it was ushered into notice, will probably be deemed implicit proofs by many, that the present volume, which possesses at least equal merit, must likewise contain many and great beauties. As we shall have occasion to notice but few of them in the course of our remarks, we are not

unwilling that the admirers of Mr. Alison should ascribe our total silence respecting them to the particular views which we profess to entertain respecting the nature of our critical duties : to declare ourselves insensible to the merits of a writer, whom some ingenious critics *do not hesitate to set fairly down by the side of the great Bossuet*, would, we fear, do no service to our reputation.

Writers upon rhetoric, among the ancients, were accustomed to distribute the duties of an orator under three principal heads : namely, of conciliating the good opinion of his hearers, of putting them in possession of the question, and lastly, of moving their feelings. The great objection which we have to urge against these sermons of Mr. Alison is, that he uniformly omits that which, in pulpit eloquence especially, can least conveniently be spared. He is, indeed, successful in conciliating the good opinion of his readers ; for the volume before us is every where marked with the traces of an amiable mind ; and more than sufficiently strenuous in appealing to their feelings : but as he does not think it essential to acquaint them *why* they should entertain the feelings and opinions which he proposes, nor what good purpose it would answer if they did, instead of receiving any instruction or edification from the sermons before us, or participating in all that extraordinary sensibility which without necessity and without preparation, Mr. Alison brings along with him to every subject, we are sorry to say, that the only effect which a perusal of them produced upon our minds was regret to think that a man like him, unus e numero disertorum, should have been so lavish of his reputation as to make public such injudicious productions.

It is not necessary to inquire whether these discourses would be more properly ranged under the head of sermons or of mere essays ; we shall take them just as they are, and without censuring them for the neglect of those qualities which, unquestionably, discourses from the pulpit ought to possess, examine them with reference solely to those general principles of good sense which are equally applicable to every species of composition. In general Mr. Alison does not affect the praise of making original reflections ; the work before us seems to have been the labour rather of his imagination than of his judgment ; and although it develops some views respecting the evidence on which he supposes the authority of revelation to rest, which we believe to be peculiar to himself, yet the great novelty of the volume before us, is to be found not so much in the matter as in the manner. We propose to keep our eye more closely upon the former than our author seems to have thought necessary. Nevertheless, as we have been told that *it is the beauty of the style and imagery of these sermons which is sure to attract attention in the first place*, we shall point out in the

the course of the extracts which we may have occasion to make, some examples of what appears to us an exception to the justness of this remark.

The present volume contains twenty-three sermons upon general subjects, and they are in every respect so similar to each other, that a reader of any tolerable discrimination would be able to form as accurate an estimate of Mr. Alison's powers from one as from the whole series. In order that we may not appear to select those which might be thought the least favourable specimens, we shall begin by presenting our readers with an abstract of the first two, although they are, upon the whole, rather more free from our author's characteristic faults, or, as some of his admirers would perhaps say, his characteristic excellencies, than any which we could chuse.

The first sermon is taken from Mark x, 14. 'Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not : ' and the subject is 'religious education.' It commences as follows :

'The season has again returned, my brethren, when we are to commemorate the arrival of our Saviour; and I believe there are few thoughtful men who do not meet its return with some sentiments of solemn joy. Whatever may be the interests or the attractions of the world, there is something in them which does not fill all the capacity of the human heart; and there is a kind of sublime delight in leaving the changeable scenes of time to fix our thoughts upon the unchangeable subject of religion. It is grateful too, in such seasons, to feel that all our Christian brethren, throughout the world, are united with us in the same sentiments and the same services; that every Christian heart is now beating with the same emotion of gratitude; and every Christian tongue repeating the same hymn of adoration and praise. But most of all, perhaps, it is affecting to us to feel the sacred influence which *time* has shed over these services of religion; to remember through how many ages of the human race this season has been welcomed with holy joy;—to think that the same sentiments which now animate our hearts, have animated the hearts of successive generations which are long cold in the grave; and that the service to which the voice of religion at this time summons us, is that which has conducted the pious and the good of all those former generations into the fullness of their Master's joy! In such high and holy meditations, the littleness of present time and present interests disappears. The past and the future rise before us in all the solemn grandeur of religion; and the heart finds, at last, objects that can fill all its capacity, and satiate all its desires.

'Among the many duties to which seasons of this kind so solemnly invite us, there is one which is, perhaps, above all others natural and important:—It is that of the instruction of the young in the principles of their religion. While we are preparing ourselves for these solemnities, "the little children" every where surround us, looking with

eager eye to the services in which we are employed, and anxious that we should "suffer them" to share with us in these exercises of devotion, which a secret instinct has already taught them to be the highest duty as well as privilege of their being. It is a call to us to "forbid them not"—to seize the sacred moments when nature longs for instruction; and (in such hours particularly as the present) when they see the whole Christian world preparing to commemorate the advent of that Saviour in whose name they were baptized, to teach them the high purposes for which he came, and the mighty blessings which he has bequeathed to them."—pp. 1—4.

We have given this exordium at length, because without being so strongly marked with the peculiarities of Mr. Alison's style of composition as some others, it contains, within a moderate compass, specimens of almost all his faults. To point them out in a more particular manner to the notice of our readers, is perhaps paying no compliment to their judgment; nevertheless, in justification of ourselves, for the general censure which we have passed upon these discourses, we shall bestow upon the above passage a little more attention than we might otherwise have deemed necessary.

Although it is not possible to adjust the exact standard by which the propriety or impropriety of a piece of sentimental writing, such as we have quoted, may be determined, yet we think it will be admitted, that when a writer affects the praise of eloquence, the sentiments which he paints should be founded on some probable occasion,—be such as people in general can recognize,—and be expressed with no greater degree of emphasis than they can readily sympathize with: how little such considerations have been attended to in the passage before us needs not to be pointed out. Again: we admit that 'religious education' is an important duty; but in what respect it is more *especially* 'natural and important' in the season of Advent than in any other, as Mr. Alison informs us, requires some explanation. Neither do we understand what those peculiar *solemnities and exercises of devotion* are, to which 'the little children,' at this time of the year in particular, *look with such eager eye*, and so forth. Mr. Alison, perhaps, will say that he *supposes* all this, for the sake of accommodating his text to his subject, and his subject to the season. It is, however, a very extraordinary kind of artifice, nor has the frequent use which our author every where makes of it, at all convinced us of its propriety.

With respect also to the language, it cannot, we think, be necessary to direct the attention of our readers to the diffuseness and inflation of the style, nor to the sort of *chaunt* to which the rhythm of it approaches; but these are not the only objections which we have to make: in the first place, to talk of 'hearts which are long

long cold in the grave' is not sense; again, when our author says, that 'in such high and holy meditations the *littleness* of present time and present interests *disappears*,' he means exactly the reverse of what he expresses: a similar remark may be applied to 'objects that can fill all its capacity and *satiate* all its desires;' which two ways of expressing the same thing, are neither of them correct; to 'satisfy our desires' is to sate or cloy them, though it is here meant to convey an opposite sense; and though objects may be said metaphorically to fill the heart, yet to speak of them as filling its *capacity*, and moreover as filling *all* its capacity, is to express ourselves not merely with redundancy, but with great impropriety. In like manner, to talk of the 'duty of the instruction of the young in the principles of their religion,' is not good language: neither is it correct to say, 'the highest duty as well as privilege of their being.' Mr. Alison here uses the word in the sense of *existence*; and though it be correct to say the *privilege* of their existence, yet to speak of the *duty* of their existence is inaccurate.

Having thus expounded his subject, Mr. Alison proceeds to admonish parents concerning the duty of personally superintending the religious instruction of their children, upon which subject the substance of his advice is extremely simple; he directs them to read 'the sacred books' to their children 'with those tones of solemnity and interest which parental love every where assumes;' 'a duty,' he informs us, 'which, while it can illuminate the desponding gloom of the cottage, is able also in mercy to dim the dangerous lustre of the palace.' The advantages resulting from the faithful performance of this duty are,—1. That the Gospels 'present to their infant eyes the example of the highest excellence of which their nature is capable, and by this means awakens them to a sense of all the dignity of their own being.'—i. 13.

2. 'It is a second advantage of this early acquaintance with the Gospels of their Saviour, that it affords the best preparation to the infant mind for all the possible scenes of future life. You must have all observed, my brethren, to what a moral extent the example of our Saviour reaches, and how much every station and condition of men may find in him their model and pattern.' 15. Here again we may observe, by the way, that although 'the extent of a moral example' conveys an intelligible meaning, yet 'the moral extent of an example' is a very affected expression, and barely sense; we may add, that the words 'condition and station,' 'model and pattern,' are here used synonymously; and that although we say a condition of men, yet we do not say a *station of men*; neither is the word 'much' in this place properly used. Mr. Alison should have



worded the sentence as follows : ' how justly men of every condition may find in him their model.'

After briefly enumerating the various circumstances in which the young may hereafter be placed, and observing that in each, the life of our Saviour will furnish them with ' an example of all the virtues which heaven has called them to employ,' he concludes this second head of his discourse with repeating that ' whatever may be the condition of life which the young are afterwards to fill, they send them into them with an example before them which can never be forgot—and a sense of excellence which nothing can supply.' 17. It may perhaps seem captious to observe, that although people may be said to *fill a station of life*, yet we do not properly *fill* but are *placed* in a *condition* of life; but to say, that ' *they send them into them* with an example before *them* which can never be forgot,' is very bad.

3. The third and last advantage which an early acquaintance with the history of our Saviour's life affords the infant mind is that ' which arises from the history of his death;' concerning which Mr. Alison observes with his usual emphasis, ' if there were no other advantages of the resurrection of our Lord than the influence which the narration of it has upon the minds " of the little children," I should even consider the value of it as incalculable.'—18.

Such is the best abstract which we have been able to give of Mr. Alison's first sermon; and we have taken the opportunity of one in which there was little else either to praise or blame, to bestow more attention upon his style than it will be necessary to do for the future; not that the sermon which we have just been considering contains greater or more numerous improprieties of language than the rest,—it is, on the contrary, a very favourable specimen,—but because in these we shall have an opportunity of noticing other faults.

The second sermon is upon the same subject, from Matthew xxii. v. 37, 38, 39, 40. ' And Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself; on these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.'

After recapitulating the topics touched upon in the last sermon, Mr. Alison makes some metaphysical remarks, which we believe to be quite unsupported by fact, purporting that ' the earliest powers which awaken in the infant mind are those of the affections—the love of parents—of kinsmen—of benefactors.' How these powers ought to be exercised he has shewn, he tells us, in the last sermon; but

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'As life advances, the faculties of reason and reflection awaken in the minds of the young. Their observation of nature and of life expands, &c. They feel themselves just called into being, &c. They feel themselves the members of a mighty system, &c.—*Whoever* has attended with care to the progress of the young, *must* have observed the arrival of this important period in the progress of their minds; and *whoever* has listened to their inquiries *must* have found, that the great desire which is then struggling in their bosoms, is to discover the nature and character of that Being whom their hearts recognize; and the nature of those duties which he requires of them. It is the answer which the parent gives to these early and anxious inquiries, that must determine the religious and moral character of their future being.'—26.

Having distributed his subject into an answer to the first, and an answer to the second 'of these early and anxious inquiries' which Mr. Alison is pleased to suppose the minds of children so disturbed about, he immediately proceeds to shew how they may be set at rest by the text before us.

'To the first and greatest question which agitates the minds of the young—what is the nature and character of that God whom instinct teaches them to recognize?—The best and wisest of us, I believe, would tremble to answer, if we were left solely to our own wisdom. The answer, however, is to be found in the words of the text, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment." 'These words, my elder brethren, prescribe to us, not only our first duty as men, but our first duty as parents. They *imply* that the religious affections, which are to form the great distinction of maturity, must be awakened and exercised in youth; and they *signify* to us, that to guide the youthful mind to the early love of God, is the great end to which all the labours, and cares, and illustrations of education ought to be steadily and uniformly directed.'—27.

After having in this manner expounded the first division of his text, he proceeds to explain what those doctrines are which it is the duty of parents to teach their children; and then passes on to the consideration of 'the second question which agitates the mind of the young.' This is—

'What are the duties which God requires of them? To this question the answer is implied in the concluding words of our Saviour in the text: "And the second is like unto it: thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets." 'He then goes on to say, 'If the young *have approached with joy* the throne of the universal Father, teach them in the first place, my brethren, that it is their duty to love every thing that he hath made,' &c. 'If they have looked with adoration at that perpetual care by which the universe is maintained,' &c. 'tell them that they also are members of this mighty system,' and so on. 'If their hearts

hearts *throb with gratitude* for all the blessings which his bounteous hand has shed upon them, tell them there are blessings also given for them to bestow—' &c. ' If, in another view, they follow *with glowing hearts* the history of their Lord, remind them that it was not in scenes of splendour, or of indulgence,' and so forth. ' If you have taught *their ardent eyes* to look beyond the world; if they have *risen in holy imagination* with their Saviour from the grave; if in the *innocence of their souls* they feel their relation to some greater system of existence, tell them, my brethren, that there is yet the "wilderness to pass", before they reach the "promised land," that life has dangers which they must meet, and temptations which they must resist, and passions which they must overcome.'—p. 38.

When a writer affirms nothing that is either true or false, but merely recommends, with a great variety of pathetic expressions, certain duties which it is impossible to dispute, there will seldom be much for criticism to lay hold of except his style; upon which, so far as the author before us is concerned, we have already stated our opinions. In the present instance, we believe it would not be difficult to shew, that the 'religious and moral character' of children when they come to manhood, depends upon many more circumstances in their education, than the answers which parents may be able to give to the 'early and anxious inquiries of the former respecting the nature and character of that Being whom their hearts recognize; and the nature of the duties which He requires of them;' and that there are many essential articles of doctrine, and most indispensable duties, which they should be taught, besides those which Mr. Alison has pointed out: but the truth is, when a writer selects his topics without any sort of regard to their intrinsic importance, further than as they may seem to be more or less susceptible of oratorical embellishment, and makes the most groundless assumptions of all sorts, merely because they pave the way for the particular view of the subject which it may suit his fancy to take; it is too much to expect that we should be at the pains to weigh his opinions; we can only enter our protest against a method of writing which, improper as it at all times must be, in discourses from the pulpit is more particularly so. We have already had occasion to notice an example of the fault to which we are now alluding; in the last sermon, as our readers may remember, he affects to say, that observing the eager anxiety of the children around him, to be suffered to share in the services and solemnities for which the congregation were preparing themselves, he seizes the occasion to impress upon parents the duty of attending to their religious instruction. As we looked upon this, however, to be merely a foolish figure of rhetoric, we said but little upon the subject. In the present

present sermon, for the purpose of giving a philosophical air to the order, in which he leads us to understand that he has treated the subject of religious education in this and the preceding discourse, he assumes, without the slightest apparent proof, that it is only after children have learned to love their relations and benefactors that they begin to reason and reflect; and then with the view, it would seem, of preparing us for the strange interpretation which he afterwards puts upon his text, he tells us that, at this important crisis, children 'feel themselves just called into being, and something within them tells them, that it was for some great purpose that life was given;' so that '*whoever* has listened to their inquiries must have found, that the great desire, which is then struggling in their bosoms, is to discover the nature and character of that great Being whom their hearts recognize; and the nature of those duties which he requires of them.' Having made these fanciful suppositions, he next tries his hand upon the text; telling us, that it is the latter part of it only which inculcates a positive duty; that the former part, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart,' which our Saviour calls 'the first and great commandment,' is merely an *explanation of the nature and character of God: implying that youth is the proper season for education*; or, as our author has it, 'that the affections which are to form the distinction of maturity, ought to be awakened and exercised in youth.' We are perfectly aware, that we are now putting upon Mr. Alison's interpretation of the text, a meaning which he will disclaim; but it is this which we complain of; a preacher ought to explain his text in the sense that he understands it, and in which it ought to be understood, and not make it a mere convenience to hang upon it any opinions he pleases. It is our duty, no doubt, to educate our children in proper notions of religion; but to call the answer in the text to the lawyer's question, 'Master, which is the great commandment in the law?'—'the sublime direction of our Saviour for the general end of education,' is not common sense.

The opinions of an author, who writes with so little reflection as Mr. Alison seems to do, putting down upon paper whatever happens to cross his mind, no matter how unreasonable, so it be but some pretty sentiment or sparkling image, are not likely, we may hope, to be attended with any perilous consequences; nevertheless there are, in the volume before us, four sermons upon the evidence of Christianity, containing some views upon the subject, which, if adopted, would prove so fatal to the cause which our author intends to advocate, that we consider it absolutely essential not to pass them without notice, lest our silence should be construed into approbation.

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In order that such of our readers as do not happen to have given the subject much of their attention, may be able to perceive the conclusions to which the opinions we allude to unavoidably lead, it may, perhaps, be useful to make a preliminary remark or two.

In any religion pretending to divine origin, there are obviously two principal and separate points to be considered: the doctrines which it inculcates, and the evidence upon which they rest. If the former be contrary to the common sense and common feelings of mankind, it is plain that whatever be the attestations to which it may lay claim, we can never acknowledge its authority, because we possess, in the consciousness of our own minds, a higher and less fallible evidence to prove, that it cannot have proceeded from the Author of our being. The converse of this reasoning is, however, by no means admissible; we cannot agree, that because the doctrines which a religion teaches are consistent with our reason and natural feelings, therefore the origin of it must be divine; this is a necessary *consequence* of such an origin, but it is by no means a logical *proof* of it. The important point indeed to be determined in *revealed* religion is not so much whether its doctrines are reasonable, as whether they are actually facts. But this, in the case of revealed truths, is what no man can affirm upon human authority: and if he announces himself as invested with divine authority to do so, he can prove that this is delegated to him, only by performing what no human power could have accomplished. Upon a supposition, indeed, that the truths of revelation might not only have been conjectured as probable opinions, but made known to us as facts by the light of reason alone, the case will be otherwise; for to suppose that God would have resorted to miraculous means of attesting what might have been made evident by natural means, is so improbable as to be altogether incredible. A writer, therefore, should be extremely cautious how he hazards such an hypothesis; for if the doctrines of our religion can be demonstrated upon the common principles of reason, to suppose that God would have made a miraculous revelation of them is absurd; and if the miracles related in the Gospel did not really take place, however reasonable and moral the tenets which our Saviour preached may be, yet he himself must have been imposing upon his followers, in a character which did not truly belong to him; and either supposition will be equally fatal to revelation, considered as the religion of Christ.

These remarks are so extremely obvious, that we are surprized they should have escaped Mr. Alison's observation. In the four sermons, however, which he has written upon the subject, he attempts

tempts to shew not only that revelation itself 'is not an exception to the general laws of nature;'—which, by the way, would entirely destroy the force of Paley's answer to Hume's argument against miracles;—but, moreover, that the 'evidence of our faith' rests upon the 'general basis of human nature itself.' Consistently with this opinion, although we make no doubt he is far from intending to question the reality of the miracles, yet as the view which he takes of the subject renders the interposition of their evidence altogether unnecessary, he very properly omits to call it in; so much so, that we think, though we will not speak with certainty, that the word miracle is not once made use of in any part of his dissertation. On one occasion, indeed, while considering the rapid progress which the Gospel made in the heathen world, he is led directly towards the subject; but he approaches it *timide, tanquam ad scopulum*, and abruptly turns off with what he considers a 'more sublime' explanation of the fact. Now we must be understood to speak conscientiously, when we disclaim any wish to insinuate that Mr. Alison himself doubts concerning the truth of any part of the Gospel history; had he been as great a proficient in *logic*, indeed, as he is in *rhetoric*; we should have found it difficult to acquit him of such a suspicion; but, as it is, we feel persuaded his intention was merely to avoid entering upon debateable ground, seeing it was not necessary for his particular line of argument.

Having thus put our readers upon their guard against the tendency of our author's manner of considering his subject, we shall lay before them a short view of his opinions.

The first sermon is upon the 'Evidence from the Nature and Character of the Gospel.' Having justly observed that there exists the same evidence to prove the authenticity of the Gospels, as is admitted in the case of all other writings, he proceeds to say, that in order to demonstrate *from the history of human nature itself that the origin of our religion is, and must be, from heaven*, he has to state 'in the first place, that the religion of the Gospel is the only one which has ever yet appeared among mankind which is adequate to all the instinctive desires and expectations of the human mind;' having enlarged upon this topic, and noticed the humble origin of our Saviour, he concludes 'and you are then to say, whether a religion of such a kind *can* have only a mortal origin? Whether there is any thing in the history of human nature, at that age, which corresponds to such a fact? And whether there be any possible way by which the appearance of such a system of religion, in such circumstances, can be accounted for, but by the immediate Providence and inspiration of God?'—p. 119.

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The drift of this argument is to shew, that the tenets of christianity are in themselves abstractedly miraculous, *and the proof is*, that they are not miraculous, but precisely such as our natural instincts would lead us to expect.

The second view which our author takes of the subject, 'arises from the relation of the Gospel to the welfare of society or the prosperity of the world;' after expatiating upon this topic, he once more concludes, 'when you have considered these things, my young friends;—when you have seen the difference of this religion from all others that have been presented to men;—when you have seen that it has a greater aspect and that all the wisdom of man is yet still infinitely beneath it,—I am to request of you to *lay your hands upon your hearts*, and to say, whether its appearance in such an age has any resemblance to the known capacity of human nature? and whether there be any other account that can be given of it, than that it arose immediately from the inspiration and benevolence of heaven?' p. 123. A more ingenious way of openly *begging the question*, we do not remember to have ever met with.

Mr. Alison's third view of the subject is, 'that the religion of the Gospel is the only one which has ever appeared among mankind, which is commensurate to the future hopes or expectations of the human soul.' In which opinion we fully acquiesce; though, as we before had occasion to remark, such a fact may be a necessary consequence of the divine origin of revelation, but is by no means a logical proof of it.

Having thus considered the 'evidence from the nature and character of the Gospel,' our author next proceeds to examine the evidence which results from the rapidity of its progress.—Having enlarged as much as he thought necessary upon the well known topics connected with this view of the subject, he sums up the argument as before:

'To what cause, my young brethren, are we to attribute appearances so different from all that have ever occurred in the affairs of mankind? On what principle are we to account for so astonishing a fact, as this gradual but uniform diffusion of the religion of the Gospel over nations alike in the highest and the lowest state of improvement;—of its triumph over all the strongest prejudices either of men or of nations,—of its speedy progress through centuries of change and of corruption—and of its final establishment among every refined and cultivated people who now inhabit the earth?'

'To this great question there are, I apprehend, only two answers: either that it owes its success to the immediate agency and Providence of God; or that it arises from its adaptation to the constitution of human nature itself:—If we adopt the first of these opinions; if we conclude that the progress of the Gospel could arise from no other cause than the immediate agency and Providence of God, the truth of the Gospel

Gospel is then established beyond the power of contradiction ; and its divine origin is then demonstrated by the very circumstances of its progress. If on the other hand we rest in the humbler opinion, that its success is owing to its fitness and adaptation to the frame of our nature ; to its giving final satisfaction to all the wants and all the expectations of the human soul, we shall then arrive at a conclusion no less firm, and perhaps more sublime.—p. 144.

Which conclusion he afterwards states to be, that

‘ The evidence of our faith rests upon the basis of human nature itself ; and instead of being an exception or contradiction to the laws of nature, it is, on the contrary, their completion and confirmation.’  
—p. 148.

Now, if by the ‘ evidence of our faith,’ Mr. Alison merely understands the evidence of natural religion, there can be no doubt, that considering the doctrines of a future state and some few others, simply as very probable *opinions*, they may be deduced upon general principles ; though even this is true only so far as natural religion is concerned ; but if he means to say that the truths, either of natural or of revealed religion, can be received, upon such grounds, as any thing more than mere *matters of opinion*, it is a proposition which cannot need to be refuted. Be this, however, as it may, it must still be obvious that if the truth of christianity in general or the particular fact of its rapid progress, can be explained as our author explicitly states, upon the broad principles of ‘ human nature itself,’ to suppose that the Deity would have made use of miraculous means either to attest its truth, or to promote its success, is little less than absurd ; nor can we easily imagine a more ill-advised opinion.—Gibbon’s opinion, dangerous as it may be, that the success of the Gospel was entirely owing to the political circumstances of the world at the time of its first introduction, still allows the interference of a special Providence, seizing upon the exact moment of time to send our Saviour upon his mission, and making second causes co-operate with the efforts of his disciples. But our author’s explanation of the fact not only destroys the credibility of any miraculous interposition ; it excludes the supposition which even that of Gibbon had left ; for if the progress of the Gospel can be accounted for by *general and permanent causes*, we can have no right to assume the existence of any other ; and in what respect christianity, in this point of view, will differ from a mere speculation of philosophy, we should like to be informed. ‘ Revelation,’ says Locke, ‘ is natural reason enlarged by a new set of discoveries made by God immediately, which reason vouches the truth of, by the testimonies and proofs it gives that they come from God.’ But if the truths of religion ‘ form a part of our original frame,’ how can they be *new discoveries*? If the evidence of them rests upon, ‘ the basis of human nature itself,’



itself,' how can it have proceeded *immediately from God?* If, on the other hand, they be known to us by other means, what are the *proofs and testimonies* by which we may be assured that the facts which they disclose are 'not cunningly devised fables, but the true sayings of God?' Mr. Alison, in answer to this question, desires us 'to lay our hands upon our hearts,' and we 'shall feel something more than evidence,'—'the evidence of our own hearts; the conscious correspondence which we feel between the system of christianity and all that our fallen but ardent nature implores of divine truth.' We shall not pretend to reason upon these premises. In what way we are to be taught *salvation through the merits of Christ*, by merely *laying our hands upon our hearts*, as our author, upon all occasions, desires his readers to do, is to us a mystery; and even with respect to the truths of natural religion, which he is perpetually and strangely confounding with christianity, though we admit that a belief in the existence of a supreme being and of a future state seem to have formed a part in the religious creed of most nations, yet this only shews how simple and cogent the reasoning must be, on which so universal an opinion is founded: as parts of revelation, the evidence of these truths resolves itself into the evidence which we possess of the facts recorded in the Gospel; but as parts of natural religion, they have, and can have, no other solid evidence than what they derive from reason; to argue, as our author does, that the mere fact of our expecting a future life, and so on, is in *itself* a proof demonstrable that our expectations are founded upon divine authority and cannot be deceived, would not even be sense as a general proposition, and why it is to be received as a sound argument in the particular case of religion, ought, at least, to be explained. Mr. Alison will, perhaps, think that we are now speaking without knowledge; for that the line of argument which he takes is agreeable to what his countrymen call 'inductive logic,' and is moreover precisely similar to the reasoning by which Dr. Reid demonstrates the existence of a rational world, and so forth, in opposition to the sceptical conclusion, to which the reasoning of Locke has been supposed to lead. It may be so; we are not prepared to say that people may not reason unintelligibly and even ridiculously in philosophy as easily as in any other subject;—but we shall not enter upon the field of controversy; we have said enough to shew that we are far from acquiescing in the views which our author takes of the evidence on which he supposes the truth of christianity to rest, and enough to shew our opinions upon Mr. Alison's powers as a writer in general.

It was our intention to animadvert upon the mistaken light in which he seems to regard the proper functions of a preacher of the Gospel; but we shall content ourselves with the following extract

tract from Archbishop Secker :—‘ Your business is,’ says he, in his third charge to his Clergy, ‘ not to please or be admired, but to do good ; to make men think, not of your abilities, attainments, or eloquence, but of the state of their own souls ; and to fix them in the belief and practice of what will render them happy now and to eternity. Here then lay your foundation : and set before your people the lamentable condition of fallen men ; the numerous actual sins by which they have made it worse ; the redemption wrought for them by Jesus Christ ; the nature and importance of true faith in him ; their absolute need of the grace of the divine Spirit in order to obey his precepts. This will be addressing yourselves to them as christian ministers ought to christian hearers. The holy scriptures will furnish you with matter for it abundantly. Short and plain reasonings, founded on their authority, will dart conviction into every mind ; whereas if your doctrine and your speech be not that of their bibles ; if you contradict or explain away, or pass over in silence, any thing taught there, they who are best contented with you, will soon learn little from you, and others will be offended and quit you when they can. , We have, in fact, lost many of our people to sectaries by not preaching in a manner sufficiently evangelical ; and shall neither recover them from the extravagancies into which they have run, nor keep more from going over to them, but by returning to the right way, *declaring all the counsel of God ; and that, principally, not in the words which man’s wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth.*’\*

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ART. VII. *The Substance of some Letters written by an Englishman resident at Paris during the last reign of Napoleon. With an Appendix of Official Documents.* 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 490. 388. London.

WE had read a considerable portion of these volumes with equal displeasure and disgust—they seemed to us to be the work of one of the élèves of Citizen Savary, translated into English by one of the disciples of Tom Paine, or of the missionaries of Mr. Jefferson ; but in the midst of our indignation we had the good fortune to learn that the real meaning and object of these Letters were any thing but what we at first sight suspected them to be ; and that the author, in fact, was no other than an amiable and accomplished English traveller, Mr. Hobhouse, the son of the worthy baronet Sir Benjamin Hobhouse, long known in the House of Commons as Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means. This information was at once a key to the enigma, and our indignation in-

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\* 1st Cor. ii. 13.

stantly subsided into applause, if not admiration. We then discovered (what certainly a more attentive perusal might have found out from the internal evidence) that this work is, from beginning to end, under a thin veil of ironical praise, a bitter satire against the Maratists, the Robespierrists, Buonapartists, and all the other monsters of the French Revolution, as well as against their friends, followers, and imitators in this country.

Every body must have observed that an object which is disgusting or afflicting in real life may—like Lazarus or *Œdipus*—in a picture or tragedy, excite agreeable ideas and pleasurable emotions; and in the same way this work which, while it seemed to convey the real sentiments of its author, was in the last degree loathsome and offensive, became, at once, a pleasant and amusing performance. In fact it is not possible to imitate with more force and accuracy the style of these wretched fools and rogues, than Mr. Hobhouse has done; the very anger with which we perused the greater part of his book is one of the best proofs we can adduce of the success of his satire, and the perfect illusion which his irony created.

A great deal, however, of the humour of the work will be lost, if the reader does not carefully recollect the assumed character in which Mr. Hobhouse writes, and that, though his book has been but very lately published, more than one half of it affects to have been written before the battle of Waterloo—so that what, if now composed, would be mere dull malignity, is, with reference to the supposed date of the letters, a lively and pleasant parody on the gloomy prophecies of the Buonapartists at home, and on the presumptuous boastings of the Buonapartists abroad.

The following observations on seeing the King of the Netherlands in his box at the Brussels theatre, in April, 1815, is a happy imitation of Jacobin slang and Whig prophecy.

‘The royal box was surmounted with a paper crown, like that of Shakespeare’s Duke of York, which those in the upper lodge looked as if inclined to clip; and the tongues of the lions, supporters of the arms, seemed contrived by the artist to loll out at the bawble above, with an air of archness not justified by heraldry or loyalty. To an eye accustomed to the substantial shows of English royalty, the state of the Dutch monarch cannot but appear most pitiful; and connected with the very general notion, that, such as it is, it *will dissolve at the first thunder of the French cannon*, nothing can be less enviable than the condition of William the First—ridiculous as Bubb Doddington on his late peerage—a young king, but an old man.’—p. 15.

The happy pleasantry of imagining that the painted lions actually lolled out their tongues in contempt of the King, and the-at-once bold and ignorant allusion to heraldry, are in the best style of the school which Mr. Hobhouse ridicules;—they are worthy of the famous

famous atheist, renegade, stay-maker and patriot, whom we have just mentioned.

The following sentiments are stamped in the same mould.

‘ There has been but one nation in the world, as far as I am aware, *notorious* for *loyalty* or love of a sovereign, as such ; and that nation has long repented of so MEAN and *unreasonable* an attachment.’—vol. i. p. 18.

‘ The royal vice of ingratitude finds no place in the bosom of an usurper; this *baseness* belongs to *such as are born kings*. There is something magical in that power of personal attachment which is proved by a thousand notorious facts to belong to this extraordinary man, (Buonaparte), and never had one who wore a crown so many friends, nor retained them so long.’—vol. i. p. 45.

‘ One Journal asserts, that an order to *arrest the king* and *princes* arrived at Lille both before and after the king’s departure. If it be true, I am one of those who *regret that it was not carried into effect*.’—vol. i. p. 159.

‘ The *detention* of the *dethroned* family within the French territory would, perhaps, have been a guarantee against the unjust interference of the allies.’—vol. i. p. 160.

‘ I repeat, it is to be *regretted* that the flight of Louis and the royal family has not been prevented.’—vol. i. p. 161.

But it is whenever he has occasion to speak of Buonaparte that Mr. Hobhouse puts forth the whole force of his pleasantry ; and—as every man is fond of doing often that which he does well—his ironical praises of Napoleon occupy a great proportion of the two volumes.

‘ I have now seen HIM twice—the first time on Sunday at the review of the National Guards ; the second time at the Théâtre Français on the following Friday, at HIS first visit to that theatre since HIS return.’—vol. ii. p. 32.

This designation of Buonaparte, by an awful and respectful pronoun, as if he was the only HE on earth, is certainly a good imitation of the profane adulation of his followers ; but we suspect that Mr. Hobhouse had in his eye a trait of that great master of ridicule, Rabelais : he certainly has caught the spirit of the Curé of Meudon, and quizzes his pretended friend, the Emperor, in very much the same vein that Rabelais laughs at a great personage of his day. The passage is to be found in the 48th chapter of the 4th book, in which Pantagruel and his companions put into the blessed island of the Papemanes ; and as the original language is somewhat obsolete, we shall venture to present it to the reader in our translation :—

‘ As soon as the natives came alongside the ship, they all cried out with one voice—“ Have you seen HIM, strangers, have you seen HIM ? ” “ Seen whom ? ” answered Pantagruel.—“ HIM,” replied they. “ Who

is he?" cried Friar John: "'Sblood and 'oons, I'll beat him to mummy;" for he thought that they were inquiring after some *robber, murderer, or church-breaker*. "How!" said they, "do not you know **THE ONE**?" "Gentlemen," replied Epistemon, "we do not understand you, have the goodness to explain yourselves, and we will answer you fairly and without equivocation. Who is it that you ask for?" "He *that is*," replied they; "have you ever seen HIM?" "He *that is*," rejoined Pantagruel, "according to our creed, is God. In truth, we never saw him, nor can he be seen of mortal eyes." "Put, tut!" cried they, "we do not speak of the God who rules in heaven; but of the *God that reigns on earth*: have you ever seen HIM?" "Upon my honour," interrupted Carpelim, "they mean the POPE." "Yes, yes," exclaimed Panurge, "yes, in truth, gentlemen, I have seen him often; by the same token that I never reaped much advantage from the sight!"

It is quite evident that Mr. Hobhouse has closely copied the first part of this extract; we think he might have gone on to the close, and avowed, with Panurge, that he had reaped no great advantage from the sight.

On other occasions Mr. Hobhouse catches the true spirit of the Sebastianis\* and Savarys; and mimics, with admirable ridicule, the blind and pompous servility of the flatterers of Napoleon.

When present at the review on the Carousel, he can see nothing but the Jacobin idol.

'In the first gaze of admiration, *I saw nothing but NAPOLEON.*'—vol. i. p. 36.

When Napoleon is forced to pronounce his abdication, Mr. Hobhouse affects, with a most ludicrous gravity, to be quite insoluble.

'I know not how you feel, but his expression, *ma vie politique est terminée*, CUT ME TO THE HEART.'—vol. ii. p. 9.

There is something irresistibly comic in the affectation of pathos and the puling sensibility with which the author pretended to see Napoleon receive a petition from a soldier.

'I see Napoleon at this moment. The unruffled calmness of his countenance, at the first movement of the soldier, relaxing softly into a look of attention and of kindness, will never be erased from my memory. We are not *stocks*, nor *stones*, nor *Tories*! I am not ashamed to say, that on recovering from my first surprise, I found my eyes somewhat moistened; a weakness that never fails to overpower some persons, when alone and unrestrained by ridicule, at the perusal of any trait of *unmixed heroism*, especially of that undaunted tranquillity of mind, which formed and finished the master-spirits of antiquity.'—vol. i. p. 39.

We have never met a better instance of the tranchant style

\* See an account of Sebastiani's adoration of the Emperor in the third article of our last number.

of the Buonaparte school than the following:—The allies took Paris in 1814, Napoleon being still living and reigning, and at the head of 80,000 men; it was of course rather a difficult point for his admirers to represent this event as favourable to the military credit of the usurper; yet Mr. Hobhouse contrives to do it with admirable art in one short sentence.

‘*The allies found themselves at Paris—they knew not how!*—vol. i. p. 83.

Here then the military character of Buonaparte and the French army is not only preserved from imputation, but the very success of the allies artfully turned into a proof of their ignorance and incapacity.

The feelings with which Mr. Hobhouse describes himself as assisting at the pantomime of the Champ de Mai are quite excellent for their ludicrous inconsistency and stupid amazement.—Buonaparte himself, with *liberty* in his mouth and the *sword* in his hand, could hardly have made a more characteristic declamation.

‘My friend and myself pressed backwards to the outward circle of the amphitheatre, and surveyed a scene more magnificent than any pen can describe. The *monarch* on his open throne, which seemed a glittering pyramid of eagles, and arms, and military habits, crowned by his own white plumes—an immense plain, as it were, of soldiers, flanked with multitudes so innumerable that the sloping banks on each side presented but one mass of heads—THE MAN—the occasion—all conspired to surprise us into a *most unqualified*, unphilosophical *admiration* of the whole spectacle before us.’—vol. i. p. 413.

The same appearance of devotion to the Napoleon dynasty is pleasantly continued to the very end: the second surrender of Paris, without a battle, extinguished all the hopes of the lovers of carnage and Buonaparte. Hear how admirably Mr. Hobhouse mimics their language.

‘At four o’clock the battle had not begun. *I was thunderstruck with the news.* The lieutenant-general had just left the army; all was lost—*Paris had surrendered*, with a devoted army of 80,000 soldiers before her walls.’—vol. ii. p. 122.

When Napoleon abandons, for the *fifth* time, his army after the battle of Waterloo, Mr. Hobhouse, in the words of his admirers, states, as his excuse, that the same course had succeeded after the Russian campaign; and then he tenderly adds, in his own voice, ‘But, ALAS! times are changed!’—Nor is the seeming candour with which Mr. Hobhouse finds in this desertion *some little matter* to blame, less dexterously managed.

‘It cannot be concealed there is in the flight of Napoleon a precipitancy which nothing can excuse; and we must sigh, as Montesquieu  
 e e 3 did

did over the suicide of Brutus, to see the cause of *liberty* so easily abandoned.—vol. ii. p. 13.

By this ingenious allusion, BUONAPARTE, even in his most blameable conduct, is placed on a level with Brutus, and his cause dexterously confounded with the cause of the liberties of the world.

But it is not in his imitation of a passion for Napoleon that Mr. Hobhouse excels; his vehement indignation against all British statesmen who refused to bow the knee to this Corsican Baal, is a fac-simile of the old diatribes of the *Moniteur*, and might have flowed from the pens of Regnault or Caulincourt; and this, we own, is the part of Mr. Hobhouse's work which we have read with the greatest satisfaction. The blind and virulent abuse of such men as Lord Grenville, Lord Castlereagh, and Mr. Grattan, are, from the character in which Mr. Hobhouse writes, the only tribute of applause which we would wish them to receive at his hands; and we are particularly delighted with the flippant insolence with which the defence of Napoleon is mixed up with the attack on Mr. Grattan for his excellent and patriotic speech on the preparations for war in the spring of 1815.

‘There must be some mistake in the report of his speech—“*method in his madness, and madness in his method!*” But however he might have been carried away by the feelings of the moment, the enthusiasm of nonsense could not have been communicated to the orator himself; and the applause of the treasury bench must soon have made him, like Phocion, suspect he had said some silly thing. Whence he got his eloquence we need not ask—there is something not to be mistaken in the taste of either of the thousand rills that flow from the harmonious springs of the Irish Helicon—but his facts, where could he have procured them? who has amused himself at the pitiful sport of playing upon a patriot venerable by his talents and age?’—vol. i. p. 352.

‘Regarding Napoleon and his warriors as the partisans of the cause of peoples against the CONSPIRACY of KINGS, whatever may be my regret that that cause has not fallen into hands so pure as to command unqualified support, I cannot help wishing that the French may meet with as much success as will not compromise the military character of my own countrymen.’—vol. i. p. 475.

‘Indeed I should presume, that neither in France nor England will Napoleon want any excuse for having struck the first blow, except Mr. Grattan should, in his riot, have doomed him to bleed without resistance.’—vol. i. p. 483.

In the gross and amusing abuse which the author lavishes on Lord Castlereagh, there are some delicious strokes of nature: as, for instance, when—at the moment that Paris was a second time taken by the allies, and that Lord Castlereagh followed the British army into that capital—Mr. Hobhouse pleasantly describes himself as retiring to his lodgings to write an essay, to acquaint his lordship

ship and the Duke of Wellington with the *true state of France* and with the *real interests of England* in that important conjuncture. In the whole course of our reading we have never met so full and so happy a ridicule of the little meddling vanity of that class of precocious politicians who have lost the modesty of childhood; and not yet attained the reason of man; who, absorbed in a contemplation of their own perfections, forget that age, rank, and experience are ingredients in the characters of statesmen, and fancy themselves fit to be the rulers of nations, and the arbiters of the world. There is a silly simplicity mixed up with a turgid arrogance in Mr. Hobhouse's description of himself in these ridiculous circumstances, which attests his comic powers, and which cannot but entertain the gravest of our readers.

'So entirely was I wrapt up in the persuasion, that the truth of the present state of feeling in France need only be seen to carry to any mind the conviction of the *injustice and impolicy of bearing back the Bourbons in triumph*, over the trampled necks of Frenchmen, that I was bold enough to suppose a representation of facts, however faintly and imperfectly drawn, might not be totally lost even upon Lord Castlereagh, and might arrest his attention sufficiently to make him wait for better authority before he proceeded to decide.

'I was employed in the act of softening down the *ridicule of an individual imploring mercy for eight and twenty millions*, and praying for reprieve, if not for pardon, when loud acclamations called me into the street, and saved me all further labour in vain, by presenting to me *another revolution of handkerchiefs*. In short, a battalion of the NATIONAL GUARDS were passing with white flags, to the shouts of *Vive le Roi*. The streets were lined with the same troops, in white cockades; not a national colour was to be seen; the white flag was floating on the column of the grand army, and the windows glittered with women and white linen. My eyes were scarcely disenchanted, until I saw the *Moniteur*, with its former designation—again *the only official journal*; and read in that paper two ordonnances of Louis, *by the grace of God, king of France and Navarre*; dated the 21st year of his reign. The same king, I saw, was to enter Paris about three o'clock in the afternoon.'—vol. ii. p. 154.

No—Foote's farces, or Hogarth's Enraged Musician, have nothing more droll than this.—Shut up in his lodgings in a back street of a capital, of the language of which he knows little, and of its manners and feelings still less, our young statesman is in the midst of an admirable essay, proving to the monarchs, the statesmen and generals of Europe, that the people of France were decidedly and to a man hostile to the cause and colours of the Bourbons, and that they would *die like heroes*, rather than submit to the degradation of having any sovereign who should not be of Mr. Hobhouse's choosing: but—while employed in rounding the most eloquent and cogent sentence of his whole manifesto,—he is interrupted



by this same people, *national guards, citizens* and all, provokingly dressed with white cockades, and vociferating, as if from mere malice to the essayist, *Vive le Roi!*

All this is very good: but there is a still finer stroke of nature behind. Lord Castlereagh, who before stood so high in the essayist's good graces, that he had selected his lordship as the chosen instrument by whom he was to deliver mankind, all of a sudden becomes the object of his utter aversion. Nothing but a deep knowledge of the human heart could have enabled Mr. Hobhouse to have exhibited himself at once proud of his essay and his magnanimity, and yet conscious of the ridicule and folly of the proceeding to the degree of hating Lord Castlereagh for having been the involuntary cause of it.

But while we give Mr. Hobhouse this praise for the scope and general execution of his work, there are some points in which we think the vigour and force of his irony have carried him too far. The gratitude of Louis XVIII. to heaven, for his preservation during twenty-five years of adversity, and for restoration to his native land and the throne of his ancestors—and the more-tender and heroic piety of that child of sorrow, the Duchess of Angoulême, are, naturally enough, the objects of ridicule and abhorrence to the bloody and godless cannibals of the Revolution; and of course Mr. Hobhouse, when imitating the style of these monsters, could not altogether avoid some allusion to the most characteristic and disgusting of their profane atrocities: but we believe that our readers will agree that he has gone too far, and that the following passages transgress the bounds, we will not say of piety or good taste only, but those of common decency, good manners, and fair ridicule.

'The court carpenter preferred his useless block from a scarecrow to a saint; the wax-chandlers contemplated the inevitable re-illumination of all the extinguished candlesticks of every shrine; days and nights all the gates of all the churches were expanded, whilst their *rival* shops were shut. *Relics rattled* together from the four quarters of the capital to be re-adjusted and re-enshrined by a second St. Louis. But the king might have '*given their daily bread*' to his sixty priests! he might have said his thousand masses—he might have devoted his France to the Virgin—OR GRUBBED UP HIS BROTHER'S BONES! his \* *Antigone* might have shut the Sunday shops, or even have gone the greater length of forbidding the masquerade of the *mi-carême* (Lent), she might cherish the town of Nismes, and its vow of a silver baby for God Almighty, as the *lure and promised reward* of her conception of a man child.—These *offences* might have been forgotten or *been condemned to*

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\* Our readers are aware that, in allusion to the sorrows and piety of the Antigone of antiquity, the Parisians called the Duchess of Angoulême by this name, which had been rendered familiar to them by their tragedians.

*ridicula,*

*ridicule*, with the gaiters of his majesty, and the English bonnet of Madame, but,' &c. &c.—vol. i. pp. 103, 104.

‘ Louis began his reign by saying mass for the soul of his brother; (monstrous!) he next instituted a fête similar to that of the day (the Martyrdom of King Charles) “when every sovereign in Europe rises with a crick in his neck.”—Then was performed the last office of fraternal *piety by this bone-collecting court*. Between these acts there was a perpetual *playing off* of court horrors and antipathies at the very *sound or smell* of regicide. The Duchess of Angoulême never looked at a Parisian crowd without shuddering, as if beholding the children and champions of revolution. If at the Tuileries she saw a lady of the imperial court, she passed over on the other side. Her jealousy descended upon the children of those that had hated her father;’ &c. &c.—vol. i. pp. 175, 176.

We have no admiration for the ceremonial of the Church of Rome; but we are too much convinced that in all countries, but more particularly in France, there ‘is one thing needful’, and that this one thing is *faith*,—to tolerate, even in sport, an attack on a national religion; and revering and loving our own establishment, we do not like to see the religious establishments of other people reviled. Mr. Hobhouse is a *wag*—but he should recollect that there is one class of subjects, at least, with which (even with good intentions) a *wag* should not intermeddle; and to call a transfer of the mortal remains of a martyred king to consecrated ground, ‘*a grubbing up of bones*’—to describe the terror with which human nature shudders at *murder*, and the deeper horror which morality and policy feel at *regicide*, as ‘*playing off* court horrors at the very *sound or smell* of regicide’—to qualify the cutting off the head of an innocent and blameless sovereign as only ‘*hating*’ him—and to ridicule as a pettish ‘*jealousy*’ the involuntary *horror* with which the orphan views the *murderers* of her parents,—are, we presume to think, expressions which Mr. Hobhouse could not justify his using to an English public, if he could even shew that he borrowed or imitated them from MARAT, HEBERT, or COUTHON; but if, as we believe, the madness and wickedness even of the Septembrisers were never pushed to these horrible extremes, we fear that Mr. Hobhouse runs some risk of implicating his own character by such thoughtless and licentious sallies.

We have good reason to think that Mr. Hobhouse himself feels a little with us on this point, and that he has suppressed a great deal of what he had at first written in this strain. The volumes before us evince that about 100 pages of the first, and about 70 of the second, (as well as we can reckon them,) have been *cancelled*; this, perhaps we should explain to readers not versed in the manual art of the press, is a term which is used when, after a sheet has been printed off, it is found to contain something which the author wishes to

to suppress. In this case, a new page with the necessary alterations is reprinted, and stitched in the place of the cancelled leaf. To have been obliged to incur the delay and expense of cancelling so large a proportion of his work, proves that Mr. Hobhouse's first sketch contained at least one hundred and seventy passages *which were not fit to see the light*. Of what a DEEP shade these passages must have been, may be judged of by the colour of those which he has not thought it necessary to suppress: but as Mr. Hobhouse shews that he is himself convinced that even raillery may become atrocious, we recommend him to consider whether there are not a great majority of the remaining pages which might also be improved by the same process.

On the whole, we cannot recommend Mr. Hobhouse's book: if any reader were dull enough to mistake it for seriousness, it would certainly appear one of the most infamous libels on the name and character of an Englishman that ever was written; and, what is not in general the fault of libels, it would be found so tedious, so dull, and withal so laboriously impudent that our contempt for the author's talents would almost equal our abhorrence of his principles: and even when a reader of discernment takes up the work for the purpose of laughing at it, in its true character of a mere drollery, we still think that the great length of the whole will be found to defeat the pleasantry of the particular passages. Parodies and irony do not bear to be wire-drawn and spun out to the length of nine hundred octavo pages. Pleasantry must be scarcely perceptible when spread over such an immense space; and the terseness and condensed wit of the Anti-jacobin are, though in the same line, perfect contrasts to the ponderous levities and the laborious trifles of Mr. Hobhouse.

We cannot conclude without warning Mr. Hobhouse from a fault to which we have already alluded, but which, as it seems to us the most important which he has committed, we wish to press upon his consideration; it is this,—that irony exaggerated, and parody pushed to extravagance, are as dull as when they fall dead short. Mr. Hobhouse should not out-Herod Herod; and in affecting to imitate the language and principles of such monsters as Marat, Murat, Maret, Buonaparte, and the Père du Chêne, justice as well as decency—good manners as well as good taste, forbid a writer from exaggerating the faults of his models. Subjects of this nature are not, in the best hands, very susceptible of gaiety; but the inflamed and swollen imitations of Mr. Hobhouse leave us in a confused and painful state of mind; we are often at a loss to know whether he be in jest or in earnest; and we cannot help feeling, as it is somewhere said one does in looking at a picture by Spagnoletto, that he who was capable of painting a murder so horribly was capable of committing one.

ART.

ART. VIII. *The Narrative of Robert Adams, a Sailor, who was wrecked in the Year 1810, on the Western Coast of Africa, was detained three Years in Slavery by the Arabs of the Great Desert, and resided several Months of that Period in the City of Tombuctoo; with a Map, Notes, and an Appendix.* 4to. London. 1816.

A POOR distressed American seaman, clothed in rags and half-famished, happened accidentally to be recognized by a gentleman in the streets of London, who, a few months before, had known him as a servant to an English merchant in Cadiz, where his extraordinary history excited considerable interest; the man having been a long time in slavery in the interior of Africa, and resided several months at Tombuctoo.

The report of this poor man having reached Mr. S. Cock of the African Trading Company, he set on foot an immediate inquiry,—the seaman was again found, brought before the committee, and examined as to the particulars of his story; but his adventures and sufferings were so extraordinary as to excite, among many who heard them, a suspicion that they were fabulous. Mr. Cock, however, the editor, was strongly impressed in favour of his veracity; he took a few notes of what he related, relieved the poor man's immediate necessities, and desired him to attend again in the course of a few days.

It was a week before Adams (for that was the sailor's name) again made his appearance; he was again questioned on the leading points of his story, and his answers were found uniformly to agree with those that had been noted on his first examination. This induced the editor to take down in writing (the man himself being unable either to write or read) a full account of his adventures; and after some difficulty in persuading him to remain in England, (for he was anxious to get to his friends in America,) and by a few hours' examination daily for a fortnight or three weeks, he succeeded in drawing from him the narrative now presented to the public, of which we shall proceed to give a brief abstract.

Robert Adams, a native of Hudson, aged about 25, sailed in June, 1810, from New York, in the ship *Charles*, John Horton master, of the burthen of 280 tons, bound to Gibraltar; the crew consisting of nine persons, to whom a tenth was added at Gibraltar. From thence she proceeded down the coast of Africa on a trading voyage. On the 11th October, about three in the morning, the noise of breakers was heard, and, in an hour afterwards, the vessel struck on the rocks; but the crew succeeded in getting safely on shore. The place, by the captain's account, was about 400 miles to the northward of Senegal, and its name, as they found on landing, was El

El Gazie. It was a low sandy beach, without trees or verdure, the country without the appearance of hill or mountain, or any thing but sand as far the eye could reach.

Soon after break of day, the seamen were surrounded and made prisoners by thirty or forty Moors; they were quite black, had long, lank hair, but neither shoes nor hats, their whole dress consisting of little more than a rug or a skin round their waist. Captain Horton and his crew were immediately stripped naked; their skins, exposed to a scorching sun, became dreadfully blistered, and, for the sake of coolness, they were obliged to dig holes in the sand to sleep in. The Captain soon became ill, and was reduced to such a miserable condition that, in his impatience, he often declared he wished to die, and in this state of irritation was put to death by the Moors. The chief, indeed the only food of these people was fish, which they first dried in the sun, then cut into thin slices, and broiled on the hot sand. For three or four of the fourteen days they remained at El Gazie they were nearly in a starving state, owing to their being unable to catch fish; but having, from the wreck of the *Charles*, procured fishing tackle, and caught enough to load a camel, and buried in the sand all the articles which they had procured from the wreck, they prepared to depart for the interior: for this purpose they divided the prisoners; Adams, the mate, and a seaman of the name of Newsham, were placed with about twenty Moors, (men, women, and children,) having four camels, three of which were laden with water, the fourth with fish and baggage; the average rate of travelling was about fifteen miles a day, the route easterly, inclining to the southward, across a desert, sandy plain. At the end of thirty days, during which they had not seen a human being, they came to a place where there were several tents, and a pool of water surrounded by a few shrubs;—this was the first water they had met with since quitting the coast.

They remained here about a month, in the course of which John Stevens, a Portuguese lad, arrived in charge of a Moor: the mate and Newsham were then sent away with a party to the northward; while Adams and Stevens were compelled to join a party of eighteen Moors on an expedition to a place called Soudenny, for the purpose of procuring negro slaves; twelve other Moors joined them on the road; their route was about S. S. E. the rate about 15 to 20 miles a day. The well where they expected to find water being quite dry, they mixed their small remaining stock with their camel's urine. In about fourteen days they came within two days' journey of Soudenny; here the surface of the country began to be hilly, and some stunted trees to appear.

Soudenny is a small negro village having near it grass, shrubs, and water; the huts were of clay, with roofs of sticks laid flat and  
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also covered with clay. The Moors lay in wait on the hills, and seized upon a woman with a child in her arms, and two boys; but were themselves soon after surrounded by a large party of armed Negroes, taken prisoners, and driven into the village. The governor was an ugly Negro of the name of Mahamoud, who ordered them to be imprisoned within a mud wall about six feet high, from which, Adams says, they could easily have escaped, had not the Moors been a cowardly set.

The dress of the Negroes was a blue nankin frock; that of the chief was distinguished by some gold work on the shoulder like an epaulette; they were armed with bows and arrows, with which they practised shooting at small marks of clay, and generally hit them at fifteen or twenty yards distance.

Departing from this place, they proceeded easterly ten days, at the rate of from 15 to 20 miles a day; the Moors conceiving they were going to execution, endeavoured to escape, upon which fourteen were put to death at the village where they had now arrived; and to strike terror into the rest, the head of one of them was hung round the neck of a camel for three days, until it became so putrid that they were obliged to remove it. The Negroes of this village wore gold rings in their ears, and through the cartilage of the nose. From this place shaping their course to the northward of East, and quickening their pace to 20 miles a day, they reached Tombuctoo in fifteen days.

The Moors were immediately thrown into prison; but Adams and the Portuguese boy were taken to the king's house and kept there as curiosities. The king's name was Woollo, the queen's Fatima, both very old grey-headed Negroes. Their palace, built of clay and grass, consisted of eight or ten small rooms on the ground floor, surrounded by a clay wall, enclosing a space of about half an acre. At the end of six months a party of Moors came to Tombuctoo, and ransomed their countrymen, together with Adams and the boy, for five camel loads of tobacco, except about fifty pounds which was afterwards given for a man slave. Adams and the boy continued all the time at the palace, where they were treated with great kindness, and he believes, from the uncommon degree of curiosity which they excited, that the people of Tombuctoo had never seen a white man before. They walked about the town and as far as two miles south of it. He heard no mention here of the Joliba, though he recollects to have heard it afterwards at Wed-noon; but a large river flows close by Tombuctoo, which is called by the Negroes La Mar Zarrah, the course of which is from the north-eastward; it is about three quarters of a mile wide, and has little current; the water is brackish, but it is used by the natives. The canoes upon it are made of the trunks of fig trees hollowed out,  
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about ten feet long, and capable of carrying three persons. They are mostly used in fishing; the fish caught is chiefly a kind of red mullet, and a larger fish of a reddish colour, not unlike a salmon.

Adams supposes Tombuctoo to cover about as much ground as Lisbon; the houses are low and square, built of sticks, clay, and grass; their furniture earthen jars, wooden bowls, and grass mats on which the people sleep. He observed no stone buildings, no walls, nor fortifications. The population consists wholly of Negroes; the only Moors he saw were those who came to ransom the prisoners; but armed caravans of these people are said to arrive there for the purposes of trade, bringing tobacco, tar, gunpowder, blue nankins, blankets, earthen jars, and some silks, and taking back, in exchange, gold dust, ivory, gum, cowries, ostrich feathers, and goat skins.

The dress of the queen was a short shirt of blue nankin, edged with gold lace, reaching a few inches only below the knee, and brought close to the body by a belt of the same material; that of the other females was of the same short fashion, and having no under garments, they might, when sitting, for the purposes of decency, just as well have had no covering. The queen wore a blue nankin turban, ear-rings of gold, and necklaces sometimes of gold and sometimes of beads. The king also wore a blue nankin frock, with gold epaulettes, and a turban, but was generally bare-headed. The natives are a stout, healthy race; they grease themselves all over to make the skin smooth and shining; both sexes make incisions in their faces and stain them of a blue colour. Some of the women had brass rings on their fingers marked with letters, but Adams could not tell whether Roman or Arabic. He did not observe that they had any form of worship; they never met together for the purpose of prayer; indeed they had no place of worship that he could discover, nor any priests. Their physicians are old women, and their remedies herbs and roots. They are fond of music and dancing; their instruments are a pipe of reeds, a sort of tambourine covered with goat-skin, which, when struck, makes a jarring sound; and a guitar, made of cocoa-nut shells and thongs of goat-skin.

Slaves are very common and very cheap. Once a month parties of armed men go out to scour the country for them:—the greatest number that he ever saw brought in at one time was about twenty, and he understood they were taken from Bambarra; they were chiefly women and children. Criminals are sometimes condemned to slavery by the king; but during his six months residence at Tombuctoo, he did not see or hear of any individual being put to death.

The fruits of Tombuctoo are cocoa-nuts, dates, figs, pine apples, and a sweet fruit about the size of an apple; the leaves resemble those

those of a peach tree; being scarce, it is preserved for the use of the royal family: carrots, turnips, sweet potatoes, negro beans, rice, and guinea corn, are the chief articles of cultivation. Of the latter when bruised they make a kind of bargoo, which is mixed with goat's milk—the flesh of the goat is the principal article of animal food.

The tame quadrupeds are cows, goats, asses, camels, dromedaries, a small camel called *heirie*, dogs, and rabbits; the wild ones, elephants, antelopes, wolves, baboons, foxes, porcupines, and a large species of rat which frequents the river. He never saw either lions, tigers, or wild cats, yet the roaring of such beasts of prey was heard every night in the neighbouring mountains. He knows nothing either of hippopotami or alligators.

The party that left Tombuctoo consisted of the ten Moorish traders, fourteen Moorish prisoners, (quere *sixteen*?) Adams, the Portuguese boy, and a slave; they had five camels with them. They skirted the river for about ten days, at the rate of from fifteen to eighteen miles a day, in an easterly direction, inclining to the northward. On the last day they loaded their camels with water, and then striking off in a northerly direction, travelled twelve or thirteen days at about the same pace. They saw a number of antelopes, rabbits, foxes, and wolves, and a bird somewhat larger than a fowl which the Moors call a Jizé (*Djez*, Arab. for the common fowl). Few trees were seen, but the soil was covered with shrubs and a low kind of grass like moss. The only persons they met after leaving the river were Negroes, carrying salt to Tombuctoo, ten or twelve every day, with dromedaries, camels, and asses. At the end of thirteen days they arrived at Tudený (Taudenny), a large village inhabited by Moors and Negroes, in which were four wells of very excellent water. Here were beds of salt, which both Moors and Negroes came from all quarters to purchase. These beds were about five or six feet deep, and about thirty yards in circumference; the salt was taken up in hard lumps mixed with earth.

Here the Moors staid fourteen days to refresh themselves. They sold one of their camels for a small ass and two-sacks of dates, and having loaded the four remaining camels with the dates, flour, and water, they set out to cross the desert in a north-westerly direction. It took them nine and twenty days, during which they did not meet a human being. The ass died of fatigue, was cut up, and, when dried in the sun, afforded them a seasonable supply of food, without which they must have been in danger of starving. Their water ran short, and they had yet ten days to travel before they could hope for a supply; they mixed, therefore, what remained with camel's urine, of which each camel had about a quart for the whole  
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ten days, and each man about half a pint a day. Five of the Moors were left on the sands, three of whom died immediately; and though the other two were within a day's march of their town, neither of them ever made his appearance, and Adams doubts not they both perished.

At Vled Duleim, (Woled D'leim,) a tented village of Moors, who had numerous flocks of sheep and goats, Adams and his companion were employed to take care of these animals, which they continued to do for ten or eleven months, exposed to a scorching sun, in a state of almost utter nakedness,—the miseries of their situation aggravated by despair of ever being released from slavery. The flocks being large, they sometimes ventured to kill a kid, and, to prevent detection, buried the ashes of the fire with which they dressed it in the sand. Adams at length remonstrated with his master, whose name was Hamet Laubed, who frankly told him it was his intention to keep them. Upon this Adams determined to neglect his duty; the foxes killed several of the young kids, and he suffered a severe beating for it; he still, however, persisted in remaining idle in the tent, and it was debated therefore whether they should put him to death, or sell him to another tribe; in the mean time, his master's wife having asked him if he would take a camel with a couple of skins to fetch water from a distant well, he signified his consent.

Determined to attempt his escape, he passed the well, and proceeded towards a place called Wadinoon (Wed-noon): he travelled about twenty miles, when the camel lay down with fatigue, and Adams lay by its side. Next morning he proceeded, and soon perceived a smoke. Ascending a small hill he observed forty or fifty tents, and, on looking round, two camels coming after him, with a rider on each. Being greatly alarmed, he pushed on, and coming near the place, he observed about a hundred Moors with their faces turned to the east, in the act of prayer: he asked the name of the place; they told him Hilla Gibla. The two camels now arrived, and Adams observed that one carried his master, and the other the owner of the camel on which he rode.

His master claimed him as his slave; but Adams said he would rather die than return; that he had broken his promise in not sending him to Mogadore; and the chief of Hilla Gibla (el Kabla) having heard both sides, was favourably disposed towards Adams; and offered his master a bushel of dates and a camel for him; the offer, after some altercation, was accepted, and Adams became the slave of Mahomet.

Mahomet had two wives, dwelling in separate tents; one an old woman, the other young. Adams's employ was to take care of the old lady's goats. A few days only had elapsed when Isha (Aisha), the young wife, proposed that he should also take charge of her goats,

goats, for which she would pay him. On finding the promised reward delayed, he remonstrated, upon which Aisha proposed to settle the matter at night in her tent; Mahomet, it seems, so far giving the preference to his old woman, that he dedicated two nights to her, and only one to the younger. The arrangement was soon made, and Adams had a good supper and lodging in Aisha's tent on those nights which Mahomet passed with his old wife. Matters went on thus pleasantly enough for about six months, when unluckily his master's son coming one night into the tent, discovered him, and a terrible disturbance took place: the lady protested her ignorance of Adams being there, and cried bitterly, and the old man was pacified. Not so, however, the old lady, who was not to be deceived, or thrown off her guard, by Adams keeping away from Aisha's tent for some time; for he no sooner ventured to renew his visits, than he was detected, and would probably have been beaten to death had he not made his escape into the tent of an acquaintance, who, after a great deal of negotiation with the governor, prevailed on him to dispose of the culprit for fifty dollars' worth of blankets and dates; and thus Adams became the property of Boerick, a Moorish trader.

Boerick set out the next day, with six men and four camels, for a place called Villa de Bourbach (Woled Aboussebâh), where they arrived in nine days; it consisted of forty or fifty tents. Here Boerick was informed by a friend, just arrived from Hieta Mouessa Ali (Aiata Mouessah Ali), that the British consul at Mogadore was in the habit of sending to Wed-noon to purchase Christian prisoners; that there were then some at Wed-noon; and that he would take Adams and sell him to the consul on his (Boerick's) account. This being agreed to they set out, and arrived in six days at a place called Villa Adrialla, inhabited entirely by traders, who had at least 500 camels, a great number of goats and sheep, and a few horses, all of which were tended by negro slaves. In three days more they reached Aiata Mouessah Ali, consisting of not less than a hundred tents; here was also a little brook, the only one Adams had seen except that at Soudenny.

Having remained here a month, with no prospect of departing, Adams, after making inquiry as to the direction and distance of Wed-noon, and spurred on by the intelligence which he had gained of Christians being there, determined to desert. He was, however, overtaken the second day, and brought back; soon afterwards, however, Abdallah and his party proceeded to Wed-noon, which they reached in five days.

Wed-noon is a small town, consisting of about forty houses, and some tents; the soil better cultivated than any which Adams had yet seen, and the produce chiefly corn and tobacco; there were also dates

and fig trees, and a few grapes, apples, pears, and pomegranates. Here, to his great satisfaction, he met with his old companions, Dolbie, the mate, with Davison and Williams, two of the crew of the Charles; they had been here about twelve months, and were the slaves of the governor's sons. Adams was soon disposed of to Belcassam Abdallah (Bel-Cossim Abdallah) for twenty dollars, payable in blankets, gunpowder, and dates.

There was also at Wed-noon a Frenchman, who informed Adams that he had been wrecked about twelve years before on the coast, and that all the crew except himself had been redeemed. He also told him that, about four years before, the Agezuma (Montezuma), from Liverpool, commanded by Captain Harrison, had been wrecked, and the captain and nearly the whole of the crew murdered. This man had turned Mahomedan, had a wife and child and three slaves, and gained a good living by making gunpowder: Adams saw him pounding brimstone in a wooden mortar, and grinding charcoal, as they do grain, between two stones.

Among the slaves at Wed-noon was a woman who came from a place called Kanno, a long way to the southward of the desert: this woman said that she had seen in her own country some white men, as white as *bather* (meaning the wall); they were in a large boat, with two high sticks in it having cloth upon them, and they rowed the boat differently from the custom of the negroes, who use paddles; and she made the motion of rowing with oars, so as to leave no doubt that she had seen a vessel fitted in the European fashion, and manned by white people.

At this place Adams was employed in agricultural labours, which were very severe. The Moorish sabbath being also market-day, was a day of rest to the Christian slaves: it was the only day in which they could meet and converse together; and Adams had the melancholy consolation of finding that the lot of his companions had been even more severe than his own. One sabbath day Hameda Belcassam, his master's son, ordered Adams to take the horse and go to plough, but he refused on the plea of its being the slaves' holiday; upon which Hameda struck him on the forehead with a cutlass, and in return Adams knocked him down with his fist: he was instantly surrounded by Moors, who beat him with sticks till the blood gushed out of his mouth; two of his double teeth were knocked out, and he was almost killed, which would probably have been the case, but for the interference of Boadick, the sheik's son, who said they had no right to compel him to work on a market-day. The father and mother of Hameda then told Adams that unless he would kiss their son's feet and hands, he should be put in irons; but he replied that, happen what would, he could never consent to it, as it was 'contrary to his religion.'

religion.' His feet and hands were therefore fastened together with iron chains. He remained for some weeks in this state, during which the most dreadful threats were used to induce him to submit, but to no purpose. His sufferings having reduced him almost to a skeleton, his master determined on selling him, to prevent, by his death, a total loss; and he was therefore released.

Soon after this, Dolbie, the mate, grew sick and unable to work, upon which Brahim, a son of the sheik, beat him with a stick; and, in consequence of his remonstrances at this cruelty, stabbed him in the side with a dagger, and he died in a few minutes: he was then thrown into a hole without ceremony. About this time the fortitude of Williams and Davison gave way to the brutal treatment of the Moors, and they unhappily consented to renounce their religion, and thus obtain their liberty by submitting to the rites of the Mahomedan faith; after which they were presented with a horse, a musket, and a blanket, and permitted to take Moorish wives. Adams, being now the only Christian at Wed-noon, had become, in a more especial manner, an object of derision and persecution; and his life was beginning to be intolerable, when, only three days after Williams and Davison had renounced their religion, a letter was received from Mr. Joseph Dupuis, British consul at Mogadore, addressed, under cover to the governor, to the Christian prisoners at Wed-noon, exhorting them to withstand all attempts to make them give up their religion, and assuring them that within a month he should be able to procure their liberty. Davison heard the letter apparently without emotion; but Williams became so agitated, that he let it drop out of his hands, and burst into a flood of tears. In about a month, the man who brought the letter, a servant of the British consul under the disguise of a trader, told Adams that he had succeeded in procuring his release; and the next day they set out together for Mogadore.

They travelled together for fourteen or fifteen days, over a country more thickly inhabited and better cultivated than any which Adams had yet seen. At Agadeer they entered the Emperor of Morocco's dominions, where the governor told him that he had been among savages, and not subjects of the emperor; but that he was now perfectly safe, and would experience nothing but good treatment. On the fifth day after this they discovered from a hill the town of Mogadore beneath them, and square-rigged vessels lying in the harbour, 'the sight of which,' says Adams, 'I can no otherwise describe than by saying, I felt as if a new life had been given to me.' They first went to the governor, who sent them to Mr. Dupuis. 'Never,' says Adams, 'shall I forget the kindness of this good gentleman, who seemed to study how to make me comfortable and happy.' He remained with Mr. Dupuis eight months,

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who frequently interrogated him as to the places where he had been, and advised him to go to England to give an account of his travels; but England and America being at war, he declined going on board an English vessel. Mr. Dupuis therefore sent him, under the protection of two Moorish soldiers, to Tangier, where Mr. Simpson, the American consul, procured him a passage to Cadiz, where he arrived on the 17th May, 1814; three years and seven months after he had been wrecked in the *Charles*; during which, notwithstanding the severity of his treatment, confinement in irons, and all the hardships he underwent, he never was sick a single day.

He remained at Cadiz about fourteen months in the service of Mr. Hall, an English merchant; but the moment that peace was restored between England and America, he went in a cartel to Gibraltar, and from thence in a Welsh brig to Bristol; in the passage from thence to Liverpool, they were obliged to put into Holyhead, where Adams fell sick, and was put on shore. From this place he begged his way to London, where he arrived about the middle of October last, completely destitute; slept two or three nights in the open streets, when a gentleman accidentally met him as already related, who recognized him as the late servant of Mr. Hall, and sent him to the African Committee.

The narrative, drawn up as we have stated, was read at the Secretary of State's Office for the Colonies, before Lord Bathurst, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Joseph Banks, and several other gentlemen, in presence of Adams, who was questioned respecting the parts of Africa which he had visited. The impression made by this examination, as to the general truth of the narrative, (though some objections, it seems, were taken to particular points,) was so favourable that the Lords of the Treasury ordered a gratuity to the poor man, to enable him to proceed to America.

A few days after this, Adams underwent a second examination, at the house of Sir Joseph Banks, by some of the most distinguished literary characters of the age; but the narrative was not read; and as the poor illiterate sailor had never heard of the name of Park or the Niger, knew nothing of the Joliba, and gave very unlearned answers to questions about cocoa-nuts and elephants' tusks, his want of information on some points, and of accuracy on others, seemed to imply, in the minds of some present, a want of veracity.

Although the impression was less favourable than that made on the gentlemen who attended the first examination, the Editor was so strongly convinced of the truth of the narrative, that he resolved to send it to the press, unsupported at it was by any external evidence, for the double purpose of gratifying public curiosity and of being useful to Adams, who had now left England for his native country.

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At this moment an opportunity unexpectedly presented itself of putting the veracity of Adams to a decisive test. Mr. Dupuis, the British Vice Consul at Mogadore, the very person to whose interference Adams had stated that he owed his release, arrived in England. At the request of the Editor, this gentleman read over the narrative, made notes upon it, and corroborated the leading circumstances which had been related by Adams, almost to the very letter of the narrative; and we can venture to state that Mr. Dupuis is a gentleman of the strictest veracity, sensible, well informed, and a perfect Arabic scholar; highly respected by those naval officers who have been on service upon the coast of Africa and upon the Gibraltar station, to most of whom he is personally known: his notes, therefore, which are nearly as extensive as the Narrative, will be read with interest, and may be consulted with advantage.

It only remains for us to notice a few of the objections which were supposed to invalidate the truth of Adams's narrative: they relate chiefly to his miraculous account of some objects of natural history, and his erroneous statements with regard to others—the miserable state in which he represented Tombuctoo, and its being the residence of a Negro sovereign instead of a Mussulman—his description of a great river, La Mar Zarrah, flowing close by it to the south-westward—and lastly, his almost total ignorance of the negro language.

With regard to some erroneous statements made by Adams respecting well known objects in natural history,—far from fastidiously rejecting the apology offered by his ingenious editor—we are fully inclined to agree with him, that ‘it would be dealing rather unreasonably with a rude sailor, cast upon the wilds of Africa, to expect that he should, in that situation, whilst every thing was strange and new around him, minutely observe, or, at long intervals, afterwards, correctly describe, the plants or animals which he had an opportunity of seeing; and it would be unjust, indeed, to make his accuracy on these points the standard of his veracity.’

Among the vegetables of Tombuctoo he mentions dates, pine-apples and cocoa-nuts, none of which are supposed, by naturalists, to be produced in the interior of Africa. The editor, however, shews that Park met with dates in Soudan; first at Gangadi, near the Senegal, above Galam, where he ‘observed a number of date trees’; and secondly dates were part of the food set before him by the Foulah shepherd, on the northern confines of Bambarra. Park, it is true, did not meet with the pine-apple, nor the sugar-cane, nor the coffee plant; yet the two former are common enough upon the gold coast and the Bight of Benin, and the latter

is produced in great plenty in Abyssinia. But (say they) the cocoa-nut tree has never been known to flourish in any other situation than near the sea-shore. It is true, the common cocoa-nut affects a sandy soil contiguous to the sea; but would not a sandy soil contiguous to a salt lake or marsh in the interior, be equally congenial to its habits? or, are we arrived at that degree of botanical science as to assert positively that there exists, among the numerous palms, but one species of cocoa-nut tree? Mr. Dupuis says, 'I do not recollect to have heard dates or pine-apples mentioned by any of the natives of Barbary, who have visited Tombuctoo; but I have heard that both figs and cocoa-nuts grow there.' We have another testimony to offer in favour of inland cocoa-nuts. The native Congo-man, Benjamin, employed on the expedition to that part of Africa, and who was born seven or eight hundred miles up the river, told Captain Tuckey that the principal articles of the food of the inhabitants consisted of broad-tailed sheep, goats, Guinea corn and *cocoa-nuts*. It was quite clear; however, that Adams, who had only traded between New York and Lisbon, was totally unacquainted with the cocoa-nut tree; and though he might have seen the *nut*, yet, when he mentions this as a domestic utensil, and as forming the head of one of their musical instruments, he may have mistaken the shell of the gourd or calabash for this nut, especially as the former is common in every part of Africa: we are inclined, however, to consider his statement as correct.

In saying that the negroes of Tombuctoo have no horses, Adams only confirms the assertion of Leo Africanus, who said the same thing when this kingdom was under the dominion of the Mahomedans. Mr. Dupuis has no doubt of his being correct, as the same opinion prevails among the Moors of Barbary, who, in deriding their negro slaves, frequently use a proverbial expression, that 'God, who had blessed the Moors with horses, had cursed the Negroes with asses.' Great doubts however were entertained, on Adams's examination, of the existence of the animal of the camel tribe, which he mentions under the name of *heirie*; yet his description agrees in a remarkable manner with that of the *raguahl*, as described by Leo Africanus; and that given by Pennant, in his *Zoology*, accords with it still more minutely. 'There are varieties among the camels; what is called the dromedary, *haiary*, and *ragual*, is very swift. The latter has a less hunch, is much inferior in size, never carries burdens, but is used to ride on.' Leo says, that this species of camel will go a hundred miles a day, for ten days together, with very little food, and that they are employed by the *king of Tombuctoo* to carry expresses. Of the existence

istence of this animal there cannot indeed remain a doubt, for Mr. Dupuis says he *saw* one of them at Mogadore, brought as a present for the Emperor of Morocco; and Mr. Jackson speaks of them as animals much esteemed, but by no means uncommon.

Adams describes an elephant hunt, at which he was present, near Tombuctoo. The animal was pursued by a negro, mounted on a *heirie*, who, on riding past him, discharged a small arrow, about a foot long, the point of which had been steeped in a liquid of a black colour, and which struck the elephant near the shoulder. Three days afterwards it was found lying on the ground in a dying state, about a mile from the spot where it was wounded. Adams thinks it was twenty feet high, and the legs as thick as his body. Unfortunately, however, for the accuracy of his observation, this elephant, he says, had *four* tusks, the two largest of which were about five feet long; nor was this the only anomaly which this creature exhibited. On being examined at Sir Joseph Banks's, on the subject of the four tusks, he said, in answer to a question put to him, that they all grew out of the lower jaw. Many of those who were present concluded from this single circumstance, perhaps too hastily, that he was an impostor; though the pertinacious manner in which he maintained his opinion, was a proof rather of his ignorance. The manner of hunting elephants, as described by Adams, is that which is commonly practised in most parts of Soudan, as Mr. Dupuis had learned from traders; and the poisonous liquid, into which the negroes of Tombuctoo dip their arrows, appears to be the same which, as the editor observes, Park describes the Mandingoes to use for a similar purpose. 'The poison, which is very deadly, is prepared from a shrub called *kooma*, (a species of *echites*,) the leaves of which, when boiled in a small quantity of water, yield a thick, black juice.' We know that the Bosjesmen of southern Africa kill elephants, buffalos, rhinoceroses, hippopotami, and all the huge animals to be met with in that country, with small arrows of twelve or fourteen inches long, the points of which are dipped in poison, and that they watch the wounded creature, sometimes for days together, till he falls. With regard to the extraordinary height of the animal, as stated by Adams, we do not consider it as at all prejudicial to the general veracity of the narrative. Men, even of educated minds, frequently speak of the magnitude of objects in a loose and vague manner, especially when their recollection may have been called to such of them as, at the time of viewing them, were not regarded with particular attention. How many of our travelled dilettanti would venture to state, from recollection, the dimensions of the arch of Septimius Severus? nay, to come nearer home, of the many thousand people who daily pass under Temple-bar, how

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many would be able to give a tolerable guess at the height of the arch, or the distance between the key stone and the top of the superstructure? Adams did not see the elephant while alive nearer than at the distance of three quarters of a mile; it was the first beast of the kind that he ever saw; and we think, with the editor, it is by no means surprizing that the sight of so huge a body for the first time, lying on the ground, should impress him with an exaggerated idea of its dimensions. With respect to the story of the *four* tusks growing in its under jaw, and of which Mr. Dupuis says, that though Adams described to him the elephant hunt, he said nothing, the editor offers the following explanation:

‘The same objects which would be full of interest to a tutored eye and would be scanned in all their parts with eager and systematic curiosity, might pass almost unobserved before the vague and indifferent glance of an uncultivated individual like Adams; and his recollection of them, if he recollected them at all, would only extend to a rude and indistinct idea of their general appearance. The details in the text leave no room to doubt that it was an elephant which Adams saw; and with respect to the teeth, it must not be forgotten, that he was questioned about them, apparently *for the first time*, more than four years after he saw the animal. If his observation of it might be expected to be vague and indistinct even at first, it would not be very extraordinary that his recollection of it, after so long an interval, should be far from accurate; and we cannot feel much surprize that, though he remembered that the animal *had* teeth, he should not be very well able to recollect whether it had *two* or *four*;’—(Note, p. 108.)

But the most extraordinary animal in the neighbourhood of Tombuctoo yet remains to be described. It is called *courcoo*, and resembles a large dog, with short pointed ears and a short tail. It ascends trees with great agility, and gathers cocoa-nuts, which Adams supposes to be a part of its food; but it devours goats and even young children; *it has an opening or hollow on its back like a pocket, in which it carries its prey*. He saw this strange animal but once, and then not nearer than thirty or forty yards, when it was carrying off a branch of cocoa-nut with its fruit, which seemed to lie on its back: but the negroes told him about the pouch and the use of it.

We have now given the whole of what may be considered as the marvellous part of the narrative; and when it is recollected that it has never been considered as an impeachment of the general testimony of the two faithful and accurate narrators, Marco Polo and Robert Knox, that the one talks gravely of mountains moving across the plains, and of travellers being fascinated in the desert, and drawn to their destruction by the music of invisible Syrens; and that the other *heard* the devil roaring in the woods of Candy,—we do not think that the *four-tusked elephant*, or even the *courcoo* with

with the pouch on its back, are sufficient to affect the general accuracy of Adams's narrative; but ought rather to be considered as the mistakes of inattention or ignorance.

The meanness of the hovels that compose the mass of buildings in Tombuctoo, is precisely that state in which we always understood the buildings of this city to be, and corresponds, in fact, with the description given of it in the height of its prosperity; for Leo Africanus says, in his account of Tombuctoo, '*le case sono capanne, fatte di pali, coperte di creta coi cortivi di paglia*;' he mentions, it is true, a stone temple and other buildings of the Mahomedans, while Adams saw only a large collection of mud huts and hovels, spreading over a wide surface of ground, and extending a considerable way along the bank of the river; not so much perhaps for mutual protection, for it is open on all sides, as for the convenience of a rendezvous for the Moors of Morocco to carry on their commerce with the Negroes of Soudan. This commerce, it appears from Mr. Dupuis' statement, has for many years past been diverted into a new channel, which will sufficiently explain the miserable appearance of the place, and the absence of the Moors: at present, the whole number of the Emperor of Morocco's subjects that cross the Desert annually do not, he assures us, amount to one hundred, who set out from the northern side of the Desert in September, for the sake of obtaining water; whereas Adams left Tombuctoo in June, and consequently could not see the annual caravan from the northward. The new channel in which the trade with Soudan now flows, is through a general annual market held in *Hamet a Mousa*, a small independent state of *Shilluhs*, lying (as described by Adams) in the lower Suse on the southern confines of the emperor of Morocco's dominions. The chief, *Cid Hesham*, is the descendant of *Cidi Hamet a Mousa*, a reputed modern saint, whose tomb is resorted to by religious Mussulmen from all parts of north Barbary and the Desert. The sanctuary and the market are within the small territory of this chief, who himself presides during the market days, to preserve order and tranquillity. He has opened an extensive trade with Soudan for gums, cottons, and ostrich feathers, ivory, gold dust, and slaves; and Mr. Dupuis has heard that the traders of Barbary can purchase at *Hamet a Mousa* the produce of Soudan cheaper than they can import it themselves across the Desert.

These Shilluhs are represented as a race distinct from the Arabs, having a different dress, customs, and language; their houses are of stone, built on eminences, and fortified; the country is fertile, producing fruits and vegetables, barley and wheat: their sheep, goats, and camels are of the finest breed, and are much esteemed at Mogadore.

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The dominion of Tombut, it would appear, has passed from the Moors to the Negroes; the great mass of the population, like the rest of Soudan, was always Negro; and the Mahomedans, since the foundation of the city by Mense Suleiman, in the year of the Hegira 610, held the sovereignty solely by the sword. Mr. Dupuis is confident that the present king of Tombuctoo is neither an Arab nor a Mahomedan; and it may be remarked, that in the year 1800, according to Jackson, he is described as a black, and named Woollo. The common ceremony of circumcision among the Negroes, which Adams observed, proves nothing; it is no more a religious rite here than among the Caffres, the Boshuanas, the Mosambiquers, the Papuans, and other islanders of the Australasian Sea, who almost universally practise this operation. Park's information as to the sovereignty of the Mahomedans at Tombuctoo is too vague to be depended on. As the Editor justly observes, Park was in no situation to obtain correct information concerning this city—all he collected was in the course of one single night which he passed at Silla,—a night to him of sickness and sorrow—among a people whose language he could not understand,—a people on whose information, even when understood, no dependence could be placed, as, by Park's own account of them, 'they contradicted each other in the most important particulars.'

Adams, as we have said, knew nothing of, and consequently made no inquiries about, Park while at Tombuctoo, nor had he the least suspicion that the curious relation of the negro slave, incidentally told at Wed-noon, might have a reference to this unfortunate traveller and his companions. The large boat with two sticks, and pieces of cloth upon them, together with the motion of the oars, so totally different from any thing *African* that ever floated on the Niger, could not have been imagined by a slave from *Kanno*, or *Cano*, (by which is undoubtedly meant *Ghana*, of which country Mr. Dupuis has seen slaves at Mogadore, brought thither from Tombuctoo,) and answers precisely to the *schooner-rigged Joliba* in which Park departed from Sansanding. The distance between the two places is not 1000 miles, and the time between his departure from the latter and his death, as related by Isaaco, was *four months*, which, at nine or ten miles a day, would have carried him as far as Ghana. The journal of Isaaco, and the story of Amadou Fatima, are inconsistent and improbable, and have no single circumstance for the veracity of either of them to stand upon but the *belt*, of which one or the other of these worthies may have accidentally got possession before Park's departure from Sansanding. That he is still alive a reasonable hope can hardly be entertained; though we understand such a hope is still cherished by some part of his family,

mily, and more particularly by his son, a fine youth glowing with ardour for the period of life when he shall be judged capable to launch into the heart of Africa, like another Telemachus, in search of his lost father. In the mean time, the expedition of Major Reddie *down* the Niger, and of Captain Tuckey *up* the Congo, will, it is to be hoped, throw some clearer light than we have yet received on this interesting subject.

Neither did Adams, while at Tombuctoo, hear any mention of the Joliba; how should he? that river being known to the natives only by the name of *Jin* or *Guin*; but he *saw* a very considerable river flowing close past the city *to the westward*, which he understood to be called La Mar Zarab. Mr. Dupuis suspects that it should be *El Bahar Sahara*, the river of the Desert, and that it is the same which is called by the traders of Barbary by the several names of *Wed-nile*, *Bahar-nile*, or *Bahar-abide*: its situation, he says, corresponds with that mentioned by Adams; being at a very short distance from the town, and pursuing its course through fertile countries on the east and south-east borders of the Desert—but he adds that the course of the stream is *to the eastward*.

Now we cannot help thinking that Mr. Dupuis must have misunderstood the traders, or that the latter misstated the fact, and that the *Wed-nile*, *Bahar-nile*, and *Bahar-abide* refer to the main stream of the Niger itself, (these being the names by which it is known to the Arabs,) and not to that branch of it which passes to the eastward of Tombuctoo; nor do we think it probable that the negroes should call it by the Arabic name of *El Bahar Sahara*. To our ears (for *we* also had an opportunity of questioning Adams) he pronounced the name *Lamar Zair*, and we believe that in the negro language of central and southern Africa, the word *Zair* applied to a river, has pretty nearly the same import that *Bahar* and *Neel* have in the northern parts—thus the *Zair* (or Congo) means only the great water, or river. If we conceive it to be derived from the Arabic, it will signify *rough, rapid, turbulent*, a character which the stream in question may very well be supposed to have, where Adams tells us it narrows to the southward of the town in approaching the mountains; and this change in the surface may, at the same time, change its direction, and give it a turn towards the east in joining the Niger at Kabra, the port of Tombuctoo; which, according to Leo Africanus, is twelve miles distant from it. This early writer, who was himself at Tombuctoo, states distinctly that the river *flows to the west* by Tombuctoo, and in this he is supported by Edrissi and Abulfeda; nor do we think that his testimony is in the least invalidated, by his having assigned erroneous positions to Ghana and Melli, as it does not appear that he ever was at either of these places himself, and may have received incorrect

incorrect information respecting them ; besides, it was natural enough for him to conclude that these countries lay to the westward, when he saw, perhaps sailed on board of, (*noi navigammo*) vessels proceeding from Tombuctoo *down the stream to the westward*. Without entering into a critical examination of the confused and apparently contradictory statements of this early traveller, we conceive that we shall be borne out in this conclusion, that *Leo* never meant to say, from his own personal knowledge, that the Niger flowed to the west, though he might have understood so from others ; that the river he describes flowing in that direction is not the Niger, but the branch of that river near which, he tells us, Tombuctoo is built, at the distance of twelve miles from the Niger ; for the expression ' *vicina al un ramo del Niger circa a dodeci miglia*,' can only bear this construction, especially when compared with a subsequent passage in which he says that *Cabra*, on the Niger, is twelve miles from Tombuctoo. It is mentioned in the proceedings of the African Association, that the river of Kassina or Kashna has its course *to the westward*, and that it passes on to Tombuctoo. The account then which Adams gives of that branch of the Niger flowing to the westward, in its passage by Tombuctoo, is not inconsistent with former relations ; neither is it at variance with probability. Nothing is more common than to meet with rivers varying their courses through almost every point of the compass ; and there are probably very few of the larger rivers that have not some of their branches taking nearly an opposite direction to that of the main trunks into which they ultimately fall ; the Indus, for example, runs in a southerly direction for many hundred miles, while the course of one of its principal branches is directly to the northward.

With regard to the *name* of this river, the editor observes, and it is worthy of remark, that the Spanish geographer Marmol, who describes himself to have passed twenty years of warfare and slavery in Africa, about the middle of the sixteenth century, mentions the river *Lahamar* as a branch of the Niger, and adds that its waters are muddy and unpalatable, like those of the Lamar Zair as described by Adams.

After all, there is something very mysterious with regard to the course, and other circumstances, of the Niger, even in the neighbourhood of Tombuctoo. We are quite certain of its easterly course as far as Silla ; but beyond this point we meet with nothing but confused and contradictory statements. That it either does, or can, flow out of the lake Dobbie, so as to form, by its two arms, the great island of Jimbala or Guinbala, as reported to Park ; and represented on the chart of Major Rennell, and all other charts subsequently published, is contrary to the nature of things, and, of course,

course, contrary to the fact—at least the assumption approximates so nearly to a physical impossibility as to warrant this conclusion. We may venture, indeed, to assert that there is no instance within the scope of our present geographical knowledge, of two great streams flowing out of two different corners of the same lake; on the hypothesis of the level of the two outlets being balanced at the first formation of the lake, one of them in the course of time would so far exceed the other in the width and depth of its channel, as to carry off all the water required to be discharged. The suggestion of the Editor that *one* of the branches represented as flowing out of the lake, may be the Lamar Zair flowing *into* it; is a more tenable proposition; though we have very little doubt of this branch joining the Niger at Kabra.

To the termination of the Niger in the great sea, lake, or swamp of Wangara, we also conceive there exists a physical objection of very considerable weight. It has been found that all inland seas or lakes, that have no outlet, are invariably salt; this must necessarily be the case from the accumulation of the saline particles of the soil which have for ages been washed down by the rivers that feed them; but Edrissi and the other Arabian authorities state the waters of Wangara to be *fresh water lakes*. Were they, indeed, *salt*, the neighbouring countries would not have occasion to send for that article to Tombuctoo, nor would the natives of this latter place be under the necessity of sending for it to the mines in the desert. The saltiness or freshness then of the lakes of the Niger will be a decisive test of the termination or continuance of that river; and it is to be hoped that Major Peddie (should he ever reach this point, which we very much doubt) will be sufficiently aware of this circumstance, and thus avoid the imminent hazard of launching upon them at a season when they are full, should the water be found to be *salt*; or push on with confidence, if *fresh*, in the certainty of finding an outlet, which in all human probability will lead to some part of the western coast of South Africa, and, if we may hazard a conjecture, to that, in preference to all others, where the Zair or Congo discharges its immense volume of water into the Southern Atlantic.

It is quite clear that Adams either acquired very little of the Negro language, during his residence at Tombuctoo, or forgot, in his long slavery and sufferings, what he had acquired. Some of the words in the short specimen given in the Narrative are Arabic. It is probable, indeed, that there is a mixture of the two languages, at a place which may be considered as the frontier of two adjoining countries, and of which the government was vested in one nation, while the population consisted of another. Mr. Dupuis was satisfied that he did know something of the Negro language, as he frequently

frequently held conversations with the slaves at Mogadore; more especially with a young negro, who, he says, used to visit his house on purpose to see Adams, and to converse with him about his own country, where he often assured Mr. Dupuis Adams had been. On his first arrival at Mogadore Adams spoke a mixture of Arabic and broken English, or Arabic only, the latter with the pronunciation of a negro. 'Like most other Christians,' says Mr. Dupuis, 'after a long captivity and severe treatment among the Arabs, he appeared at first exceedingly stupid and insensible; and he scarcely spoke to any one;' and ten or twelve days elapsed before his faculties appeared to be restored. Mr. Dupuis draws a melancholy picture of the effects of the brutal treatment which Christian slaves receive from the Arabs: 'on the first arrival of these unfortunate men at Mogadore, if they have been any considerable time in slavery, they appear lost to reason and feeling, their spirits broken, and their faculties sunk in a species of stupor which I am unable adequately to describe. Habited like the meanest Arabs of the desert, they appear degraded even below the negro slave. The succession of hardships which they endure from the caprice and tyranny of their purchasers, without any protecting law to which they can appeal for alleviation or redress, seems to destroy every spring of exertion or hope in their minds; they appear indifferent to every thing around them; abject, servile, and brutified.'—(Note 8, p. 145.)—We ought not, under such circumstances, to expect, from an illiterate sailor, much knowledge of a language which he had but six months allowed him to acquire, and that at a period of four years previous to his examination.

On the whole we conclude that no reasonable doubt can be entertained of the general accuracy of Adams's narrative. Of his slavery and sufferings among the different Moorish tribes there is internal evidence, even in the absence of the remarkable confirmation of Mr. Dupuis, by the testimony of which he is traced from the loss of the *Charles* to the Douar of El Kabla, in the depth of the desert; and from his return to this place, to Wed-noon, Mogadore, Fez, Mequinez, Tangier, and Cadiz, where he was known by the gentleman who recognized him in the streets of London. This undeniable proof of the veracity of his story, as far as regards his advance into the desert, and his return from it, gives him a fair claim on the confidence of his readers, with regard to the unsupported part of the Narrative. It leaves, we confess, on our minds, very little doubt that the town in which he dwelt with the negroes was Tombuctoo; though from the erroneous notions generally imbibed with regard to that place, and from the celebrity given to the name, (for no other reason probably than that there was no place else to celebrate near the southern confines of the desert,) we shall

shall not be surprized if his account of its huts and thatched palaces should create a multitude of unbelievers. To such we can only recommend the perusal of Mr. Dupuis' concluding note.

'I did frequently interrogate Adams when at Mogadore respecting his travels in Africa; and frequently sent for persons who had been at the places he described, in order to confront their accounts with his, and especially to ascertain the probability of his having been at Tombuctoo. Amongst these individuals was a sheik of Wed-noon, a man of great consideration in that country, who had been several times at Tombuctoo, in company with trading parties; and who, after questioning Adams very closely respecting that city and its neighbourhood, assured me *that he had no doubt he had been there*. Another Moorish trader, who was in the habit of frequenting Tombuctoo, gave me the same account. In short, it was their universal opinion, *that he must have been at the places he described, and that his account could not be a fabrication*.'—(Note 57, p. 152.)

There are two Appendices; the first containing an account of Tombuctoo, and the trade and navigation of the Niger, the substance of which is stated to have been procured on a journey to Galam, for a governor of Senegal, with comments by the editor: the second is an interesting sketch of the population of Western Barbary, as divided into the three great classes of Berrebbers, Arabs, and Moors, by Mr. Dupuis. The communications of this well-informed resident of Mogadore stamp a value on the present work, which places it on a footing with the two volumes of Park: it is accordingly printed in an uniform manner with those volumes.

ART. IX. *The Story of Rimini, a Poem*, by Leigh Hunt.  
fc. 8vo. pp. 111. London. 1816.

A CONSIDERABLE part of this poem was written in Newgate, where the author was some time confined, we believe for a libel which appeared in a newspaper, of which he is said to be the conductor. Such an introduction is not calculated to make a very favourable impression. Fortunately, however, we are as little prejudiced as possible on this subject: we have never seen Mr. Hunt's newspaper; we have never heard any particulars of his offence; nor should we have known that he had been imprisoned but for his own confession.\* We have not, indeed, ever read one line that he has written, and are alike remote from the knowledge of his errors or the influence of his private character. We are to judge him solely from the work now before us; and our criti-

\* See p. 43.



cism would be worse than uncandid if it were swayed by any other consideration.

The poem is not destitute of merit; but—and this, we confess, was our main inducement to notice it—it is written on certain pretended *principles*, and put forth as a pattern for imitation, with a degree of arrogance which imposes on us the duty of making some observations on this new theory, which Mr. Leigh Hunt, with the weight and authority of his venerable name, has issued, *ex cathedra*, as the canons of poetry and criticism.

These canons Mr. Hunt endeavours to explain and establish in a long preface, written in a style which, though Mr. Hunt implies that it is meant to be perfectly natural and unaffected, appears to us the most strange, laboured, uncouth, and unintelligible species of prose that we ever read, only indeed to be exceeded in these qualities by some of the subsequent verses; and both the prose and the verse are the first eruptions of this disease with which Mr. Leigh Hunt insists upon inoculating mankind.

Mr. Hunt's *first* canon is that there should be a *great freedom of versification*—this is a proposition to which we should have readily assented; but when Mr. Hunt goes on to say that by *freedom of versification* he means something which neither Pope nor Johnson possessed, and of which even 'they knew less than any poets perhaps who ever wrote,' we check our confidence; and, after a little consideration, find that by freedom Mr. Hunt means only an inaccurate, negligent, and harsh style of versification, which our early poets fell into from want of polish, and such poets as Mr. Hunt still practise from want of ease, of expression, and of taste.

'*License* he means, when he cries *liberty*.'

Mr. Hunt tells us that Dryden, Spenser and Ariosto, Shakspeare and Chaucer, (so he arranges them,) are the greatest masters of *modern* versification; but he, in the next few sentences, leads us to suspect that he really does not think much more reverently of these great names than of Pope and of Johnson; and that, if the whole truth were told, he is decidedly of opinion that the only good master of versification, in modern times, is—Mr. Leigh Hunt.

Dryden, Mr. Hunt thinks, is apt to be *artificial* in his style; or, in other words, he has improved the harmony of our language from the rudeness of Chaucer, whom Mr. Hunt (in a sentence which is not grammar, p. xv.) says that Dryden (though he spoke of and borrowed from him) neither relished nor understood. Spenser, he admits, was musical from pure taste, but Milton was only, as he elegantly expresses it, '*learnedly so*.' Being *learned in music*, is intelligible, and, of Milton, true; but what can Mr. Hunt mean

by

by saying that Milton had '*learnedly a musical ear*?' 'Ariosto's fine ear and *animal spirits* gave a *frank* and exquisite tone to all he said'—what does this mean?—a fine ear may, perhaps, be said to *give*, as it contributes to, an exquisite tone; but what have *animal spirits* to do here? and what, in the matter of *tunes* and *sounds*, is the effect of *frankness*? We shrewdly suspect that Mr. Hunt, with all his affectation of Italian literature, knows very little of Ariosto; it is clear that he knows nothing of Tasso. Of Shakspeare he tells us, 'that his versification escapes us because he *over-informed* it with knowledge and sentiment,' by which it appears, (as well, indeed, as by his own verses,) that this new Stagyrite thinks that good versification runs a risk of being spoiled by having *too much meaning* included in its lines.

To wind up the whole of this admirable, precise, and useful criticism by a recapitulation as useful and precise, he says, 'all these are about as different from Pope as the church organ is from the bell in the steeple, or, to give him a more decorous comparison, the song of the nightingale from that of the cuckoo.'—p. xv.

Now we own that what there is so *indecorous* in the first comparison, or so especially *decorous* in the second, we cannot discover; neither can we make out whether Pope is the organ or the bell—the nightingale or the cuckoo; we suppose that Mr. Hunt knows that Pope was called by his contemporaries the *nightingale*, but we never heard Milton and Dryden called *cuckoos*; or, if the comparison is to be taken the other way, we apprehend that, though Chaucer may be to Mr. Hunt's ears a *church organ*, Pope cannot, to any ear, sound like the *church bell*.

But all this theory, absurd and ignorant as it is, is really nothing to the practice of which it affects to be the defence.

Hear the warblings of Mr. Hunt's nightingales.

A horseman is described—

'The patting hand, that best persuades the check,  
And makes the quarrel up with a proud neck,  
The thigh broad pressed, the spanning palm upon it,  
And the jerked feather *swaling* in the *bonnet*.'—p. 15.

Knights wear ladies' favours—

'Some tied about their arm, some at the breast,  
Some, with a drag, dangling from the cap's crest.'—p. 14.

Paulo pays his compliments to the destined bride of his brother—

'And paid them with an air so frank and bright,  
As to a friend *appreciated at sight*;  
That air, in short, which sets you at your ease,  
Without *implying* your perplexities,

That *what with the surprize in every way,*  
The hurry of the time, the appointed day,—  
She knew *not how to object* in her confusion.'—p. 29.

The meeting of the brothers, on which the catastrophe turns, is excellent: the politeness with which the challenge is given would have delighted the heart of old Caranza.

'May I request, Sir, said the prince, and frowned,  
Your ear a moment in the tilting ground?  
*There*, brother? answered Paulo with an air  
Surprized and *shocked*. Yes, *brother*, cried he, *there*.  
The word smote *crushingly*.'—p. 92.

Before the duel, the following spirited explanation takes place:

'The prince spoke low,  
And said: Before *you answer what you can*,  
I wish to tell you, *as a gentleman*,  
That what you may confess—  
Will implicate no person known to you,  
More than disquiet in *its* sleep may do.'—p. 93.

Paulo falls—and the event is announced in these exquisite lines:

'Her aged nurse—  
Who, shaking her *old* head, and pressing close  
Her withered *lips* to keep *the tears* that rose—' p. 101.

'By the way,' does Mr. Leigh Hunt suppose that the aged nurses of Rimini weep with their mouths? or does he mistake crying for drivelling?—In fact, the young lady herself seems to have adopted the same mode of weeping:

'With that, a *keen and quivering glance* of tears  
Scarce moves her *patient mouth*, and disappears.'

But to the nurse.—She introduces the messenger of death to the princess, who communicates his story, in pursuance of her command—

'Something, I'm sure, has happened—tell me what—  
I can bear all, though *you may fancy not*.  
Madam, replied the squire, you are, I know,  
All sweetness—*pardon me for saying so*.  
My Master bade *me* say then, resumed *he*,  
That *he* spoke firmly, when he told it *me*,—  
That I was also, madam, to your ear  
Firmly to speak, and you firmly to hear,—  
That he was forced this day, *whether or no*,  
To combat with the prince;—'—p. 103.

The *second* of Mr. Hunt's new principles he thus announces:

'With

'With the endeavour to recur to a freer spirit of versification, I have joined one of still greater importance,—that of having a *free and idiomatic* cast of language. There is a cant of art as well as of nature, though the former is not so unpleasant as the latter, which affects non-affectation.'—(What does all this mean?)—'But the proper *language of poetry* is in fact nothing different from that of real life, and depends for its dignity upon the strength and sentiment of what it speaks. It is only adding *musical modulation* to what a *fine understanding* might actually utter in the midst of its griefs or enjoyments. The poet therefore should do as Chaucer or Shakspeare did,—not copy what is obsolete or peculiar in either, any more than they copied from their predecessors,—but use as much as possible an *actual, existing language*,—omitting of course *mere vulgarisms* and *fugitive phrases*, which are the cant of ordinary discourse, just as tragedy phrases, *dead idioms*, and exaggerations of dignity, are of the artificial style, and yeas, verily's, and exaggerations of simplicity, are of the natural.'—p. xvi.

This passage, compared with the verses to which it preludes, affords a more extraordinary instance of self-delusion than even Mr. Hunt's notion of the merit of his versification; for if there be one fault more eminently conspicuous and ridiculous in Mr. Hunt's work than another, it is,—that it is full of *mere vulgarisms* and *fugitive phrases*, and that in every page the language is—not only not the *actual, existing language*, but an ungrammatical, unauthorised, chaotic jargon, such as we believe was never before spoken, much less written.

In what vernacular tongue, for instance, does Mr. Hunt find a lady's waist called *clipsome*, (p. 10.)—or the shout of a mob 'enormous,' (p. 9.)—or a fit, *lightsome*;—or that a hero's nose is 'lightsomely brought down from a forehead of clear-spirited thought,' (p. 46.)—or that his back 'drops' *lightsomely in*, (p. 20.) Where has he heard of a *quoit-like drop*—of *swaling* a jerked feather—of *unbedinned* music, (p. 11.)—of the death of *leaping* accents, (p. 32.)—of the *thick reckoning* of a hoof, (p. 33.)—of a *pin-drop* silence, (p. 17.)—a *readable* look, (p. 20.)—a *half indifferent wonderment*, (p. 37.)—or of

'Boy-storied trees and passion-plighted spots,'—p. 38.

of

'Ships coming up with *scatterry* light,'—p. 4.

or of self-knowledge being

'Cored, after all, in our complacencies'—p. 38.

We shall now produce a few instances of what 'a *fine understanding might utter*,' with 'the addition of *musical modulation*,' and of the *dignity* and *strength* of Mr. Hunt's sentiments and expressions.

A crowd, which divided itself into groups, is—

‘ ————— the multitude,  
Who *got* in clumps ————— ’ —p. 26.

The impression made on these ‘clumps’ by the sight of the Princess, is thus ‘musically’ described:

‘ There’s not in all that croud one *gallant* being,  
Whom, if his heart were whole, and *rank agreeing*,  
It would not *fire to twice of what he is*. ’ —p. 10.

‘ Dignity and strength’—

‘ First came the trumpeters——  
And as they *sit along* their easy way,  
Stately and *heaving* to the croud below. ’ —p. 12.

This word is deservedly a great favourite with the poet; he *heaves* it in upon all occasions.

‘ The deep talk *heaves*. ’ —p. 5.

‘ With *hear’d* out tapestry the windows glow. ’ —p. 6.

‘ Then *heave* the croud. ’ —*id.*

‘ And after a rude *heave* from side to side. ’ —p. 7.

‘ The marble bridge comes *heaving* forth below. ’ —p. 38.

‘ Fine understanding’—

‘ The youth smiles *up*, and with a *lowly* grace,  
*Bending* his *lifted* eyes ’ —p. 22.

This is very neat:

‘ No peevishness there was—  
But a *mute* gush of *hiding* tears from one,  
Clasped to the *core* of him who yet shed none. ’ —p. 33.

The heroine is suspected of wishing to have some share in the choice of her own husband, which is thus elegantly expressed:

‘ She had stout notions on the marrying *score*. ’ —p. 27.

This noble use of the word *score* is afterwards carefully repeated in speaking of the Prince, her husband—

‘ — no suspicion could have touched him more,  
Than that of *wanting* on the generous *score*. ’ —p. 48.

But though thus punctilious on the *generous score*, his Highness had but a bad temper,

‘ And kept no reckoning with his *sweets and sour*s. ’ —p. 47.

This, indeed, is somewhat qualified by a previous observation, that—

‘ *The worst of Prince Giovanni*, as his bride  
Too quickly found, was an ill-tempered pride. ’

How nobly does Mr. Hunt celebrate the combined charms of the fair sex, and the country!

‘ *The*

'The two divinest things this world HAS GOT,  
A lovely woman in a rural spot!'—p. 58.

A rural spot, indeed, seems to inspire Mr. Hunt with peculiar elegance and sweetness: for he says, soon after, of Prince Paulo—

'For welcome grace, there rode not such another,  
Nor yet for strength, except his lordly brother.  
Was there a court day, or a sparkling feast,  
Or better still—to my ideas, at least!—  
A summer party in the green wood shade.'—p. 50.

So much for this new invented *strength* and *dignity*: we shall add a specimen of his syntax:

'But fears like these he never entertain'd,  
And had they crossed him, would have been disdain'd.'—p. 50.

But that we may not be suspected of making malicious extracts, we shall quote, *in extenso*, two of the most important passages of the poem, that our readers may judge for themselves. The first is the story of Launcelot of the Lake, on which the plot of *Rimini* hinges.

'Twas Launcelot of the Lake, a bright romance,  
That like a trumpet, made young pulses dance,  
Yet had a softer note that shook still more;—  
She had begun it but the night before,  
And read with a full heart, half sweet half sad,  
How old King Ban was spoiled of all he had  
But one fair castle: how one summer's day,  
With his fair queen and child he went away  
To ask the great King Arthur for assistance:  
How reaching by himself a hill at distance  
He turned to give his castle a last look,  
And saw its far white face: and how a smoke,  
As he was looking, burst in volumes forth,  
And good King Ban saw all that he was worth,  
And his fair castle, burning to the ground,  
So that his wearied pulse felt over-wound  
And he lay down, and said a prayer apart  
For those he loved, and broke his poor old heart.  
Then read she of the queen with her young child,  
How she came up, and nearly had gone wild,  
And how in journeying on in her despair,  
She reached a lake and met a lady there,  
Who pitied her, and took the baby sweet  
Into her arms, when lo, with closing feet  
She sprang up all at once like bird from brake,  
And vanished with him underneath the lake.  
The mother's feelings we as well may pass:—  
The fairy of the place that lady was,

And Launcelot (so the boy was called) became  
 Her inmate, till in search of knightly fame  
 He went to Arthur's court, and played his part  
 So rarely, and displayed so frank a heart,  
 That what with all his charms of look and limb,  
 The Queen Geneura fell in love with him:—  
 And here, with growing interest in her reading,  
 The princess, doubly fixed, was now proceeding.'—p. 74, 76.

The other is the speech of the injured husband over the dead body of his brother, whom he has just slain in a duel, for incest and adultery.

' But noble passion touch'd Giovanni's soul ;  
 He seemed to feel the clouds of habit roll  
 Away from him at once, *with all their scorning ;*  
 And OUT HE SPOKE *in the clear air of morning :—*  
 " By heaven, by heaven, and all the better part  
 Of us poor creatures with a human heart,  
 I trust we reap at last, as well as plough ;—  
 But there, meantime, my brother, liest thou ;  
 And, Paulo, thou wert the completest knight  
 That ever rode with banner to the fight ;  
 And thou wert the most beautiful to see,  
 That ever came in press of chivalry ;  
 And of a sinful man, thou wert the best,  
 That ever for his friend put spear in rest ;  
 And thou wert the most meek and cordial,  
 That ever among ladies eat in hall ;  
 And thou wert still, for all that bosom gored,  
 The kindest man, that ever struck with sword."—p. 99, 100.

This passage, however, like that which precedes it, are mere—  
 versifications we were about to say, but—metrical adjustments of  
 what Mr. Leigh Hunt found in the Specimens of Early Eng-  
 lish Romances. The first is too long for our purpose ; the second  
 stands thus ; and the reader, if he thinks it worth his while, may  
 compare it with the new version. To us, the old romance has far  
 more of poetry, of sentiment and of nature.

' And now, I dare say,' (it is Sir Bohort who speaks,) ' that ther thou  
 llyest, Sir Lancelot, thou were never matched of none earthly Knight's  
 hands. And thou were the curteist knight that ever bore shielde : and  
 thou were the truest freende to thy lover that ever bestrode horse ;  
 and thou were the truest lover, of a synful man, that ever loved wo-  
 man. And thou were the kindest man that ever stroke with swerde.  
 And thou were the goodliest person that ever came among prece (press)  
 of knyghtes. And thou were the meekest man, and the gentilest that  
 ever eate in hal among ladies. And thou were the sternest knyght to  
 thy mortall foe that ever put spere in the rest.'—vol. i. p. 387.

After these extracts, we have but one word more to say of Mr.  
 Hunt's

Hunt's poetry; which is, that amidst all his vanity, vulgarity, ignorance, and coarseness, there are here and there some well-executed descriptions, and occasionally a line of which the sense and the expression are good—The interest of the story itself is so great that we do not think it wholly lost even in Mr. Hunt's hands. He has, at least, the merit of telling it with decency; and, bating the qualities of versification, expression, and dignity, on which he peculiarly piques himself, and in which he has utterly failed, the poem is one which, in our opinion at least, may be read with satisfaction after GALT's Tragedies.

Mr. Hunt prefixes to his work a dedication to Lord Byron, in which he assumes a high tone, and talks big of his '*fellow-dignity*' and independence: what fellow-dignity may mean, we know not; perhaps the *dignity* of a *fellow*; but this we will say, that Mr. Hunt is not more unlucky in his pompous pretension to versification and good language, than he is in that which he makes, in this dedication, to *proper spirit*, as he calls it, and *fellow-dignity*; for we never, in so few lines, saw so many clear marks of the vulgar impatience of a low man, conscious and ashamed of his wretched vanity, and labouring, with coarse flippancy, to scramble over the bounds of birth and education, and fidget himself into the *stout-heartedness* of being familiar with a LORD.

ART. X. *Du Congrès de Vienne, par M. de Pradt, Auteur de l'Antidote au Congrès de Radstadt, de l'Histoire de l'Ambassade à Varsovie, &c. Deux tomes. 8vo. Paris. 1815.*

M. DE PRADT has again appeared before us, and we are rejoiced that he has done so:—for although the formal settlement of the affairs of Europe does not admit of the same vivacity of description, or dramatic effect with which he has dressed up the account of his Mission to Warsaw; yet he has contrived to enliven a most unpromising subject, and to interest by the ingenuity of some of his speculations, though the solidity of many of them may be fairly called in question.

More acute than profound, M. de Pradt, like many speculative writers in this country, has recommended the adoption of several visionary schemes which, though plausible enough in theory, could not possibly succeed in practice; and he endeavours to call our attention to the points which have chiefly occupied his mind by referring to some publications of his in the early part of the late war, from one of which he makes copious extracts.

We observe that the enumeration of the ecclesiastical and diplomatic



matic functions formerly exercised by M. de Pradt is omitted in the title-page of the present book: whether this proceeds from the neglect manifested towards the clerical order, of which he bitterly complains, or from some unpleasant recollection of the humiliations to which, according to his own statement, he was exposed at Warsaw, we do not pretend to say;—but amidst much avowed impartiality, the Abbé is still a Frenchman; and in spite of all the contempt with which he was treated by his late master, it is quite clear that Buonaparte is still the object of his highest admiration: ‘Il étoit le plus grand guerrier, le plus puissant monarque qui soit passé sur la terre’—‘ce n’étoit pas la coalition, ce sont les idées libérales qui l’ont détrôné;’—and it is to the climate alone, in his view of the subject, that Russia is indebted for the overthrow of the enemy who dared to attack her in her fastnesses.

M. de Pradt has observed no sort of order in the arrangement of his materials, and he has moreover indulged in very frequent repetitions of the same sentiments; we must endeavour, however, to follow him through the intricate mazes of his speculative diplomacy, in the best way we can.

As he does not appear to have been at Vienna, certainly not employed there in any official capacity, we are somewhat at a loss to account for the intimate acquaintance which he affects to display with all that took place at the Congress. We have not heard that he was suspended over that august assembly in the manner Buonaparte is represented by the caricaturist; nor does he intimate that the Chamber of Debate was thrown open to him by the intervention of any communicative demon; and yet, without some friendly aid of this description, we should hardly conceive that he is justified in pronouncing, in the confident tone which he assumes, upon all the proceedings of the great men assembled there. That they have not been fortunate enough to conduct matters so as to merit his approbation is quite evident, and it is no less clear that, as the Abbé was accused by Buonaparte of being the sole obstacle to his grand project of universal empire; there is still but one man, in his opinion, capable of restoring Europe to a state of permanent tranquillity, and bringing order out of the chaos produced by so many years of anarchy and misrule. Who that person is, we perfectly comprehend; and indeed, as M. de Pradt, in the conclusion of his twenty-fifth chapter, calls upon us, with much apparent self-satisfaction, to compare the plan there given for the better ordering of Europe, with that actually pursued by the Congress, we do not take much merit to ourselves for our success in divination: but why, while enumerating those points on which the Congress deserve praise, he should applaud the celerity with which they brought mat-  
ters

ters of such different import to a close, when he subsequently blames them for the dilatoriness of their proceedings, we do not quite comprehend; nor is it apparent, when he finds fault with the partial attention bestowed on objects of minor importance, to the neglect of that enlarged view of things which the occasion required, how a complicated operation, such as the restoration of Europe after the convulsions she had suffered, could possibly be effected, without going deeply into a variety of details which, although comparatively unimportant in themselves, were essentially necessary to be adjusted for the well-being of the whole.

With the importance of the work for which so many plenipotentiaries were assembled, he appears to be fully and duly impressed, as well as with the difficulties which they had to combat in the attention which private treaties demand, as well as particular interests. 'What Europe chiefly required at their hands,' says he, 'was stability and repose. This was the general cry from St. Petersburg to Cadiz; and a degree of public spirit, a disregard of all personal considerations, was expected from their deliberations, which had never been manifested on any former discussions of a similar nature.' But the evil spirit, according to his notions, predominated; each man, as usual, carved out for himself, and the fairest occasion has been lost of ensuring a state of permanent tranquillity to the world.\*—The sins of omission, as well as of commission, which may be laid to the charge of the plenipotentiaries assembled, are, in the Abbé's opinion, manifold and serious; though he does not deny that the principles upon which they started were just and honourable.

'At the epoch of its restoration,' says he, 'Europe might be said to be divided into two zones; amongst the general clash of arms, the sovereigns of the North and of Germany might be seen on one hand steadily advancing at the head of their own armies to the accomplishment of one great object, the capture of Paris; whilst from the opposite quarter issued those kings to whom belonged of right the thrones which necessarily became vacant by the fall of Buonaparte. To the exertions of the North the kings of the South are indebted for the crowns they now wear, and that without effort on their part.'

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\* For the benefit of those who are inclined to complain of the subserviency of England to the private schemes of the continental powers, we shall transcribe the following curious note from a valuable piece of old biography, by which it would appear that our neighbours had, in former times, a due sense of our diplomatic inferiority; and that our tone in negotiating was at that time very different from this of the present day.

Speaking of the treaty made between the Emperor and Francis I. after the battle of Pavia—'The Frenchmen,' says the writer, 'of late dayes made a Play, or disguising, at Paris, in which the Emperor daunced with the Pope, and the French King, and wearied them; the King of England sitting on a bye bench, and looking on. And when it was asked why he daunced not? it was answered, that he sate there but to paye the minstrels their wages; as who should say, wee paid for all men's dauncing.'

M. de Pradt expresses regret that those who had done so much did not do more, and take upon themselves for a time to direct the internal concerns of the governments which they had re-established; but a difference of feeling must always exist between those who confer and those who receive favours, and all interference beyond what was absolutely necessary, would have been clearly impolitic. How far the sovereigns so recalled from exile have fulfilled the duties to which they were obliged to attend, on their return to power; and whether the allies, who, by their unparalleled perseverance and unanimity, have succeeded in removing the chief obstacle to the repose of mankind, have been consistent in their endeavours to ensure its stability by the subsequent arrangements at Vienna, are points for serious consideration.

In discussing the different courses which the Congress might have pursued, the Abbé allows that the restoration of things to the state in which they were in 1789, would have been a hopeless attempt;—new people and new interests had intervened, and sacrifices by no means palatable would have been required from every power concerned. Some other process therefore was to be resorted to, and the following general principles, he conceives, were probably laid down by the Congress at the outset:—

‘1. To provide for the safety of Germany, which has been in great measure rendered secure by the transfer into other hands of some of the strongest fortresses on the frontier of France, and by the near approximation of the territories of the kings of Prussia and of the Netherlands, who are posted as sentinels at the very gates.

2. The reservation of vacant territory, for the purpose of indemnity to those who had suffered by unjust spoliation.

3. A general attention to the interests of the people, considered as a constitutional part of every government, and conformable to the increase of learning amongst them, and to the present more enlightened state of civilized society.

4. And the restoration of every man, as much as possible, to his own possessions.’

Let us examine how far a strict adherence to these principles would have contributed to the interests of Europe, as far as relates to the three points which our author considers most material to her welfare, viz.

‘1. The putting down (amortissement) of that military spirit which prevails in an unusual degree in every state.

2. The re-establishment of order in France—and

3. The conclusion of the troubles now existing in Spanish South America, by the emancipation of that country.’

The prodigious increase which of late years has taken place in the standing army of every state, appears to have excited very serious apprehensions in the mind of M. de Pradt; and as these fears

fears are not confined to his breast alone, and it has become a subject of great interest from the discussions which have lately arisen in Parliament respecting the military peace-establishment proposed for this country, it may be worth while to examine whether the alarm which has been created rests upon reasonable grounds, or on mistaken notions of the intentions of government, and of the importance of the object in view.

'Europe,' says M. de Pradt, 'may now with security venture to disarm, having witnessed the failure of the great attempts at universal empire, the last of which was tried by Buonaparte.' But is there any apparent symptom of such a state of repose? Can we safely assume that the gates of the temple of Janus will long remain shut, when he tells us that 'Europe has now become a great barrack, and that of her population, which amounts to 150 millions, three are computed to be employed in the profession of arms?'

What the peace-establishment of Russia may be, we pretend not to know—her regular force will probably undergo but little reduction, though her militia will of course be disbanded. This, however, is known, that Austria purposes still to keep up an army of 300,000 men, and Prussia of 200,000; and though the fate of empires, as De Pradt observes, may be as readily decided by a small as a great army, (for Cæsar had but 22,000 men at Pharsalia, and Henry IV. only 10,000 at Ivry,) yet any considerable addition to the military force of one state must naturally be followed by a proportionate increase in that of another; and England is therefore, to a certain degree, compelled to square her conduct by that of her neighbours.

But it may be urged that, during the actual existence of peace, a great reduction of our army may, with the more safety, be carried into effect, from the facility with which its ranks may be recruited on the breaking out of a war, from the embodying of the militia of the country.

Now, though we are far from undervaluing the services rendered during the late war by this constitutional defence, and are well aware, that it is no longer the same undisciplined array of the lord and his vassals, which we read of in its original establishment; yet no one, we imagine, will deny, that a well regulated standing army must be superior to every militia, and that a nation which depends for its defence upon a force composed solely of the latter, must always be liable to the hostile incursions of any ambitious neighbour.

If we go back to ancient times, we cannot fail to observe, how the standing army of Philip of Macedon, (which was the first that we know of,) after successively subduing the militia of Greece, though well disciplined and regulated, and the effeminate militia of Persia,

Persia, was itself overcome by the superior standing army of Rome.

The fate of Carthage too, so often predicted of ourselves from the other side of the water, is still more worthy of notice.—From the end of the first Punic war to the beginning of the second, the Carthaginian was in fact a standing army, under the command of Hamilcar, Asdrubal, and Hannibal: whilst the discipline of the Roman army became so relaxed, that when the latter led his troops into Italy, Rome could only oppose to him a disorganized and undisciplined force; and to this, in a great measure, may be attributed the disastrous days of Trebia, Thrasymene, and Cannæ. In Spain also, the veteran army of the Carthaginians was opposed to the Roman militia, and it was only by degrees, as the latter gained experience, that the superiority of Hannibal decreased. He was called home at last to defend Carthage, and at the battle of Zama, which decided the fate of the republic, the chief part of the force which that great general commanded, was composed of the African militia.

We find that the non-existence of any regular military force in France, beyond what is absolutely necessary for the security of the King's person, has been urged as an argument against maintaining a large peace-establishment at present in this country; but upon this point we cannot but observe, that we should entertain less apprehensions from the largest regular force which our rival could reasonably propose to support, than we do from the discontented bodies of lean and hungry conspirators with which France still abounds.

It cannot be disputed, that a restless and ungovernable spirit, which unfits a man for more quiet enjoyments, an indifference to blood, and a prodigality of human life, are the necessary results of a too long continuance in military habits. The alternations of hope and fear, the bustle and activity which belong to the soldier's life, have irresistible charms for a great portion of mankind; and the idleness which, in most cases, pervades the camp or the winter-quarters of troops, when not actually in presence of the enemy, are with difficulty exchanged for the peaceful employments of the lower orders of society. If, in our own land, this transition is rarely to be met with, in other countries it can still less frequently occur. No imperial ukase can restore to their original habits, that formidable soldiery, whose gigantic appearance struck terror into the inhabitants of Paris; nor does the serf who has once been enrolled as a soldier, ever return to the condition of a slave. The establishment of a standing army was one of the greatest improvements introduced by Peter the Great into the Russian Empire, for by its means the law of the sovereign is carried into effect with irresistible

irresistible force, in the most distant part of his dominions : and as long as the spirit of conquest which is said to pervade the Russian cabinet, can be supposed to exist, it would be highly inconsistent in those who see danger in every movement of that power, to counsel any great reduction in the army of other states. Military habits will doubtless give place by degrees to more peaceable feelings in the greater part of the continent : in France, where it assumes a less legitimate character, the rebellious spirit of Buonaparte's followers must be completely quashed, before the government can feel that permanence and security which it ought to possess.

The fact is, that the plenipotentiaries assembled at Vienna could not provide for a general reduction of the military force in Europe, because the military spirit in France was, at that time, too unbroken, and the French armies too numerous, to admit of it. But the opportunity wanting in that instance was, to a certain point, offered by the events of the last campaign ; and the same plenipotentiaries were then not backward in taking advantage of it. The remnant of the imperial army has, as we know, been dispersed, and the military force of France is not now in a condition to alarm Europe. This, we admit, is the first great step towards the re-establishment of peaceable and orderly habits. The same principle of reduction, however, cannot *yet* be applied to the other leading nations, because the turbulent dispositions continuing to exist in France, and in some of those countries where the Revolution has been most felt, still require to be watched, and repressed by the conquerors. It is but just and right that England, who has so large an interest at stake, should subscribe her contingent to this object of general concern. But if, as it may reasonably be hoped, the five years discipline prescribed by the Treaty of Paris, should produce its intended effect, the close of that period may, and probably will, be distinguished by some further step towards the accomplishment of what our author conceives to be so essential for the permanent repose of Europe.

We come now to what is considered by M. de Pradt as the second point of importance to the interests of Europe, the re-establishment in France of good order and tranquillity.

The reign of misrule had so long existed in that unhappy country, and so numerous were those whose interest it became to desire its continuation, that in effecting a restoration of this kind, unprecedented difficulties must naturally occur : France appeared before the Congress in a character totally distinct from that which she had ever assumed at any former period, and in one which could not fail to be extremely humiliating to her national pride ; instead of taking the lead as formerly, she was now only admitted, by a sort of courtesy, to assist in the deliberations going forward ; and from a feeling

feeling of conscious inferiority, her voice was but feebly excited in the discussion of the great questions depending.

If, as it may be contended, the remonstrances made by France have preserved to Augustus some part of his dominions, her interference has, we apprehend, rather contributed to throw obstacles in the way of the permanent tranquillity of Europe, than assisted in the completion of so desirable a work, and that, without materially benefiting the cause she espoused; for a more unpromising situation cannot well be conceived, than that of the King of Saxony at present, 'shorn, as he is, of those beams' which were so necessary to the dignity, as well as to the security of his dominions. By her conduct on this occasion, France, according to M. de Pradt, has alienated the good offices of Prussia, which it should have been her first object to preserve; and she has lost sight of that material principle which the new state of Europe so strongly points out, viz. to strengthen as much as possible the hands of the second-rate powers of Germany, such as Bavaria, Wirtemberg, Hanover, and, more especially, of Prussia, and thereby form a barrier to the incursions of the giant of the North.

The humiliating condition to which France is now reduced, as is well observed by the author before us, exhibits to surrounding nations the strongest picture of the danger to which the liberties of a country must be exposed, when they are entrusted to the guardianship of any individual, without reserve; and there is perhaps nothing more remarkable, during a period distinguished by the most extraordinary events of every description, than the tameness with which the most irritable and volatile people upon earth have submitted to the iron yoke of the different governments to which they have been subject in succession during the last twenty years: the reign of terror which, under different forms, has been perpetuated, appears to have palsied all the energies of the lower orders; and such has at all times, until lately, been the vigilance of the police, and the various agents of the ruling powers, that no man has felt equal to any attempt at extricating himself from the toils which were so skilfully thrown around him.

' Properly speaking, there have only been dictatorships in France from the 14th of July, 1789, to the renewal of the charter in 1815. The Constituent Assembly was a dictatorship of thirty months. What the Legislative Assembly was, cannot be stated in too strong terms,—the transition from a monarchy impossible to be maintained, into a democracy as impracticable to be defined: a democracy rendered hideous by its conduct, frightful by the horrid grandeur of its acts, incessantly bordering on the extremes of courage and ferocity. The Legislative Assembly could occupy but a small portion of space between these colossi,

of

of which it rather marked the separation than became the bond of connexion.

'The Directory seized, lost, and regained the dictatorial power. It availed itself of the 18th Fructidor to repossess itself of it. The 18th Brumaire was made subservient to the measure of its removal. The same absolute power has uniformly prevailed till the 31st of March, 1814. It re-appeared under Buonaparte the 20th of March, 1815.—vol. ii. p. 221.

M. de Pradt, with a laudable partiality for 'France and Frenchmen,' endeavours to exculpate his countrymen from the charge of ambition, and he is so far right, when, in separating the cause of the ruler and his satellites from that of the people of France, he says, 'Elle a toujours été instrument et sujet, mais jamais objet dans tout ce qui a été entrepris.'—But when he tells this same people, in a consolatory address, that 'they had not been conquered; that although Europe, armed *cap-a-pee*, has twice been compelled to march through their territories, it has only been a procession for the celebration of peace;' it appears to us that his patriotism has led him astray, and that he is misleading those whom he professes to enlighten: for, we should be glad to ask the Abbé, whether there is any Frenchman who has not taken to himself (and it would be quite unnatural if it were otherwise) some small share of national satisfaction at the triumphs of his country during the prosperity of Buonaparte? and if so, he who identified himself with the cause of France in better times, ought not, in fairness, to expect to escape without bearing his part of the national humiliation.

We would ask the Abbé also, whether the restoration of the plunder, which had been deposited in the Louvre, was not a source of public regret in France, though it was an act of justice which every honest Frenchman should have been anxious to perform? And we must be allowed to express our conviction, that no hope can be justly entertained of a subsidence of the military spirit which at present pervades France, if the national vanity is to be absurdly fed, as it is, by such writers as M. de Pradt, who endeavour to disguise the disasters which have happened to the country.

It is not surprising, after what has happened of late years, that the conduct of France should still be an object of distrust, and that measures, which are grating to her national pride, should have been considered essentially necessary to the repose of Europe.—We are inclined to think, that those which have been adopted are as mild in their operation, and as efficient as any which could have been devised. The temporary occupation of such of her frontiers, and of her fortresses, as might the most readily be employed



ployed for offensive operations, and in a quarter where our allies are the most defenceless, cannot be objected to; and although the contrary has been asserted, the temporary embarrassment which may be created by the pecuniary indemnity which she is called upon to pay, can bear no sort of comparison with the lasting heart-burnings which would have been excited by demanding any permanent cession of territory. In point of fact, the finances of France are, strange as it may appear, in a far more flourishing condition than those of any of her neighbours: whilst the resources of every other state have been gradually exhausted in the late contest, she alone has been living at the expense of others; and in spite of the predictions of Sir Francis D'Ivernois, and other writers on the subject, she has fewer financial difficulties to contend with at this moment than any of the powers who were lately opposed to her:—much individual distress is, no doubt, to be found in the country from the long stagnation of trade, and the total stop to many peaceful occupations, which the ambitious projects of Buonaparte occasioned; but France has suffered nothing at the hands of the allies which a good government may not easily repair; and, to employ the exulting language of M. de Pradt, whilst her vineyards yield their increase, and her olive grounds their fruit, she need not despair of effectually recovering from her present difficulties.

During the reign of the ex-emperor, the appetite of the Parisians for parade and show was gratified at the expense of more material benefits: though he did less for the embellishment of Paris than is contended by his admirers, yet both in that city, and in every part of his empire, the national vanity was studiously fostered by public works of various descriptions, calculated to transmit to posterity the glory of the French arms. In this, as in many other instances, he strikingly displayed his intimate knowledge of the character of the people he had to govern; and no fault could justly be found with him for the indulgence of this taste, if his government had been marked with other qualities of more essential importance to the welfare of his people; for though, as M. de Pradt observes, the flourishing and independent state of a country should not be estimated by the number of its public edifices, but by the general air of stability and grandeur which pervades its private buildings; yet we consider it to be no trivial part of the duty of those in power, by the employment of those means which individuals cannot possess, to hold out proper models to the public taste, and a due encouragement to the rising genius of their countrymen.

‘Malheur,’ says M. de Pradt, ‘aux pays dont les artistes s’emparent!’ This may truly be said both of countries and individuals,

duals, but it does not, by any means, apply to the state of France under the late government—The arts in reality languished, though ostentatiously encouraged. The sciences were, as they still continue, at the lowest ebb; and to prove how little real taste existed in France, and how completely the ‘good citizens of Paris’ were unworthy of the plunder which their emperor had acquired, we have only to mention that their painters, ‘*magnas inter opes inopes*,’ disdained to profit by the riches of the Louvre, from an avowed preference for their own tawdry and insipid performances.

Public order, and a long continuance in good behaviour, can alone restore France to the confidence of her neighbours. She has many prepossessions against her to overcome, and Europe much to forget and forgive. Let Frenchmen, as the Abbé recommends, shew that ‘*constance et dignité dans le malheur*’ which would so well become them. Let them endeavour to restore the lustre of the French character, by emulating the estimable qualities for which their ancestors were distinguished, and ‘that country which gave birth to Montesquieu, Pascal, Bossuet, and Fénelon, will again become the abode of reason, as it has been the quarter where the sociable powers of men have been most advantageously called into action.’

The third point which the Abbé considers essential to the well-being of Europe opens a wide field for speculation; and in this age, when, as he observes, the acquisition of a larger portion of the commerce of the world is become the principal object of modern war, every step which throws open a new field for its extension is a matter of infinite importance to the interests of civilized society. Hence it becomes desirable, for the sake of the rest of the European commonwealth, as well as for her own prosperity, that Russia should introduce a greater degree of civilization into the distant parts of her dominions; that Moldavia and Walachia should be annexed to her territory at the expense of the Turk, and that Egypt should be placed in hands that might render that country a mart for the commodities of Europe. This cannot be done under its present masters, who are inimical to all improvement in civilization, and to commercial pursuits of every kind; their expulsion therefore from Europe has for some time been considered a matter of importance by some politicians; but, as is well explained in the following passage, it is not the territorial, but moral conquest of Turkey, which would benefit mankind; and on looking at the probable issue of events, it does not appear clear, that the banishment of the Ottoman Porte into Asia would materially improve the condition of the people on this side the Hellespont who are subject to its sway.

‘ It is not the territorial, but the moral conquest of Turkey, that ought to occupy our attention. A greater degree of civilization must be introduced there ; the arts, the manners, the taste, but not the arms of Europe. The edifice of barbarism, that weighs down this unhappy country, and renders it unproductive to Europe, must be undermined. The unfortunate Selim had marked out this transition to the manners of Europe ; and the latter has the greatest interest in seeing the Turkish empire follow the course he had entered upon.’—vol. ii. p. 195.

M. de Pradt finds fault with the Congress for not having dedicated a larger portion of its attention to the settlement of the troubles in South America ; we know not whether he is correct in assuming, that no attempts of this kind were made at the time ; but we should be disposed to say, that such interference between the parent state and its colonies was utterly uncalled for and unnecessary. To us it appears evident that, without the intervention of any other power, the provinces of Spain in South America are already completely dissevered from the mother-country, and that it is better for both parties that such a separation be allowed to take place. And when we look back to the events of our memorable American war, and to the accounts of those writers who attribute the depopulation and distress of Spain to the conquest of those very colonies which are now throwing off their allegiance to her, we cannot but blame, in common with M. de Pradt, the impolicy of sending out expensive expeditions to keep down that rising spirit which no force can repress.

It is to be regretted that the situation of Old Spain should present at this time a much less promising aspect, and that her people should be destined to encounter fresh difficulties at home, after having so successfully struggled through a long period of foreign invasion. M. de Pradt very prudently rejects, by anticipation, the testimony of a party in this country, in regard to the conduct of the king of Spain ; it certainly has been injudicious and intemperate to the greatest degree : but it must be allowed at the same time, that some very aggravating circumstances marked the behaviour of those members of the Cortes who have become the object of so much popular commiseration ; and we have only to hope, that amidst all this contention, a sufficient number of men of sense and character are to be found in Spain to preserve the country from any desperate convulsion.

The king will probably find it expedient to relax in some of those privileges, on which he now too strenuously insists ; for when we look round at what has been passing in the world for the last thirty years, and examine the disposition of men’s minds both at home and abroad, it must be acknowledged that Buonaparte was correct in declaring to the Directory, that the era of representative

tive governments was arrived. This, it should be added, was in 1798, at the very time when he was probably plotting to reduce the whole of Europe under his absolute controul. All attempts to introduce a radical change in the government of a country must in their nature be hazardous. France has had her trial, and most severe has been the discipline which she endured during her misguided efforts at regeneration; they were not undertaken with the temper, nor prosecuted with the moderation calculated to produce the beneficial effects fondly expected by sanguine politicians.

'Il y a trop de rois,' says M. de Pradt, 'en Allemagne.' We know not how that may be: but, in spite of this salutary counterpoise, that inert mass the Germanic body appears in its turn to have caught some of the popular passion for freedom and independence. The Prussians have petitioned their king to assemble the states-general; the people of Wurtemberg are now contending with their sovereign for a more extended form of government; while the Rhenish Mercury, from which we have occasional extracts, holds precisely the language of those modern reformers, with which this country, for its sins, still continues to be visited. That, in the arrangements of the Congress, the rights of the people, as a constituent part of every state, should not have been lost sight of, is perfectly just and proper; but there is something ludicrous in the importance which it has been attempted to attach to the remonstrances of some of the smaller states against the project of incorporating them with a larger. Our town of Berwick upon Tweed might, with as much propriety, have objected to becoming an integral part of the British empire; and governments might be found for all needy adventurers, very similar in dignity to the island so judiciously placed under the rule of Sancho Panza, if every association of burghers be allowed to refuse all subjection to a higher power, and of course to remain exposed to the attacks of the first enemy who may be unprincipled enough to covet such an increase of territory.

The progress of civilization has certainly, by imperceptible degrees, produced a very remarkable change in the relative situations of those who govern and those who are subject to the influence of government. 'C'est le contraire de ce qui existoit auparavant: alors la lumière ne venoit que d'en haut, aujourd'hui elle afflue de toutes parts.'—vol. i. p. 53.

A more general diffusion of knowledge has taken place throughout the world, and of late years especially its progress has been marked with unusual rapidity. There are more books published in these days, and of course more writers; more readers, and therefore more persons capable of passing sentence upon the

actors and actions which occupy the attention of the thinking part of the world. We now find few men who are not thoroughly acquainted with their personal rights and privileges; few who are not aspiring to something beyond the situation which they actually occupy. The more general attention which is given in the present day to the education of all classes of society, has produced a considerable increase in the number of candidates for every office which leads to power and emolument, and from the unsuccessful aspirants is formed a host of malcontents who are indifferent to the repose of their own country, provided they can create annoyance to those authorities with whom they have failed in competition. 'La convoitise a pris le masque de patriotisme, et l'on est devenu sophiste, spoliateur, féroce même, pour rétablir l'équilibre entre sa fortune et les talens que l'on se supposoit à soi même.'—vol. ii. p. 232.

We agree with the Abbé in his lamentations on the existence of an evil of this description, which is one that cannot fail to produce results most dangerous to the order of society, and which must continue to increase in the present state of things: to all his reasonings, however, on this subject, we cannot equally give our assent. 'A little learning,' let it never be forgotten, 'is a dangerous thing;' and it would be well if the Abbé, when blaming the established governments for not employing the talents of those calculated to be of service to them, would recollect that appointments do not multiply in the present day at all in proportion to the number of candidates, and that we cannot all reasonably expect to occupy the chief seats in the synagogue.

And yet, notwithstanding this complaint, we are told that the great increase of public functionaries is an evil of the first magnitude, and that it has contributed to increase the rage for that species of employment. 'La burocratie est devenue le ver rongeur des états, la lèpre des sociétés modernes.' How public business is to be carried on without a large proportion of these noxious animals, the Abbé does not condescend to inform us, and had we not read his former publication, we should be at a loss to account for this apparently unprovoked attack; but here we trace the bitter recollections of the Embassy to Warsaw, and all that he suffered there.—'Hinc illæ lacrymæ.' Hence the pathetic description which follows of the vicissitudes and humiliations which attend the life of an official man, condemned too frequently as he is,

'To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,  
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone.'

M. de Pradt, like the rest of the world, has his partialities, his  
favourites

favours and affections—in some cases, we plainly discover, whence the bias has proceeded; in others it is not quite so apparent. There are instances in which we are inclined to go along with him; as for example, in his evident leaning to the cause of Prussia; but when he exalts the kings of Denmark and Saxony into heroes, and deploras their fall, we must unequivocally express our total dissent from such heterodox opinions.—‘*Non tali auxilio*’—nor to defenders of this kind could the continent look for security and repose; and if applause is justly due to those powers who, whatever might be the pressure of circumstances, have manfully come forward in defence of the good cause, some reprobation is surely incurred by those who have sided with the oppressor, it matters not whether from pusillanimity or choice.

Saxony, according to M. de Pradt's ideas, ought, as well as Poland, either to have remained wholly untouched, or to have been entirely incorporated with Prussia. With all his partiality for Augustus, the Abbé is too good a politician to dispute the right of the allies to dispose of his territories; they were forfeited by the conduct of their chief, and, as conquests, lay at the mercy of the victors.—To us the King of Saxony's art of governing seems very much to have resembled the prudent policy which guided the Vicar of Bray, and though his country may, for ought we know to the contrary, be as happy and as well governed as the Abbé represents, and though he may fairly be called ‘*un sage prince*,’ in the worldly sense of the word, he is not entitled on that account to any mercy at the hands of the allies;—for what has been the political conduct of the elector of Saxony? On the day after the battle of Jena, as de Pradt indeed confesses, he joined Buonaparte; he was then made King, and on the peace of Tilsit became Grand Duke of Warsaw; and all the sensible Saxons, we are told, were decidedly hostile to this arrangement.—The policy of Buonaparte in it was, however, quite apparent, for he thus provided a balance against Prussia, and her dominions became so intersected by the Saxon, that an easy inroad might be made into the heart of her territory.

The law of nations was so often referred to, and so strong an appeal was made to the feelings, when the fate of Saxony was pending, that it might have been imagined that the Congress was assembled for the sole purpose of settling the affairs of this devoted kingdom:—but France alone, of all the powers of the continent, appears to have considered it to be her policy to undertake the defence of the forsaken king, though it is amusing enough to find M. de Pradt expressing his belief that the English government revoked their consent to the total incorporation of Saxony with Prussia in consequence of the outcry of the opposition party in this country. ‘The glory of these patriotic and compassionate  
 senators,’

senators,' says M. de Pradt, 'would have been complete, if they had shewn a little more solicitude for the general interest of Europe, whilst they were so laudably inveighing against the barter of territory, and the transfer of people which was going on:' but the Abbé would find, on nearer inspection, that it is vain to look in that quarter for any thing approaching to a broad and extended system of policy either at home or abroad, and that it is infinitely an easier task to sit in judgment upon foreign potentates, to declare their unfitness for the posts they occupy, or finally, to condemn them unheard (the frequent practice of these 'compassionate senators') than to effect their restoration.

'Tant qu'il y aura un parlement d'Angleterre, il y aura une tribune pour toute l'Europe.'—vol. i. p. 51. The fact is literally true; and though we will not yield even to M. de Pradt in *real* admiration of this assembly, in whose privileges are justly placed our chief safety and pride, yet it must be confessed, that it is amusing enough to observe the mode in which they are sometimes exercised. It is not to be expected, perhaps, that the princes, whose destiny it is to rule over us, should meet with much quarter whenever their conduct can by any means be brought under discussion; they are national property, it may be said, and are dealt with accordingly: but to judge by the little ceremony which is observed in canvassing the merits of other sovereigns, and the warmth which is manifested in espousing the cause of the people of other countries, an ignorant person might be led to suppose that the nations of the continent had also their representatives in the English parliament; and a foreign minister who (whilst listening to the debate, is probably not aware that the honourable gentleman then on his legs is more fitted from his habits to decide upon the domestic concerns of his estate, than on diplomatic matters,)—hears him, in no very measured terms, pass in review all the sovereigns of Europe, and distribute to each, what he conceives to be, the appropriate meed of blame or applause—may be excused, should he feel a transient alarm for the fate of his master, and tremble lest, in imitation of the madman who subpœnaged Buonaparte, the orator should summon the royal or imperial delinquent to the bar of the House.

To those who, professing to be no respecters of persons, imagine that by delivering their sentiments with a degree of blunt coarseness and humour, they display their constitutional freedom in its highest exercise, we would recommend the perusal of the following judicious passage from the work before us; and we shall also venture to remind them, that there is much good sense in the advice 'to live with enemies as if they might one day become friends.'

'At

\* At last this peace, so ardently desired, so long expected, has arrived: but, in order that the world should enjoy it, it will be necessary to banish that tone and language which has embittered the actions of man, and ulcerated his heart. The interests of men have been but too successfully opposed to each other, and those have been rendered enemies who are in fact members of one family. The custom of the Eastern sovereigns on their accession to the throne, with regard to their unfortunate brothers, has been too much adopted in the political world, and by those who give their attention to politics. Not being able to overcome our enemies, we appear to think that we cannot sufficiently hate them; that we cannot sufficiently insult them; that we cannot sufficiently provoke them; and that it is not in our power to treat them with sufficient atrocity and perfidy. In consequence of being constantly repeated, the language has become universal. There are nations of whom we can only speak with insult, because we have insulted them for twenty years.\* The most odious imputations have been received into general usage, and become a part of our vocabularies. We have even gone so far as to represent the happiness of some as incompatible with that of others. In short, we have seen professors of national hatred.—vol. ii. p. 235.

There is another point of no less importance, on which the remarks of M. de Pradt are equally deserving of attention. We allude to the effect produced in disturbing the harmony which ought to subsist between friendly nations, by publications tending to sow disunion and distrust. It cannot be denied that the liberty of the press in this country is sometimes carried to a pernicious excess:—the daily journals, which of late years have multiplied to an inconceivable degree, are now become articles of the first necessity; they are in general circulation throughout every part of the continent, and no inconsiderable portion of the duty of an English minister abroad consists in counteracting the bad impressions occasioned in the breast of foreigners by the offensive or injudicious paragraphs in which they occasionally indulge. We shall here, too, cursorily observe, that what appears to us one of the least pleasing signs of the times is the sort of independent and democratic *slang* assumed by the writers—even of those who evidently lean to the support of the authorities of the realm as at present established. A few years ago any expressions favourable to France or Buonaparte, or to what, for want of a better word, we must call jacobinism, were used with diffidence, as if the person who employed them was conscious that he belonged to the minority of his country;—now, there is hardly any political essayist who does not, whatever may be his wishes, affect a contrary feeling; and all the political information which the lower classes receive, reaches

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\* \* Recollect the language used relative to Great Britain for the past twenty years!



them through the medium of provincial or weekly papers, of which, with few exceptions, the language is little less than factious.

Such statements too as those which are contained in a popular volume of Travels in Russia, could not fail to be grating to the people whose manners it affected to describe; nor to have an unfavourable influence on the good understanding which once subsisted between the two countries. They are considered to be the sentiments of the nation to which the writer belongs, and not of the author alone; and we accordingly find this very book quoted as authority for English opinions, in an abusive French work lately published on the Russian power.

M. de Pradt has written a separate chapter on the cessions and re-unions to which some *much injured* people have been compelled to submit at the hands of the Congress. It must be confessed, that the Abbé is a difficult man to please; for though, in various parts of his work, he maintains, that the Congress should assume a high tone in conducting their affairs, we here find him objecting to the rapid mode in which some transfers of territory have been lately made, which formerly would have required a lapse of time to bring about. Now we apprehend that the first step in all such arrangements must be, to a certain degree, a violent measure; time alone can reconcile the parties most interested to the change they have suffered; nor is it reasonable to imagine that any conviction of public utility, or any effort of the reasoning powers, (as it would seem M. de Pradt considers not improbable,) would have disposed the objects which he produces for our commiseration, to agree to the projects of dismemberment or incorporation to which they have been subject. That delicacy which he conceives should have guided the Congress in their decisions on the fate of the smaller powers, is completely out of the question; that personal interests have been alone consulted, we cannot admit; nor can we discover in what way some of the states whose fate he deplores have really suffered any material injury. We have yet to learn how Norway, for instance, has lost her existence by being annexed to Sweden, instead of remaining, as she was, dependent on Denmark.

As to the Dane, our kinsman, his conduct, in our humble opinion, has less to recommend it than almost that of any other sovereign in Europe, instead of being entitled to the unqualified approbation with which it is dignified by M. de Pradt. Had he been uniformly found in a torpid state, though we might have condemned the sluggishness of his nature, possibly no blame could with justice have attached to him; but his exertions have been manifested only in the cause most inimical to the interests of mankind, whilst no stimulants could rouse him when his assistance might have been useful.

Russia and England are the two great Leviathans whose motions,  
according

according to M. de Pradt, require to be narrowly watched by the rest of Europe; from the military power of the former, the successive subjugation of all her neighbours may be apprehended, and that project of universal empire revived, which has failed when pursued by Louis XIV. and Buonaparte.

We are fortunately now accustomed to this tone of nervous apprehension, as the alarm of danger impending from the North has been sounded by every French writer for the last five-and-twenty years; and the outcry against the tyranny exercised by England on the seas, is acknowledged, even by M. de Pradt, to have been carried to an absurd extent: but to whatever degree a power, whose dominions extend over so large a portion of the civilized globe, may justly become an object of dread, there are many heavy clogs in the wheel to retard its movements when engaged in offensive operations, to which our author does not appear to have adverted.

Russia is assuredly now in a far more formidable state than while she remained in the barbarous condition from which she has so lately emerged; and the utter failure of Buonaparte's tremendous attack, with the permanent acquisition of Finland—have all added to her security, whilst it is to be feared that her armies may have acquired a thirst for conquest, by their frequent intervention in the affairs of the south; but her finances, like those of every other continental power, are at present in a state of considerable derangement. The rapid succession of fresh levies for the supply of her numerous armies, and the embarrassments created by the French attack, have proved most injurious to the commercial and agricultural pursuits of her people, and impoverished a nation which, in its present state, requires a fostering hand, and the most watchful attention. We have understood, indeed, that very great inconvenience was lately felt at St. Petersburg in consequence of the long absence of the Emperor from his capital; and that no small dissatisfaction was testified at the suspension which it produced in the necessary operations of government. Territories so widely separated cannot all receive their due share of the master's attention; and when M. de Pradt expresses his apprehensions at the projects of Russia in the Black Sea, and the rising greatness of Odessa,—he is ignorant how little that town has advanced in importance and wealth since its first foundation.

Great and formidable as she must ever be by land, from Russia, as a maritime power, we see nothing to dread. M. de Pradt already in his mind's eye contemplates her numerous fleets issuing from Cronstadt, and landing on the North of Germany those troops which she has destined for the subjection of that country; but '*non illi imperium pelagi.*' It is not either the Baltic or the Black  
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Sea, in which, according to our notion, this Leviathan will ever be able to take his pastime; landlocked as they both are, the Russian navy can never secure a free navigation of them; and her sailors must ever, therefore, be deficient in that experience which is so essential to enable her to cope with other fleets, whilst they are compelled, by the severity of the climate, to remain for six months of the year on shore.

For the same reason, we apprehend that the internal security of Sweden, and her power of becoming the guardian of the Baltic, so as at once to keep in check both Russia and England, is much over-rated by M. de Pradt. We are aware that the harbour of Carlsrona has many advantages over Cronstadt, and that great labour and expense have been employed in the construction of some magnificent docks at the Swedish port; but those who see danger to our maritime superiority from the northern powers do not appear to have taken into consideration the cost which is required to raise a navy to any degree of perfection; and that unless Sweden can afford to have cruising squadrons constantly at sea, (which we imagine would but ill suit the present state of her finances,) her fleets will never be skilful enough to engage, with any prospect of success, more formidable enemies than the Russian gallies.

Although M. de Pradt has abstained from all speculations on the future government of Sweden, and touched but lightly on the subject of that country altogether, we still think he attaches to it more importance in the scale of nations than it really deserves. The acquisition of Norway has certainly rendered the dominions of the King of Sweden compact, and, to a great degree, invulnerable; but the loss of Pomerania must exclude him from all pretence for interference in the affairs of Germany; and the selfish conduct of the Crown Prince during the last campaign against France has not by any means contributed to secure for him the friendship of the sovereigns of Europe.

M. de Pradt, having, in a former work, defended the neutral system which Prussia adopted in the year 1796, now again comes forward in her behalf. It is not our business to enter here on the discussion of this question; but the following extract will explain, in a small compass, the Abbé's ideas on the importance of that country.

‘ Prussia is a power newly created. She has scarcely existed one hundred years, and has passed the eighteenth century in aggrandizing herself. No longer able to extend her territory at the expense of powers stronger than herself, nor of those which were weaker; sought after by France, dreaded by Austria, the safeguard of the German empire, the shield of Holland; as powerful from her importance to others, as from her own internal resources; calculated for defensive, though unequal to offensive operations; in this attitude, before the revolution,

lution, Prussia was one of the main supports of the balance of Europe. None of the innovations that have since taken place have sprung directly from her. She has known how to lend and conform herself to them for her own safety, in order to avoid a state of relative inferiority, which, in politics, is equal to actual loss of territory; but far from provoking invasions, effected or projected against other states, she has armed herself against them. Examine, for instance, the treaties of Teschen, of Reichenbach, and the line of demarcation from 1795 to 1801. If, since this period, Prussia has accepted territories that did not belong to her, we may say that, in sinning against morality, (on this subject we do not presume to judge,) she has not sinned against the European balance; for these additions of territory were either compensations for losses experienced, or equalizations proportioned to the acquisitions of the neighbouring powers, which it was necessary she should approach in the same proportion as they approached her territory: and that which finally demonstrated the importance of Prussia in the political balance was, that, rather surprized than conquered, more beaten by the inexperience of her officers than the strength of her enemy, Prussia fell in her first contest with France, at the moment when the great empires of France and Russia came into contact, and fought battles which have given the world a new appearance. Of such importance is Prussia to Europe:—placed as the centre of her political balance, and always sufficiently strong to prevent one of the scales outweighing the other.—vol. i. pp. 79—82.

Upon the conduct of Prussia at a later period we can dwell with considerably more satisfaction.

De Yorck, (of whom we would say sufficient notice has not been taken,) by his defection, struck the greatest blow to the power of France which has been given in modern times; and when we consider how materially the Prussians have contributed to the repose of Europe, we do not feel sure that their interests have been sufficiently considered in the late arrangements. They have gained part of Saxony and Pomerania, it is true; but, on the other hand, the Duchy of Warsaw has been taken from them, and their extended territory is now brought so close to the French frontiers, that Prussia is little able to form that barrier against Russia which she ought properly to become, nor, from the close contact of the two powers, can a long continuance of amity between her and France be confidently anticipated.

The partition of Poland is too remarkable a feature in the history of the last century to be lightly passed over by any writer on the affairs of the continent. M. de Pradt's observations upon this event are in general judicious, though in this, as well as in other instances, he gives Buonaparte credit for good intentions which he never entertained. We cannot believe that it was ever in his serious contemplation to erect this ill-fated country into an independent kingdom; and this the Poles found out to their cost when too late:  
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that Russia will ever do so, it is equally preposterous to imagine. Those, says M. de Pradt, who date the destruction of Poland from its first partition betray great ignorance of the real state of matters.

'After this internal anarchy, it was the change of the relations of Russia with Europe that produced the partition of Poland. Peter, and Charles the Twelfth, were the real authors of this work.

'It was Peter who partitioned Poland by civilizing his people; in transforming them from Asiatics into Europeans, and making them look to Europe, instead of Tartary, as hitherto they had been accustomed to do; in founding at Saint Petersburg one of the principal capitals of Europe, instead of confining himself to a residence in the first capital of Asia. Moscow was not yet an European town.

'It was Charles the Twelfth who partitioned Poland, in drawing upon Europe an enemy that hitherto had been a stranger; in forcing him to adopt the manners and customs of Europe; in losing, in the horrible game of war, the only one which he knew and loved, his provinces in Germany, the fruits of the conquests of his predecessors. They bordered on the Baltic Sea, excluded Russia from it, and, by taking her in flank, effectually confined her within her ancient boundary. Charles the Twelfth, by his warlike mania, attracted the Russians into Europe, as Napoleon, by a similar character, has drawn them to Paris; so much were these thunderbolts of war deficient in understanding!—vol. i. p. 131.

Since that period Russia has never ceased to carry on a regular system of intrigue at Warsaw, and the partition was infinitely more favourable to the preservation of the balance of power in Europe than if Poland had fallen a prey to Russia alone.

Austria has, perhaps, benefited more than any other state by the late arrangements at Vienna. In exchange for the Netherlands, which, from their distance, she could with difficulty defend, and which can, indeed, only be protected by a maritime power, she has acquired some important possessions on the coast and in the northern parts of Italy. To these cessions M. de Pradt objects; and though some of his schemes for the better government of this delightful quarter of the world are more suited to theory than practice, (more especially in that part of his plan which makes over the kingdom of Portugal to the Queen of Etruria and her heirs for ever,) we suspect he is correct in anticipating that Austria will derive but little real strength from her new acquisitions. The Austrian rule is odious to the Italians, who are at all times on the watch to seize some favourable opportunity for throwing off the yoke; German troops must therefore be employed, and diverted from the defence of their own country against Russia—which, though we do not share the apprehensions entertained by the Abbé, must ever be an object of attention, if not of jealousy, to her southern neighbours. Instead of endeavouring to attach  
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to Austria such unwilling subjects, the Abbé would have indemnified her for the loss of the Low Countries by the provinces of Bosnia, Croatia and Servia, or Moldavia and Walachia, whilst the northern states of Italy should be united into one under the present King of Sardinia, to whom also should belong Tuscany, Lucca, and the Littoral; the Grand Duke to be provided for in the islands of Sardinia and Corsica. Thus the whole of Italy would be divided under three great powers, the kings of Naples and Sardinia, and the Pope. His Holiness, we agree with the Abbé, ought at all times to be free from warlike attacks, and if he is desirous of retaining in these days any portion of the influence which he formerly enjoyed, he must cease to be the pope of older times; for although there is hardly any prince in Europe, who is not obliged, in consequence of having Catholic subjects, occasionally to communicate with the papal dignity, yet the generality of sovereigns pay but little attention to many points which are of importance at Rome. It strikes us that instead of recalling the Jesuits, at a time when it has been found necessary to banish them from other quarters, the pope would do well to apply his first efforts to the re-establishment of a respectable order of clergy in France: the old race of pastors in that country are entirely extinct; and though (whatever may be the Abbé de Pradt's opinion on this subject) we do not, for our own parts, ever wish to see the times revived when the clergy had a large share in the direction of public affairs both in France and elsewhere, yet it is clear that to restore the respectability of the clerical character ought to be one of the first objects of French statesmen, and nothing will so much contribute to humanize the minds of the people of that country in general, from which of late years all true morality appears to have been banished.

We come now to the question of the conduct of Murat and his brief rule in Naples, into which the Abbé has entered somewhat at length. The arguments which he brings in favour of Joachim are the same as we have all heard in this country. He blames him for not adhering to Buonaparte before his first abdication, and for afterwards entering into negotiation with the usurper on his re-appearance in France; for he thus forfeited the friendship of the allies which he had purchased by his co-operation however languid, and drew upon himself an immediate and fatal attack from Austria. Murat owed his fall to his own restless disposition, and in the justice of his dethronement M. de Pradt perfectly agrees; and, indeed, as he properly admits, that for the advantage of the commerce of the Mediterranean, which is otherwise subject to interruption from the Barbary powers, Naples and Sicily ought to belong to one sovereign;—it would be inconsistent to support a different arrangement: whilst we are upon this subject we shall observe

observe that he appears to estimate at a higher rate than it deserves, the value of the order of Malta, when he talks of the knights being a refuge against oppression, and the means of reducing the states of Barbary. The age of chivalry is indeed passed, and we must have more effectual means employed if Algiers and Tunis are to be humbled.

The situation of the court of Naples for some years back will be at once perceived from the following extract.

‘ In 1793, the troops of this country appeared at Toulon. She furnished some contingents to the army of Italy in the great campaign of 1796. They were not long before they detached themselves from the Austrian army. French policy, in order to weaken Austria, successively separated Naples, and many princes of Italy, from that alliance. Thus was formed the Cisalpine Republic, the prelude to the kingdom of Italy. In December, 1798, the Court of Naples, outstripping the coalition, took up arms against France. The effort was premature. The Neapolitan army fled at the sight of the first French corps, and the French entered Naples with them. The king went to Sicily, the usual place of refuge for this court. The success of Souvoroff enabled him to return to Naples; and his return was distinguished by a harshness of conduct that alienated many minds from him.

‘ Some years passed tranquilly enough. At last, in 1805, during the short war with Austria, which was terminated by the peace of Presburg, in consequence of the battle of Austerlitz, the Court of Naples, which had recently signed a treaty with France, thought a favourable occasion offered for declaring against France; but she unfortunately chose that inauspicious moment when Austria was compelled to make peace. To occupy Naples, and compel the royal family again to seek an asylum in Sicily, was but the work of a day. The brother of Napoleon was placed on the throne. A short time after he left it to seek another that was daily escaping from under him. Murat replaced him. We know what has happened since.’—vol. ii. p. 66.

Murat, although personally brave, appears to have been an extremely weak man in intellect. His landing in Italy was a miserable imitation of Buonaparte's descent at Cannes; he was mistaken in his ideas that Neapolitan troops would be brought to face the Austrians, and equally so in imagining that he could raise an insurrection in the country. He has suffered justly for his temerity; but the arguments brought against him have not been so skilfully wielded as the forces in the field; for his right to the throne has been chiefly contested upon the principle of legitimacy, and he has been attacked for the obscurity of his origin, which, if we cannot quite agree with the Abbé in considering an objection altogether insufficient, may fairly, we think, be set down as ill chosen for the occasion.

The cause of legitimate monarchs may, perhaps, have been occasionally injured by insisting too frequently on this subject,  
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and sounding too loudly the power and value of claims which should be allowed to work their effects in silence. But at the same time we must observe, that in some cases they must be asserted, as the only fixed point from which order and good government can take a beginning. In France, for instance, after the revolutions of twenty-five years, the restoration of the race of Bourbon, however unpalatable to a part of the nation, was the only chance afforded to Europe of ensuring repose; and it is absurd to contend, that affection for one particular family, or any absurd vanity in placing a king upon the throne of France, were the motives by which the allies were actuated in their late arrangements in bringing back Louis.

Amidst all his speculations, the Abbé has not ventured to prognosticate on the duration of the state of things established by the Congress; nor are we much disposed to supply the deficiency. It is enough for us, that after so many years of commotion, crime, and suffering, we are actually in the possession of a peace far beyond our most sanguine hopes, and that our country has advanced to it *prima inter pares* through a succession of unexampled triumphs. Instead of disturbing ourselves and our readers with vague anticipations of the future, we feel inclined to make the most of the present enjoyment while it lasts—‘how long or short, permit to Heaven.’ We are no better prepared than the Abbé de Pradt to maintain that there are not some weak points in the arrangements of Congress,—a something that might be added, and a something that might be amended. But when we take into consideration the vast extent of the work, the variety of clashing interests, the conflict of prevailing opinions, and all the circumstances of that mighty negotiation, we find it easier to praise than to blame; to confide than to suspect. We must now take our leave of the Abbé for the present.

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ART. XI. *The Political Life of William Wildman, Viscount Barrington*. London: Paine and Foss, Pall Mall; and Hatchard, Piccadilly.

THE subject of this little memoir (for which we are indebted to the fraternal feelings of the present Bishop of Durham, who furnished the materials for it to Sir Thomas Bernard) was a nobleman of talents, much above mediocrity, but not a leading member of any political party, nor even greatly distinguished in parliament: he is known to history only as having long and ably discharged the duties of an office highly honourable indeed, and useful, but not of commanding importance in the state. In truth, the interest, which  
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any account of his political life can excite, must be chiefly derived from sources not often very captivating or instructive, from details of the management of a public office, and a statement of the principles, which a secretary at war laid down for the guidance of his official conduct.

Lord Barrington commenced his political career in the year 1740, as representative in parliament for Berwick, and immediately joined the powerful opposition, which in the following year drove Sir Robert Walpole from the helm. He continued in opposition till the formation of the Pelham administration in 1744, when he became a supporter of government. Two years afterwards he was appointed a lord of the admiralty, in which office he continued till the death of Mr. Pelham, and the succession of the Duke of Newcastle to the vacant premiership. Lord Barrington was, in the new arrangement, made master of the great wardrobe, and in the following year was advanced to the more important post of secretary at war. In 1761, against his own inclination, and in compliance with the earnest wishes of his friend and patron, the Duke of Newcastle, now become first lord of the treasury, he was made chancellor of the exchequer; but on the Duke's resignation, in 1762, he was removed to the treasuryship of the navy, an office which he held during the several political changes in the early years of the present reign, till, in 1765, he was restored to his old post of secretary at war; and in this he continued to the time of his final retirement in 1778.

It was, as has been said, in this latter office, that Lord Barrington's talents for business, and exemplary attention to its duties, were chiefly manifested. His biographer gives us a great variety of letters from his official and private correspondence, all of which bear testimony to the uncommon zeal, discretion, firmness, care of the public purse, and attention to private rights and feelings, which marked his conduct. In the discharge of what he thought his duty, (and he thought much to be his duty, which is often regarded even by honourable men as merely of an indifferent nature,) he never allowed himself to be influenced by what might seem the interests of his own ambition, nor even by those sentiments of private attachment and gratitude, which no one felt more strongly than himself, and no one on proper occasions was more anxious to indulge. If we had to mention what particular trait in his official character most gratified us, it would be his uniform and almost paternal solicitude for the interests of those deserving men, who had no other claim to his favour, than their own merits and their want of powerful friends. There is a letter to the Earl of Harcourt, which evinces this feeling in a very interesting manner; though we do not perceive any evidence for the biographer's assertion, that 'the claims of rank

rank were in this instance preferred by *royal* interference.' p. 216. On the contrary, the language of the letter seems to imply, that the secretary himself had been instrumental in obtaining the favour for Lord Harcourt.

'I have the pleasure to acquaint your Lordship, that the King has agreed that Mr. Harcourt shall succeed Major St. Leger in Lord Albemarle's regiment. His Majesty did it because he is your son; and did it graciously, but not without pity for the poor Captain-Lieutenant, and concern on his account. I will own to your Lordship, that my satisfaction in obeying your commands, has its alloy from the same cause. Give me leave to send herewith his memorial, every word of which is strictly true; and I find on inquiry, that he is a most worthy man and good officer. I never saw a more thoroughly modest behaviour. He feels this cruel stroke with a silent grief, which I could see enough, to have my heart pierced with it; but he does not murmur or complain. I have not troubled your Lordship with this, to give you the same uneasiness which I have felt myself: but with intention to furnish a method of making both you and Mr. Irvine more easy, under the military injustice and hardship which has been done to him. Five hundred pounds given to Irvine, in the genteel manner which accompanies every thing you do, would I am convinced have that effect. Being done without previous conditions, and after Captain Harcourt's notification, your Lordship will have the honor of its being entirely your own act. I think you would with pleasure have given that sum to exchange into an old corps; and you would have preferred that method if an opportunity had offered.

'To another man, I should think it necessary that excuses might be made, for having thus attempted to pick your pocket a second time: to your Lordship I will make none. If the hint I have given be founded in reason, you will thank me for it; if otherwise, you will impute it to a well-meant, though mistaken, regard for modest merit, and long service in the army. It is scarce necessary for me to add, that I have no personal acquaintance with Mr. Irvine, and that nobody has spoken to me in his behalf.—June 29, 1760.'—(p. 67.)

The following letter to General Conway affords a good exemplification of several of the qualities which we have attributed to Lord Barrington.

'When I first came to the War-office I made a resolution, from which I have never departed in one instance, and from my adherence to which the greatest benefits have arisen to his Majesty's service. This resolution was, never to recommend to the King any surgeons of regiments, or of the army hospitals, but such as should be recommended to me by the physicians and chief surgeons of the army, who constitute what I call the hospital board. My instructions to them are, always to recommend to me, on vacancies, not only good and able people, but the very best and ablest they can find; regard being had, where merit is equal, to such as have served in lower stations, either as mates in hospitals, or

n regiments. I verily believe they have complied with these directions; because, though I have often heard great commendations, I have never heard the least blame of any medical people recommended by them; notwithstanding I have frequently been obliged (always unwillingly) to put their colonels out of humour, by refusing the people whom they have recommended. I have gone farther, having refused, in more instances than one, the recommendations of the Commander in Chief; and even of the Duke of Newcastle, to whom I owe more compliance than to any man living; because he is the only *subject*, to whom I have a real obligation. I must do his grace the justice to say that, after the first warmth was over, he has always approved my rule, and the steadiness with which I adhered to it.

'Forgive me, my dear General, that I cannot, in this instance, shew the same regard to your recommendation, as in the instance of Mr. Bourke, lately appointed a Cornet in your regiment at your desire. The two cases, give me leave to say, are widely different. None but medical men can judge of medical men; and, in my opinion, it would be as preposterous to take the character of a surgeon from a Colonel, as of an officer from the hospital board.

'As to breaking my rule in this instance and keeping it in others, I am sure upon consideration you will not adhere to that advice; for I should then give real offence to all those whom I have refused already, or shall refuse hereafter. If I have ever given any satisfaction in the troublesome and delicate station I am in, it has arisen from making no exceptions to general rules. It is with great difficulty that I am steady at present; but this advantage will arise from a very disagreeable thing: no Colonel can ever expect I should take his recommendation of a surgeon, when I have refused General Conway's.—June 8, 1759.' (p. 51.)

There is still stronger testimony of his inflexible adherence to this excellent rule in his correspondence with Lord Ligonier and the Marquis of Granby. His letter to the former (at that time commander-in-chief) concludes thus.

'I have not time to answer your Lordship's letter of Sunday, which I received last night: perhaps it is better I should not particularly answer it, as I wish always to keep my temper, especially with those who are older and wiser than myself. I will only say, that whatever the power of a commander-in-chief may be, it certainly does not extend to make a secretary at war give the king advice, which he thinks wrong. I told your lordship very explicitly at our first outset, that I never would. I have refused in a like case, the only man living to whom I have an obligation, and he is not offended. I wonder I am pressed to do it by your lordship. If you think these alterations in the German Hospital to be right, you will propose them to the king. If his majesty, after hearing my objections, shall be of your lordship's opinion, I will obey his orders with the same cheerfulness, and do all other business with the same good humour, as if he had declared for mine. I have no points to carry, and should blush at a triumph.'—pp. 43, 44.

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We have already said, that the account of the official conduct of Lord Barrington, as furnished by his own letters, is the most interesting part of the volume; and of these, could we find room, we should be liberal in our extracts, as they fully prove, as his biographer not inelegantly expresses it, that gentleness of manners is compatible with firmness of mind, and the highest polish of refinement consistent with the severer virtues. What may indeed be more strictly termed his 'political life,' is not very abundant in incident; nor does it, in itself, call for much remark. The same excellent understanding, and knowledge of human nature, of which, if we mistake not, sufficient evidence has already been adduced, are also apparent in the few particulars recorded by Sir T. Bernard of his political conduct.

It is curious to note the slight circumstances on which the most important human concerns sometimes appear to depend. Lord Barrington was only not made chancellor of the exchequer, and principal minister of the crown in the House of Commons, instead of Lord North: had this appointment taken place, it seems almost certain that a very different system would have been pursued in reducing the colonies to obedience.

That Lord Barrington's opinions, indeed, differed widely on this subject from those which were actually followed, is apparent from the volume before us: and as he continued to support the measures of government, notwithstanding so important a difference, his conduct has, in this one respect, been attacked with much severity. That it does not merit all, or nearly all the reprehension which has been poured forth upon it, we are very sure: whether it be in any, and in what, degree justly censurable, is not quite so clear.

In the first place, we must recollect, that there was no difference upon principles. That the colonies were to be coerced, was as much the opinion of Lord Barrington as of his brother ministers, of a great majority in parliament, and of the nation at large. It was only about the mode of effecting their common end,—it was only on a consideration of expediency,—that any difference subsisted: and it can hardly be contended, that it is the duty of a politician, placed in an office, important indeed, but still subordinate, and merely executory, to desert his post, as soon as the cabinet, of which he is not a member, shall engage in an enterprize, which may appear to him inexpedient. Besides, to whom was he to have recourse? There was no political party disposed to sustain his opinions, or to give him any prospect of seeing them adopted. The opposition were adverse, not to the mode of coercion, but to coercion itself: and in no way had he so good a hope of promoting the measures, which he honestly deemed the best, as

by continuing in an administration, which concurred with him as to the end, and heard at least, though they were not hitherto convinced by his reasoning respecting the means. As far, therefore, as concerns his continuance in office, we think him entirely free from all reasonable blame; though it must be admitted by his warmest friends, if they are but candid, that some of his votes in Parliament at this time are not so easily justified.

But a more heinous crime has been laid to his charge. During the whole of his political life, extending through a period of nearly forty years, he scarcely passed a tenth part of that time in opposition to government; and as he was confessedly an able, upright, independent, and honourable man, this very extraordinary fact is regarded as one of the signs of the times, and is gravely supposed to portend the speedy establishment of despotism among us in its most frightful form. To say the truth, it is not a little amusing to observe the contrast in this particular between the biographer, and some of his judges. On the one hand is Sir Thomas Bernard, making all sorts of civil speeches, and racking his brains to devise some decent excuse for his hero's ever having been in opposition; protesting that nothing but the inexperience of youth could account for any thing so shocking; and ingeniously seeking to propitiate his courtly reader, by attributing the faults of ministers (many of their sins of omission at least) to the evil influence of their opponents. On the other side stands a sturdy whig censor, denouncing the noble lord as a malignant, and summing up the whole of his accusation in one comprehensive charge, that he was notoriously and confessedly one of the persons called 'King's friends.' If we are not mistaken in our estimate of the manly character of Lord Barrington, he would be more eager to disclaim the apologies of his friend, than to attend to the criticisms of his antagonist. He would not allow, that to have opposed the measures of Sir Robert Walpole and Lord Carteret was to him the subject of any 'degree of remorse;' nor would he concur in an opinion injurious to statesmen of all parties, 'that ministers are more frequently deterred from right, than from wrong measures, by the apprehension of opposition.'—p. 12.

This indeed is not the only instance in which the zeal of Sir T. Bernard appears to us to have got the better of his judgment. What shall we say of the following passage?

'It is not impossible that some may think, that with this difference of sentiment (respecting the best method of coercing America) he ought, though a member of the administration, to have appealed to the world, and to have declared his opinion to be contrary to that of the men with whom he was acting. Whether this would have been honourable in itself, and whether it would have been a proper example to others,

others, *it was his duty to decide, as the only responsible director of his own conduct.*—p. 149.

Now, if we understand Sir T. Bernard aright, this amounts to an estoppel of all remarks on the character or behaviour of any public men whatever. He will permit us, therefore, to ask, what is his notion of the legitimate province of history, and especially of that interesting branch of it, in which the biographer is engaged. Does he think that it is to be mere panegyric? If he does not, we hope that in his next biographical essay (and we should be very glad to see more from him) he will shew more confidence in his subject. At least he should remember, that the character of such a man as Lord Barrington can only be injured by that excessive caution, which seeks to screen him from fair inquiry.

That his conduct has not always been the subject of fair inquiry, is indeed most true: and we feel it a duty to expose a part of the injustice which has been done to him. Lord Barrington, (as we have seen,) though he approved of coercing the Americans, yet disapproved the particular method of coercion actually adopted: in truth, he considered naval operations more likely than military to effect the end in view. Nevertheless, he continued to act and vote with the administration. This has been made the ground of the most extraordinary invective. He did not consider, it seems, a series of measures which he constantly approved, and which brought on a civil war, as a case for opposition: but for four years supported it by his vote, and by his official co-operation. 'Let it be remembered,' it is gravely urged, 'that a civil war is no object of lukewarm feelings to those who love their country. Whenever they do not approve, they must abhor it.'

Again; Lord Barrington had said, 'that his intentions and principles were averse to opposition to the very last degree: that he did not think himself obliged to follow into opposition a leader who had advanced him to a high post in the government; that he conceived that *the crown has an undoubted right to choose its ministers, and that it is the duty of subjects to support them, unless there are some very strong and urgent reasons to the contrary.*' These, it seems, are such extravagant and pernicious opinions, as call for the most solemn condemnation. For entertaining and acting upon them, Lord Barrington is charged with deliberately forming, frequently avowing, and supporting by the example of his life, the principle that all parliamentary opposition, or, in other words, all difference of opinion with the ministers of the crown, whoever they may be, is a breach of public duty. 'That this principle is directly subversive of the British constitution,' we as readily admit, as we deny that it can be fairly ascribed to Lord Barrington.

Of the principle really avowed by him, one part, we apprehend, hardly needs discussion; we are aware, indeed, that some adventurous reasoners, and some practical politicians of the present day have not scrupled to affirm (if not in terms, at least in substance) the superior right of parliament to choose the ministers, who are to receive their investiture only at the hands of the sovereign—in other words, they give to the crown a sort of *congé d'élire*, with a recommendation of the persons to be elected under penalties not yet defined. But on this subject, we repeat, we are too old-fashioned to think any discussion necessary. The other proposition asserted by Lord Barrington is more open to remark. In theory, indeed, the duty of the subject can hardly be denied to be as his lordship states it. Yet rigid orthodoxy on this point has so very formidable an aspect, that we are disposed to admit a great latitude of interpretation in those, who are willing to subscribe to the article in the main. What shall be considered 'very strong and urgent reasons' for opposing the administration of the day, must be decided by every person for himself: and upon the whole we think it fortunate, that the decision is made in so many different ways. Only let it be held, that there must be some reason, which each individual shall honestly think 'strong and urgent,' before he engages in opposition, and there is no danger that much real mischief will be done. There is in the British constitution such a principle of self-preservation that it never fails to right itself, however it may occasionally reel. Even the more tumultuous contentions in a country substantially free, are seldom hurtful in the end.

The fair conclusion is, that every member of every party should think with much forbearance of those who differ from him. But more especially we think, that they who profess the highest notions of loyalty are entitled to a very liberal construction of their principles and conduct. To them it must be at least conceded, that they adhere the most closely to the letter of the constitution, even if its spirit admits of greater laxity. It must also be allowed that loyalty, such as they profess, is an ancient, high-born, and generous principle: that in the ordinary ranks of life it has no temptations for sordid or little minds; that it holds forth no allurements to vanity, and few bribes to selfishness. Even of those, whose rank and station may place them about the court, there are not many, by whom attachment to the sovereign exclusively, and in preference to party-politics, can be deemed a gainful speculation. We know, indeed, that the sincerity of all such attachment has been sometimes denied. One great popular oracle has told his sovereign, that 'the fortune which made him a king, forbade him to have friend:' and another more recent authority has employed

ployed a long and laboured metaphysical argument to prove, that for the body of the people to have any affection for their ruler is impossible: they may approve and respect, but they cannot love him. The experience of the present reign has refuted both these dogmas. It has exhibited to us, in the number of the 'King's friends,' many of the purest, most honourable, and most enlightened of our senators: while, in the nation at large, genuine and ardent sympathy with the affliction of their sovereign has shewn, that a patriot-king will reign in the hearts of his subjects, and will excite the mingled sentiments of dutiful and affectionate attachment in all, whose native feelings are not perverted by party, or deadened by the influence of a crude and chilling philosophy.

- ART. X. 1. *Report from the Select Committee on the Earl of Elgin's Sculptured Marbles, &c.* fol. London. 1816. pp. 77.
2. *Lettre du Chev. Antonio Canova, et Deux Mémoires lus à l'Institut Royal de France, sur les Ouvrages de Sculpture dans la Collection de Milord Comte d'Elgin, par le Chev. E. Q. Visconti.* Londres. 1816. 8vo. pp. 196.
3. *Memorandum on the Earl of Elgin's Pursuits in Greece.* London. 1816. 8vo. pp. 100.
4. *The Judgment of Connoisseurs upon the Works of Art compared with that of professional Men, in reference more particularly to the Elgin Marbles.* By B. R. Haydon. London. 1816. 8vo. pp. 19.
5. *Memorandum on the present State of the Negotiation respecting the Purchase of the Elgin Marbles.* London. 1816. 8vo. pp. 23.
6. *The Fourth Volume of the Antiquities of Athens, measured and delineated* by James Stuart, F.R.S. and Nicholas Revett. Edited by Jos. Woods, Architect. Folio. London. 1816.

WE sincerely congratulate the country on the result of the inquiry instituted by the House of Commons on the subject of the Elgin Marbles, and on the prospect which is opened to the country of erecting a national school of sculpture on the foundation of the noblest models that human art has ever produced. Sculpture started at once into life and grace at the Promethean touch of Phidias; and twenty centuries have not only added nothing to this department of the fine arts, but have—contrary to all reasonable expectation—receded from the point of excellence which the first master had attained: like the fabulous Minerva, whose story the eloquent chissel of Phidias recorded, Sculpture issued from the brain of her parent in full perfection; and the hour of her birth was also that of her maturity.



The reputation of Phidias, however, has hitherto rested almost entirely on the report of historians; no authentic or, at least, no *undisputed* work of his was known to modern artists; and it remained for our age and for our country to have the honour of bringing to the acquaintance of civilized Europe those admirable specimens, which attest the truth of history and the supremacy of Phidias.

The Earl of Elgin, to whom the arts are indebted for this great acquisition, has suffered the common fate of all the benefactors of mankind,—he has been satirized, and traduced by ignorance, by envy, and by malice. But this temporary obloquy has been dissipated, and he may congratulate himself that, as long as the arts are dear to the civilized world, and as long as the splendid policy of Pericles and the responsive excellence of Phidias shall continue to be respected by statesmen and artists, his name will be mingled with those noble recollections; and his adversaries, if at all heard of, be remembered only with Zoilus, Bavius, and Dennis, as the most presumptuous dunces of their age.

In proceeding to lay before our readers a summary of the circumstances relating to the marbles of Lord Elgin's collection, as detailed in the several publications before us, it will, we believe, be most convenient to begin—I. by making them generally acquainted with the original state and situation of the objects of our inquiry: We shall then state—II. the particulars of Lord Elgin's acquisitions—III. the circumstances under which he acquired them,—and IV. their character and value as works of art.

I. The most considerable portion of this collection, both as to quantity and quality, is derived from the Temple of Minerva, in the Acropolis at Athens.

This edifice, which was called 'Hecatompedon,' or *of an hundred feet*, on account of its breadth; and 'Parthenon,' or *Temple of the Virgin*, from the character of its patroness, was erected under the administration of Pericles, by Phidias, and the artists and architects employed under him, about 500 years before the Christian era.

The temple was wholly built of white marble, and the plan was of that kind technically called octastyle peripteral; that is to say, it was an oblong colonnade, having eight columns in the porticos, front and back, and fifteen down each side, exclusive of those at the angles; within the columns, at about the distance of nine feet, was the wall of the cella, or interior of the temple, and this cella was a peristyle, that is, it had a row of columns forming an internal colonnade; this colonnade in the Parthenon seems to have supported a gallery.

The cella, or interior, was divided into two parts: that towards  
the

the east, or front, was the place of worship, and occupied about two-thirds of the length—here stood the statue of the goddess; the division to the west was called the opisthodomos, and it was here that the public treasures were kept.

The pediments, or triangular spaces over the portico, were adorned with groups of *statues*. Pausanias (in general a most minute chronicler of such matters) is very concise in his account of the Parthenon, apparently from its being a work of so much celebrity; but he says 'the pediment of the front, or entrance, represented the Birth of Minerva; and that of the back the Contest of Minerva and Neptune for Attica. (*Att. c. 24.*) The Acropolis is entered from the westward, and of course the west end of the temple is that which first presents itself to the observer; and the east end was, at the earliest modern period when we have any record of it, shut in and built round with Turkish houses: from these two circumstances it has happened that travellers mistook the west for the front, and the east for the back, and they, therefore, erroneously applied what Pausanias had said of the one to the other, and having once fallen into this error, they went on, moulding, by their own ingenious fancies, the remains of the groups of the several pediments into some kind of consistency with his relation.

The Marquis of Nointel, the French ambassador to the Porte in 1675, had—fortunately for the history of the arts, and of this temple—the good sense and good taste to have drawings made of the whole, or at least the greater part of the ornaments of the Parthenon; these drawings are preserved, and a sketch of the two pediments is inserted in the second volume of Mr. Barry's works; and more accurate copies have been presented to the public in the fourth or supplementary volume to Stuart's Athens, just published by Mr. Woods.

Sir George Wheeler, an English gentleman, and Doctor Spon, a French physician, visited the Parthenon in 1687, and from the accounts published by each on their return, it appeared that they saw the pediments pretty much in the state in which they were exhibited in Nointel's drawing; and it is amusing to see the ingenuity with which these travellers endeavour to torture the figures into a consistency with their erroneous reading of Pausanias, and to find, in what represented the Contest for Attica, the Birth of Minerva.

So obstinately long-lived, however, is error when delivered by grave authorities, that though the ingenious and accurate Stuart, in the second volume of his beautiful and valuable Survey of Athens, establishes, beyond all doubt, that the principal front and entrance were to the eastward, (as indeed was the case in all ancient temples,) yet, from not consulting the original Greek, he adopts, as to the *subject* of the sculptures of the pediments, the common error,  
and

and argues as if Pausanias had said the *west* instead of the *entrance*, which is his real expression.

This point has been now so fully explained and decided by the work of the Chevalier Visconti, (one of the most learned and elegant critics in Europe,) that we should hardly have noticed it, were it not that the Report of the Special Committee quotes (without any expression of doubt) all the trash of Spon and Wheler just as if Stuart had never drawn, and Visconti never written. We cannot account for this otherwise than by supposing that the honourable members had not time to consult Stuart, and that, perhaps, Visconti's book, which is lately published, had not reached them.

The height of the statues in the pediments varied in size, according to the increasing height of the cornice under which they were placed, from about seven feet to twelve; but as the pediment at each angle came, of course, to a point, erect figures of even the lowest stature could not be introduced; but the artist overcame this difficulty with admirable skill, for the statues nearest the angles were recumbent, with their feet towards the angles; next came sitting figures, then figures in higher attitudes, and lastly, towards the centre, the chief figures of the composition upright and at full length.

The next portion of the temple which we are to examine is the entablature, which surmounted the entire colonnade. The frieze of this entablature was composed of the well known Doric architectural ornaments, called triglyphs, and of sculptured ornaments called metopes, placed alternately—the triglyph being over the centres of each column and of each intercolumniation, and the metopes occupying the intervals; each of these metopes consisted of a block of marble about three feet square, representing in bold *high-relief*\* the combat of a Lapitha with a Centaur. This subject was, on account of Theseus, who had overcome the Centaurs, one of national interest with the Athenians, and it seems to have been a very favourite subject in all sculptures of this period. It was depicted, as Pliny tells us, on the sandals of Minerva in the temple; it ornamented, as we still see, the frieze of the temple of Theseus, and it was again introduced in the frieze of the temple of Phigalia, which was built by Ictinus, one of the architects employed under Phidias on the Parthenon.

The next part of the Parthenon to which we must direct the attention of our readers is the *frieze of the cella*: this was an uninterrupted series of sculpture in blocks of marble about three feet high, that ran round the upper part of the wall, which, as we be-

\* We use the terms *high-relief* and *low-relief*, because they are English; and express, we think, their meaning as well as *alto-relievo* and *bas-relief*,—the former borrowed from the Italian, the latter from the French.

fore stated, was about nine feet within the external row of columns ; this frieze, with peculiar taste and judgment, represented, in very *low-relief*, the Panathenaic Procession, the highest festival of the Athenians, the solemnity in which the whole people conveyed, in solemn pomp, to this very temple, the sacred veil that was to be suspended over the statue of the goddess within.

These are the three classes of sculptures which adorned the exterior of the temple, and have alone come down to posterity ; and it may not be here improper, though it is somewhat premature, to observe that the *perfect statue* of the pediment, the *high-relief* of the metope, and the *low-relief* of the frieze, include the only three species of which the art of sculpture is capable : and while we admire the genius that introduced these three varieties into his great work, we shall find still more reason for admiring the wonderful skill and address with which he assigned to each its most appropriate station. In the pediments, which not only admitted, but required, on account of the situation as well as of the subjects, the boldest and noblest efforts of his art, he represented divinities and heroes in full wrought *statues* of the colossal size, grouped with all the variety of attitude, expression and sentiment. In the metopes, which, from their situation between the triglyphs and their distance from the eye, ran the risk of being indistinct, he employed the *highest relief* of which there is any instance extant ; in fact these groups are almost *statues*, and adhere to the blocks of marble by a very slight contact : but in the wall of the cell, which was surrounded by the ambulatory, this *high-relief* would have had two ill effects—it would have jutted out unpleasantly over the heads of the spectators, and prevented their having a perfect view of its composition, and as the only light by which it could be seen was reflected, broken, and unequal, (being admitted through the intercolumniations,) the violent shadows of a *high-relief* would have perplexed and defeated the artist's design ; for this situation, therefore, he employed relief so very *low*, that though it is the most exquisite and striking work of the ancient chissel, and though it expresses action, light, and shade in the highest perfection, it does not, in any part, project above one inch, and, in truth, exhibits all the force of relief with all the smoothness and delicacy of a drawing.

These details, though they lengthen our article, will not be uninteresting to our readers, as shewing that Phidias was not only excellent in the mere design or execution of sculpture, but that to the most fertile fancy he joined the truest taste and the most perfect architectural science ; and that he introduced not only the three species of sculpture into his work, but introduced them on principles of the most judicious selection and perfect appropriation of which the history of the arts furnishes any example.

II.—Such

II.—Such was the exterior of the Parthenon.—Our readers will now be anxious to know how much of these splendid ornaments has been brought away. We shall, therefore, here insert an abstract of the Official Catalogue—drawn up, as it states, (*Report*, p. 70,) from the notes of the learned Visconti—of all the articles in the Elgin Collection; and afterwards make some observations as to their value both as antiques and as works of art.

From the Parthenon there are ninety-two pieces, of which six statues or fragments of statues are stated to be from the eastern pediment—five from the western pediment—and six, the places of which (*Report*, 71) are not ascertained.

Of the metopes in high-relief there are fourteen.

Of the frieze of the cell, in low-relief, there are, in all, fifty-two pieces, viz.—twelve from the east end, fourteen from the north side, one from the west, fourteen from the east, and ten whose places are not ascertained.

Our readers cannot fail to observe that the places of six pieces from the pediments, and ten of the frieze, are stated not to be ascertained; but we beg to observe, that—if there were no other evidence of their situations—Nointel's drawings of the pediments, and Stuart's plates of the frieze, would have explained the difficulty; and we regret that a document, so formal as this Catalogue, should be obscured by this little negligence, which can hardly be imputed to Visconti, who by his *Mémoire* appears to have accurately placed all the figures of the pediments, except one trunk, and even to that he has assigned a *probable* situation.

Lord Elgin has also obtained a variety of other articles of considerable curiosity and value, which are stated in the same document, and are included in his Lordship's offer to the public, viz.—From the Temple of Victory there are four pieces of high-relief. —From the triple Temple of Erectheus, Minerva Polias and Pandrosa, eighteen architectural specimens.

—Seven architectural Doric specimens from the Propylea, Parthenon, &c.

—Three pieces from the Theatre of Bacchus.

—Thirteen detached heads or fragments of heads.

—Thirty-five detached pieces of various sculpture.

—Eleven marble and three bronze urns; and some hundreds of vases; dug up in or near Athens. One of the bronze urns was found in what is called the Tomb of Aspasia.

—Eight altars.

—Thirteen sepulchral pillars or cippi.

—Forty-four casts in plaster of Paris of the friezes of the Parthenon, the Temple of Theseus, and the Choraic monument of Lycrates.

—Sixty-

—Sixty-six marbles with inscriptions—amongst these is the famous Sigæan inscription.

—A large collection of drawings of the Antiquities of Greece.

—An ancient lyre and two ancient flutes in cedar wood, found in making an excavation near Athens.

—And 880 medals, namely, 66 gold, 577 silver, and 237 copper.

III. Before we proceed to more minute observations on the detail of all these objects, it seems necessary to relate, from the Report of the Special Committee, the circumstances under which we now possess them, because they afford a complete refutation of the charges which were so industriously circulated against Lord Elgin, as to the mode by which he acquired these marbles; charges which indirectly but heavily affected the character of our country.

These charges were *three* in number :—

1st. That Lord Elgin *stole* the marbles;—

2d. That he neither *stole* nor *bought* them, but *received* them as a present to Great Britain, and that he is therefore guilty of a fraud in attempting to sell to the public what was the property of the public already.

3d. That instead of being regarded as a benefactor of the arts, he should be execrated as the most savage and mischievous of Vandals for having profaned the Temple of Minerva, ruined what even the Turks had spared, and mutilated, for purposes of his own profit, the perfect and glorious master-pieces of Athenian glory.

These charges, it will appear at first sight, are not consistent with each other; but a statement of facts will further shew that none of them are consistent with the truth.

1. Lord Elgin did not steal the marbles; for he obtained the concurrence of all the authorities and interests, both general and local. From the Porte he obtained a firmaun of

‘The most extensive permission to view, draw, and model the ancient temples of the idols, and the sculptures upon them, and to make excavations, and to take away any stones which might appear interesting to him, his secretary, or the artists employed by him.’—*Report*, p. 4.

Besides obtaining this permission from the government, Lord Elgin had to *propitiate* the Sultan's mother, to whom Athens had been assigned as her dower, and the Captain Pacha, (*Report*, p. 26.) who, as high admiral, has a great weight in all that relates to the maritime provinces of Turkey.

These steps being taken at Constantinople, the seat of government, his Lordship had next to purchase the consent of the civil governor of Athens and the military governor of the Acropolis; for such is the nature of that (miscalled) government, that—as his Lordship expresses it—‘permission issuing from the Porte for any of the distant provinces, is little better than an authority to make

make the best bargain you can with the local authorities.'—*Report*, p. 18.

But it was not the consent of the Waivode and the Disdar Aga only, which Lord Elgin *obtained*, (that is, *bought*,) but the multitude of workmen employed in this long and arduous work were no other than the *native Athenians*, hired and paid by his Lordship.

It may be doubted whether Lord Elgin's pecuniary liberality did not induce the local authorities to give a wider interpretation to the imperial firmaun than it literally bore; for instance, we think, that, in strict construction, it can hardly be said to authorize the removal of any subsisting parts of a building, but confined his Lordship to the *drawing* and *modelling* such *subsisting* parts, and only gave authority to remove what might have been already broken off or dilapidated; but this, at least, appears certain, that the Porte, (whatever be the strict construction of the firmaun), had no objection to Lord Elgin's proceedings, for it could hardly have been ignorant of what has publicly continued for fifteen years; and the removal of the marbles from the Parthenon being a very frequent topic of complaint with all our countrymen, as well as with every Frenchman, who visited the Levant during that period, was necessarily a circumstance of perfect notoriety at Constantinople. Indeed that government would hardly have refused to Lord Elgin a permission—which M. de Choiseul had before enjoyed—of removing marbles from the *temples of the Idols*, when it was so entirely heedless of the daily dilapidations and constant ruin of both marbles and temples, as well from the curiosity of travellers, as the barbarous wantonness of the Turks.—(*Report, passim.*)

The charge, then, of having *stolen* these marbles is thus wholly disproved. Lord Elgin acquired them under the double right of legal authority and pecuniary consideration.

2. The second charge, that the marbles are the property of the public, (which is quite at variance with the former, though we have heard them out of the same mouth,) is capable of as perfect, and a shorter answer.

No body ever made such an allegation during a period of fourteen years, nor until it was found that the first charge could not be substantiated. In fact, Lord Elgin incurred all the trouble, the expense, and the risks, individually and unsupported. The *Government*, when requested by his Lordship, previous to his going to Turkey, to undertake this great work on the part of the public, *unequivocally declined* it; and there remains some written evidence which is decisive on this point.

In a dispatch from Lord Elgin to Lord Liverpool, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, dated Constantinople, 13th January,

nuary, 1803, his Lordship presses the minister for some addition to his official salary, and adds,

‘ I do not demand any allowances corresponding with those of the late extraordinary embassies from Russia, although the honours and public disbursements of mine have been equally extraordinary; nor can I have a wish to make a charge of the many unusual expenses to which I have been subjected: still *I confess that the PRIVATE expense which I have incurred to the extent of many thousand pounds, in improving the advantages before me, towards procuring a knowledge of the arts of Greece, and RESCUING SOME OF THEIR REMAINS FROM RUIN; and the loss of a valuable vessel of mine solely employed in that service, would make any defalcation of the appointments affixed to my rank a matter of serious inconvenience to me.*’

Mr. Townley also, the collector of the statues now in the British Museum, and one of the most anxious, as well as the most enlightened friends of the arts in England, at that period, writes on the 8th February, 1803.

‘ I feel myself exceedingly obliged to you, and most highly gratified, by your kind communication to me of Lord Elgin's most laudable exertions towards collecting either original marbles, or drawings or casts of the most valuable monuments of sculpture or architecture in Greece.

‘ I have lost no opportunity of informing persons of taste and judgment in the fine arts, of the interesting operations which Lord Elgin is now so eagerly carrying on. His Lordship's zeal is most highly approved and admired, and every hope and wish is entertained for his final success; *but our government is universally blamed for not contributing their political influence as well as pecuniary aid towards these operations, for the advancement of the fine arts in this country.*’

If these proofs were not conclusive, there is a crowd of other evidence to the same point.

3. We now come to the charge of Vandalism, which has been made in prose and in verse, and repeated by those who (like Moliere's Bourgeois) did not know whether they were speaking in prose or verse.

But we are fully sensible of the weight and importance of this accusation by whomsoever made; we feel that however our own country is benefited by possessing these noble specimens of art, it would have been dearly and shamefully purchased, if any violence had been done to the *perfect* works of antiquity; if the Parthenon, erected by Phidias, and dedicated by Pericles,—the *Cathedral* (if we may use the expression) of Athens—had been dilapidated and consigned to ruin by a sacrilegious hand. Nay, so strongly do we feel the reverence due to these sacred relics of the piety and taste of the Athenians, that if it could not be shewn that the removal of those marbles afforded the only chance of preserving them for the admiration of future times, we should heartily join in reprobating the conduct



conduct of Lord Elgin, and have little valued the beauty or utility of articles for the acquisition of which we should have been equally ashamed and sorry. But, fortunately, Lord Elgin's defence is, on this point too, as strong as on the former; and the most reverential admirer of antiquity, the most strenuous advocate for the inviolability of the Athenian temples, will, we think, see, on an attentive consideration of the whole case, not only no reason for dissatisfaction against, but, on the contrary, great cause of gratitude towards Lord Elgin.

*Nothing that was perfect; or even in tolerable preservation, has been in any degree impaired;* and the sculptures which have been taken from the RUINS of the Parthenon have been rescued from that entire destruction, in which the most interesting and splendid parts of this collection had been already buried.

The state of dilapidation in which Lord Elgin found the Parthenon will be best understood by the following detail, in which we shall, agreeably to the division stated in the first section of this article, proceed to state what the appearance of the several parts of the temple was at the periods of which we have any distinct knowledge prior to his Lordship's operations, and what effect these operations appear to have had in this point of view.

Of the *eastern* pediment, representing *the Birth of Minerva*, so early as M. de Nointel's visit in 1675, there remained only as much of the two extreme angles as measured on the base about 20 feet each. If we suppose the whole base of the tympanum to have been about 90 feet, and its greatest height 12—(which are nearly the measurements of Stuart)—the number of square feet in the whole was above 500; the number of square feet remaining in the angles was only about 50 each, so that 4-5ths of the whole had already perished:—but the superficial loss, great as it is, sinks into insignificance when it is recollected that it is the *centre*, (and therefore the main and prominent parts of the composition) that is lost.

The left, or S. E. angle contained, in Nointel's time—1. The Hyperion driving four horses, whose heads appeared perfect; of this group only two horses' heads remain, and they are greatly mutilated. In the latter copies of Nointel's drawings, however, there appear but two horses' heads, and we apprehend this to be the fact.

2. The Reclining Figure called Theseus,—this wanted then, the feet and hands, as it now does.

3. The two Female Figures on cubic seats,—these also were then in the same state they now are.

4. The Trunk of a Female Figure in motion, in the same state as it now appears.

The other angle contained—

1. The Horse's Head.

2. The

2. The group of two Female Figures reclining; of these figures that to the right was perfect; the other, as it now appears.

3. A Figure sitting, and perfect, except the right hand. This figure has now lost the head.

It thus appears that Lord Elgin has recovered all the figures that were on this pediment in Nointel's time, but two heads have been lost in the interval. It is probable that no greater changes have been effected here from the circumstance that *this* front was very difficult of access. Indeed no traveller had been able to examine it: Wheler and Spon describe the '*whole*' as having fallen down, a sea-horse's head excepted; which shews that they had not examined it closely; and Stuart says, 'the greatest part of the pediment of the east end is demolished: the figures remaining in its extreme angles are so far distant from any place where they could be distinctly seen, that no particular drawings have been made of them.'—vol. ii. p. 11.

From this ruined pediment then, where they were scarcely visible (even to the eyes of the curious) Lord Elgin has brought the most important parts of his collection, which, as we may judge from the fate of other statues, would have been destroyed as soon as any chance should have rendered them accessible.

Of the *western* pediment, (representing the Contest for Attica,) there existed in Nointel's time twenty figures of gods and goddesses, and two of horses. Eight of the former were even then headless; but many of the others were perfect, and to judge by Nointel's drawings and Wheler's descriptions, admirable; particularly a colossal figure about twelve feet high, which occupied nearly the centre of the composition. Wheler and Spon thought it the figure of Jupiter—supposing the birth of Minerva to have been the subject. Visconti thinks that it was Neptune. This magnificent statue, and indeed almost all the others, had, before Stuart's visit, vanished; they were destroyed, it is said, partly by the explosion of a powder magazine in the cella, during the siege of Athens by the Venetians in 1687, and partly by an effort of Count Koenigsmark to remove the Minerva, 'which,' says the Memorandum on the Pursuits in Greece, 'ruined the whole.'—p. 14. But on this point we shall say a word by-and-bye.

Of these twenty figures, Lord Elgin, by buying a house which had been built out of the ruins below, and excavating there, recovered,

1. A Male Figure in the act of rising, hitherto called Neptune, but, with more probability, supposed by Visconti to be the Ilissus. This figure in Nointel's time, as now, wanted the head, feet, and hands; it occupied the extreme angle on the left or N. W. and is the first figure in Nointel's drawing, beginning at the left.

2. The Trunk of a Female Figure, which Spon and Wheler call Minerva, and which Visconti calls Victory *apteros*; this figure, which, in Nointel's drawing, is the seventh from the left, and seated in a car and quite perfect, has now neither head, arms, nor feet.

3. The torso of a naked male figure, which probably is that represented as the eighth from the left in Nointel's drawing.

4. A small part of the Trunk of a Female Figure, which stood on the right hand of the colossal figure before mentioned, and is the ninth from the left in Nointel's drawing, and which Spon and other travellers thought to be Victory; but which M. Visconti considers to be Minerva—It is not (as the editor of the fourth volume of Stuart's Athens hints, p. 23) very easy to reconcile Nointel's drawing with the story of the *Contest*, if the great male figure was, as Visconti supposes, Neptune; as there does not seem sufficient space between him and Minerva for the introduction of the symbols of the contest. Perhaps the centre figure may have represented Jupiter, and Neptune occupied the space vacant on his left hand. The olive of Minerva was probably (like all the other extrinsic ornaments) executed in bronze, and grew up at the feet of Jupiter, and spread itself in the space between him and Minerva; this supposition, which appears to us to reconcile the difficulty, is strengthened by the attitude of the centre figure, which is turned towards Minerva in that of kind surprize; and further, by this fact, that the supposed Neptune is a larger figure, and nearer to the centre of the composition than Minerva. It seems quite inconsistent with the object of the artist to place the Goddess, in honour of whom the temple was built and whose triumph this design professed to celebrate, in what would be evidently a subordinate part of the composition: to this must be added that in the lower part of the space in which our hypothesis would place Neptune, Nointel's drawing exhibits a dolphin.

5. Of the colossal figure of Jupiter or Neptune, which in Nointel's drawings is perfect except as to the hands and feet, Lord Elgin was only able to recover a block of the trunk from the shoulders to the waist; this is the figure on which Mr. Payne Knight's fancy chose to place the head of Adrian, he having, as he subsequently stated, mis-understood Lord Aberdeen, from whose conversation he had formed that opinion.—(*Report*, p. 41.) We shall see by-and-by that Mr. Knight has talked with as much confidence from these misunderstandings of his, as if he had really had some accurate information on the subject.

6. A female trunk, perhaps that which appears in the drawing on Neptune's left hand.

7. A part of the lap of a sitting female, perhaps of Latona, the third figure from the right.

Two

Two or three of the figures are said still to remain much mutilated on this pediment; and thus it appears that the mutilated Ilissus and six miserable fragments are all that have been saved of the twenty figures, of which the greater number were perfect in 1675.

It has been stated that the explosion of a powder-magazine (to which purpose the Turks are fond of applying the ancient temples) took place in the Parthenon during the siege of 1687; and to this accident has been referred much of the devastation of the *pediments*. The Select Committee seem to have too hastily adopted this notion; for though the explosion certainly destroyed the *cella* and internal colonnade, and much of the *peripteros*, or external colonnade, there is good reason to doubt that it could, in any considerable degree, affect the *pediments*, because

1. The exact extent of the mischief was probably not very accurately recollected by the Turks or Greeks, and they, or those who conversed with them, mistook the nature of the damage done.

2. The East pediment, which is vulgarly (and we fear even by the Committee, p. 15) supposed to have suffered most, certainly did not suffer at all; as it was exactly (as we have already stated) in the same state when Lord Elgin began to remove the statues, as it appears in Nointel's drawings.

3. The west pediment was, in Stuart's time, and, indeed, is still *architecturally* entire; the walls, cornices, tympanum, are all perfect, and the only alteration is the removal of most of the figures which stood in front of the tympanum: a shot might have mutilated or thrown down some of those figures, but an explosion *within* the temple could not have affected them without first bringing down the architectural parts of the pediment, and particularly the tympanum.

4. We are told that *after* the siege Count Koenigsmark endeavoured to remove the Minerva; *she* therefore had not been thrown down already.

5. Two or three massive trunks still remain on this pediment, which must have shared the fate of the rest had their removal occurred by accident.

6. When Lord Elgin excavated under the place where the statues would naturally have fallen, he found nothing, and the Turks informed him that they had pounded, for mortar, all the marbles he was looking for. (p. 20.)—And it is here to be observed, that in the 'Pursuits' it is distinctly stated that it was only on learning this lamentable fact, that Lord Elgin determined on removing the remaining statues.

7. While Lord Elgin was pursuing his operations, the Turks knocked off the only head remaining on this pediment, which was destroyed in its fall.

From all these circumstances it appears reasonable to suppose that neither *time* nor *accident*, but the *wanton malice of man* had operated the rapid degradation of this magnificent work; and it is therefore evident that Lord Elgin, far from having injured what was perfect, has only collected from the ruins, parts which were preserved by their obscure situations from the barbarism of the inhabitants, and which never would have been seen, or at least seen by civilized eyes, if he or some other person, by similar operations, had not brought them to light. One observation is conclusive on this subject, that Stuart and Revett, whose minute and accurate investigations do so much honour to themselves and their country, do not give any drawing or particular account of any one of the pieces, (except one,) belonging to either pediment, which Lord Elgin has been so lucky as to recover and to transfer to England.

We shall now state what, on this part of the subject, appears to have been the case with regard to the Metopes and Frieze.

The *Metopes* were originally 92 in number, that is 2 in each inter-columniation.—Before Stuart's visit 32 of them had already disappeared and *perished*. The French embassy under M. de Choiseul removed, at least, one metope, (which was broken in the removal,) and, perhaps, more. So that not only was more than one-third of these groups actually removed and utterly destroyed, but the example had been set of removing, by Christian hands, the metopes which time, accident, and the Turks had still spared; and even of the metopes which remained in Stuart's time, the description which he gives shews that they were already half destroyed—'on the south side a few of them remain, *miserably broken*, but not *so entirely* defaced as those on the north side and the two fronts;' and he was able to find even on the south side only three which he considered in a state worth copying.—(*Stuart's Athens*, vol. ii. p. 12.)

Of these metopes Lord Elgin has safely removed fourteen, and though few of them are perfect, and some of them may be of inferior workmanship, others are certainly very high specimens of the art of sculpture. There can be no doubt that in removing these metopes, some injury may have been done to the architrave; but that injury which, in a building in any degree approaching to a state of perfection, or even tolerable repair, might be serious, can hardly be so considered with regard to a *ruin* of which, certainly, not one-fourth part was in existence, and of which the portions that did exist were detached, disconnected, and mutilated in every part and particular:—to have touched, as we have already said, a stone of this temple wantonly, would have been in the last degree blameable, but to have preserved what remained from the sportive barbarity of the Turks, appears to be not merely defensible but meritorious.

The

The observations which we have made with regard to the *Metopes* apply also to the *Frieze*. In Nointel's time the whole frieze was perfect; but if we can trust Stuart's drawings, it appears that only one half then remained, and that every part of it which was capable of being defaced had suffered great degradation.

Between that period and Lord Elgin's operations we know that further dilapidations had taken place, though not exactly to what extent; six feet of the frieze found its way to the gallery of the Louvre; and the late Mr. Barry, in his works, (vol. ii. p. 162,) mentions that some fragments of this frieze had been recently offered to the Royal Academy in London.

Of this Frieze Lord Elgin has preserved nearly 250 feet out of 600, of which the whole consisted; and we own we have no sorrow on this subject, except that Wheler or Nointel did not anticipate the efforts of Lord Elgin and save it and the other sculpture, while they were in a tolerable degree perfect.

It is observable that, although this frieze was out of the reach of ordinary malice, so industrious was the barbarity of the Turks that great injury has been done to it even since Stuart's time; almost every head that was in any degree of high relief has been knocked off and defaced—a remarkable instance of this is the beautiful female figure sitting, called by Visconti, Hygeia, which, in Stuart's time, was perfect, and of which it appears by his drawing, and by the remaining outline, that the head and face were of a beauty corresponding to the extreme elegance of the figure: this head is now wholly defaced. A comparison of the friezes in Lord Elgin's collection with the drawings in Stuart will prove how lamentable and extensive, even in this short interval, the ruin has been.

From the temple of Theseus, which would have been much more accessible to Lord Elgin's operations than the Parthenon, but which is in tolerably good preservation, his Lordship had the good feeling and good taste to subtract *nothing*, but two tiles from the roof of the ambulatory, which probably had fallen down; but he had all the sculptures (which he would not remove) *drawn* and *modelled*, and the drawings and casts now form part of the Collection.

One only article has been removed which we regret—we mean the Caryatis from the Pandroseum. This little temple was in good preservation, and we do not think, after all, the Caryatis was worth the trouble of removing. We have heard too that this was the only object which the Athenians themselves regretted, and that there is a story current among the lower class of these ignorant but fanciful people, that at midnight the other five sisters (there were six Caryatides) have been heard weeping for their companion. We wish, with all our hearts, they had her back. With

this exception, however, we think we may safely assert that we have shewn satisfactorily that Lord Elgin has not wantonly defaced or injured the buildings of Athens, and that he has taken from the Parthenon only the leavings of time and the Turks; and what their fate would have been in a few years, may be collected from what a few previous years had done, and from what every one who visited Athens had seen.

The Earl of Aberdeen states (*Report*, p. 48) that while he was there, the only remaining head (the Pseudo-Adrian of Mr. Payne Knight) on the western pediment was knocked off and in its fall broken to pieces; and Mr. Wilkins states that at the time Lord Elgin commenced his operations, there existed among the Turks a great desire to deface all the sculpture within their reach, and he believes that this disposition would still have prevailed if Lord Elgin's operations had not given these works a value in the eye of the Porte; 'for at present' he understands 'the Turks shew some disposition to preserve them from violence.'—(*Report*, p. 45.)—So that Lord Elgin has not only preserved so much for the honour and advantage of the arts in civilized Europe, but his efforts have also had the effect of teaching even barbarians to respect the few remaining monuments of Greece.

We trust our readers will excuse us for having entered into so long a detail of these charges, which appeared very important to us, not so much as affecting Lord Elgin individually, but because they implicated the character of our country; and we trust that the explanation we have been able to give in these particular points, will be found satisfactory.

IV. We now come to the examination of the value of these marbles; and if we are not as minute on this point as we could wish, it is because we find the article growing under our hands, we fear, to a very unreasonable length.

In a collection so extensive our readers will easily believe that there must be a great variety in the worth and beauty of the articles; though there is scarcely one that is not in a high degree curious, and we may add interesting: but it is to the sculptures of the Parthenon that the collection owes its chief reputation and most transcendent value. Before the splendour of their beauty every thing else fades away, and compared with them this crowd of minor antiquities appears almost worthless.

At the head of all, however, in excellence, are two statues, one of which occupied the left corner of the eastern, and the other the same place in the western pediment. The situation in which these statues were placed in the original composition, would not have led us to imagine that they had been the peculiar objects of the artist's care, and yet they certainly excel, not only all that has been found

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in the same temple, but, in the best opinions, all the statues in the world. The humble situation (if we may use the expression) which they occupied in the pediment, is probably the cause of their present superiority; they were more sheltered from the injuries of time or accident, and, although much mutilated and weather-worn, they exhibit such a degree of excellence as leaves us at a loss to conceive any higher degree of merit, or to imagine how the rest of the composition could be kept on a scale of excellence answerable to these subordinate parts. But our readers will be glad to hear what better judges than we pretend to be, say of these admirable sculptures.

Of the Theseus, or Hercules as M. Visconti calls it, he says—

‘It is a full-length figure of a Young God (wanting only the hands and feet). He is reclining on one of the rocks of Olympus, which is covered with a lion’s skin, and an ample drapery; the whole of this figure (though the surface has been injured) is enchanting from every point of view, by the harmonious proportion of all the parts, the noble design of the outline, and the wonderful grace of the position.’—p. 34.

Of the Neptune, or Ilissus, M. Visconti says—

‘This figure appears to me the most admirable of the whole collection. I think it represents the God of the Ilissus. He also is in a reclining posture, but he appears, by an impulse of joy for the Victory of Minerva, to spring up from the rock—the suddenness of this movement is one of the boldest and the most difficult to represent that can be imagined. He is represented at the moment when the whole weight of his body is thrown on the left hand and arm, which rest as well as his right foot on the rock; this motion gives animation to the figure, which has a spirit of life rarely found in works of art. This illusion is strengthened by the perfect expression of the skin, which on several parts of this statue happens (from its place and posture) to be better preserved than in the others, and is, one may almost say, supple and elastic. If the fragment of a hand, which is in this collection, should, as seems probable, belong to the figure, there would not probably exist an equally striking specimen of Grecian sculpture.’—p. 29.

Of the Frieze and Metopes the same learned and judicious author says, that the former ‘is probably the finest composition that any sculptor ever conceived;’—‘and that the poetical imagination of Phidias ennobled even the magnificent subject of the Panathenæic Procession.’—p. 47. 88. Of the latter he observes, that ‘the design of all is of the highest merit; and that though the execution is unequal, it is, on the whole, worthy the school of Phidias and the ensemble of the Parthenon.’—p. 96.

The testimony of the greatest artists of our own country, who were examined before the Committee, is equally strong and satisfactory.

Mr. Nollekens rates these marbles in the same class with the finest sculptures of Italy, and beyond any thing that this country



before possessed ; and he adds, that the Theseus is, in his opinion, equal to the Apollo Belvedere.—(*Report*, p. 30.)

Mr. Flaxman considers the Elgin Marbles as the finest works of art which he has seen—and he especially places the Theseus in the first order of merit : but when the Theseus is compared with the Apollo Belvedere, Mr. Flaxman would prefer the latter, because the Theseus is a mere representation of nature, fine nature indeed, but mere nature ; and the Apollo\* is a higher effort of the art, namely, an attempt at the perfection of ideal beauty.—(*Report*, p. 30.)

Mr. Westmacott considers the whole collection as of the first class of art, but the Theseus and Ilissus he thinks unequalled—they are infinitely superior to the Apollo Belvedere, because they unite the greatest dignity of style with the greatest truth of nature, and that the Apollo is merely an ideal figure. He cannot readily determine which he prefers, the Theseus or the Ilissus : the back of the Theseus is the finest thing in the world, and the front of the Ilissus is not surpassed by any known work of art.—(*Report*, p. 33.)—On this very just observation of Mr. Westmacott's it is worth remarking, that the parts of each statue which he thus distinguishes, are those in which the surface happens to be most perfect, and in which of course the hand of the original master is more distinctly visible.

Mr. Chantry, though he does not state distinctly that he prefers these statues to the Apollo, seems to consider them as *higher* specimens of the art. The characters of the works, he truly observes, are not comparable ; the Elgin statues are groups in the simplest and grandest style of nature. The Apollo is a single figure, wrought out with a degree of finish that would have been mischievous in the former. At the same time Mr. Chantry remarks, that though these statues have all this grand simplicity of nature, and are calculated to produce the greatest effect in the distant position for which they were intended, they are yet executed with a degree of finish which is quite surprizing, and which yet detracted nothing from the magnificence of their local effect.—(*Report*, p. 37.)

Mr. Rossi considers the Theseus and Ilissus as *superior* to the Apollo and Laocoon, and he adds the important verbal testimony of Canova, with whom he had personally visited the marbles, ' that they were as fine things as he had ever seen.'—(*Report*, p. 37.)

\* It will be seen hereafter that though Mr. Flaxman differs from most of the other authorities in preferring the Apollo to the Theseus, it is satisfactory to the mind of the inquirer and creditable to the taste and judgment of the artists, that this apparent variance proves the consistency and, we may say, union of the opinions, on which they have built a different conclusion. They all consider the Apollo as the finest specimen of what is called the *beau idéal*, and the Theseus and Ilissus as the finest specimens of *natural beauty* ; and the only difference of opinion is on the abstract point, whether the *beau idéal* or the exact imitation of fine nature is the more valuable effort of the art.

Mr.

Mr. Wilkins, a gentleman of taste and learning and of well-merited eminence in his own profession as an architect, ranks the Elgin Marbles 'in the very *highest* order of art.'—(*Report*, p. 43.)

Not less decisive is the opinion of Mr. West, the President of the Royal Academy, and Sir Thomas Lawrence, without whose opinion the Committee appear (very properly) to have thought their Report would not be satisfactory to the public. If, as we are told, the Belvedere Torso made a Michael Angelo, the opinions of the greatest masters of design of our times are surely of considerable value on the subject of similar specimens of art, and we will here take the liberty of expressing our surprize and regret that the opinions of Messrs. Owen, Shee, Phillips, and other painters of eminence, have not been obtained on this point.

The President considers the Theseus and Ilissus, the Torso of Neptune, and the Horse's Head, as in the *first class* of dignified art employed on the finest specimens of nature.—The Apollo and Torso of the Belvedere, and the Laocoon, he considers as specimens of systematic art—the production of ideal form by mechanical principles—(*Report*, p. 59): and he states, both in his evidence, and in a letter subjoined to the 'Pursuits,' with a modesty and force which do equal honour to himself and these marbles, that he has worked from them, as a student, for his own improvement (*Pursuits*, p. 52); that he has patiently drawn the most distinguished of them, the same size of the marbles; that he has introduced their spirit and forms, as far as he was capable of catching them, into his own compositions: and he adds—

'Had I been blessed with seeing and studying these emanations of genius at an earlier period of life, the sentiment of their pre-eminence would have animated all my exertions; and more character, and expression, and life, would have pervaded all my humble attempts in historical painting'.—(*Pursuits*, pp. 54, 55.)

We cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of extracting another passage of his letter, in which this amiable old man pours forth his gratitude for the benefit which Lord Elgin has conferred on the arts of his country.

'In whatever estimation the arts of the present day shall be held by those of future ages, your Lordship must be remembered by the present, and be recorded by those to come, as a benefactor, who has conferred obligations, not only on a profession, but upon a nation; and as having rescued from the devastation of ignorance, and the unholy rapine of barbarism, those unrivalled works of genius, to be preserved in the bosom of your country, which a few centuries more might have consigned to oblivion.'—(*Pursuits*, p. 52.)

The opinion of Sir Thomas Lawrence is marked by that fine genius and taste which those who know him find in his conversation, and which all admire in the efforts of his pencil.

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He considers the Elgin Marbles as in the *very highest* class of art; and after having made himself minutely acquainted with the chefs-d'œuvre in the Gallery of the Louvre, he pronounces the Elgin statues to be of a *higher class* than the Apollo; because—as he judiciously marks the distinction—there is in them a union of fine composition and grandeur of form, with a more true and perfect expression of nature, than there is in the Apollo, or any other of the most celebrated statues;—there is in them all that beautiful and harmonious variety which is produced in the human form by the alternate repose and action of the muscles; and it is impossible, he adds, after looking at the Elgin statues, to look at the casts of other celebrated works, without being struck by the inferiority of the latter in this respect.

The Earl of Aberdeen, in his evidence, which is of considerable length, and which does the greatest credit to his candour, learning, and good taste, rates them *in the highest class of art*; the collection, says his Lordship,

‘is very extensive, and, I think, may be generally divided into two classes; the first comprises sculpture from different parts of Greece, but particularly from the Temple of the Parthenon at Athens; this I consider to be extremely valuable, not only from the *excellence* of the work, but as belonging to the most celebrated Temple in Greece, and as affording *undoubted specimens* of the state of art at the time of its *greatest perfection* in that country: The other class comprises a great collection of inscriptions from different parts of Greece, which are extremely interesting from their high antiquity, and peculiarities of language; they afford historical documents of the progress and changes of the Greek language, which I think it would be difficult to find elsewhere; this, it is obvious, to private individuals would be comparatively of little value, but in a national point of view, especially where attention is paid to the study of the Greek language, I conceive them to be of considerable importance. There are also other objects of more or less value; and I would particularly mention the architectural fragments, which are members of some of the most perfect buildings in Greece.’

And finally Canova, the most celebrated sculptor of modern times, in addition to his verbal expressions of admiration, has left in his letter to Lord Elgin his recorded judgment.

‘London, 10th Nov. 1815.

‘Permit me to express the sense of the great gratification which I have received from having seen in London the valuable antique Marbles, which you have brought hither from Greece. I think that I can never see them often enough: and although my stay in this great capital must be extremely short, I dedicate every moment that I can spare to the contemplation of these celebrated remains of ancient art. I admire in them the truth of nature united to the choice of the finest forms. Every thing here breathes life, with a veracity, with an exquisite knowledge  
of

of art, but without the least ostentation or parade of it, which is concealed by consummate and masterly skill. The naked is perfect flesh, and most beautiful in its kind.—I think myself happy in having been able to see with my own eyes these distinguished works; and I should feel perfectly satisfied if I had come to London, only to view them.—Upon which account the admirers of art, and the artists, will owe to your Lordship a lasting debt of gratitude, for having brought amongst us these noble and magnificent pieces of sculpture; and for my own part I beg leave to return you my own most cordial acknowledgments.'

M. Millin, keeper of the medals, sculptures, and antiques, in the National Library at Paris, thought the small and mutilated piece of the Frieze, which is in the gallery of the Louvre, worthy a distinct and minute essay, in which he expresses the greatest admiration of the design and execution, and represents M. de Choiseul as the benefactor of the arts and of his country, for having acquired this *magnificent sculpture* for France.

Against this splendid mass of applauding evidence, this unanimous admiration of the most distinguished artists, critics, and connoisseurs of Europe, stands the solitary opinion of Mr. Payne Knight, a gentleman, who—on what pretensions we will not now inquire—holds the chief place amongst our *dilettanti*, and is recognized as the arbiter of *fashionable virtù*. He early distinguished himself, it seems, as a decrrier of the Elgin Marbles; he saw that they would eclipse his collection of small bronzes,\* and shake the supremacy with which he reigned over *drawing-room literature* and *saloon taste*. Mr. Haydon, a painter of great promise, and a writer of considerable ingenuity, thus observes on Mr. Knight's evidence before the Committee.

'Surely the Committee will never select this gentleman as one to estimate the beauty of these exquisite works of art! Are they aware of the many mortified feelings with which he must contemplate them? Do they know the death-blow his taste and judgment have received, in consequence of their excellence being universally established? Have they been informed that he at first denied their beauty and originality? And are they so little acquainted with human nature, as to expect from any human being an impartial judgment under such circumstances?—Perhaps they never heard that Mr. Payne Knight at first denied their beauty—then said that they were of the time of Adrian!—then, that they were the work of journeymen, not worthy the name of artists!—and now, being driven from all his surmises, by the proper influence of

\* 'I have been sometimes almost of opinion that the over-much attention to *intaglios, cameos, bronzes, manuscripts, and other antiquities*, is likely to be often attended with mischievous consequences. The minds of the possessors will be contracted and narrowed by such studies, which cannot fail to make them, like little artists, so filled with the vanity, self-importance, and rarity of their own acquisitions, as that they are seldom or never of any use in furthering great men or great original national works. Indeed their hostility is more to be feared, than their support is to be expected.'—*Barry's Works*, vol. ii. p. 585.

all artists and men of natural taste, at last Mr. Knight hints they *may* be original but are too much broken to be of any value.\*

Mr. Knight's evidence opens with an instance of flippancy, not easily to be paralleled. When asked if he is acquainted with the Elgin collection, he facetiously answers

'YES—I have looked them over!'

and, on the grounds of this cursory inspection, he proceeds to state that he places the *finest* of them in the *second* class of the works of art, or, as he elegantly expresses it, '*of things extant*;'—in what class of *things non-extant* he would place them, he does not gratify our curiosity by saying.

We apprehend this designation of the *best* of the Elgin marbles—which all the rest of mankind place in the *first* class, and which most of the artists place higher than those works which had been hitherto considered the first—as mere *second-rate* pieces, must have startled the Committee; and certainly his explanation of what he means by *second-rate* appears still more amusing.

'The *Ilissus*,' for instance, Mr. Knight admits, 'to be highly finished; but it is differently finished from the first-rate pieces; there are no marks of the chissel upon it; it is finished by polishing; in the *Laocoon* and the *THINGS* of acknowledged *first rate* work, supposed to be originals, the *remains of the chissel* are always visible. That is my reason for calling them *second-rate*.'—(p. 40.)

Now we beg our readers' attention to the two next questions and answers.

Q. Are the marks of the chissel visible on the *Venus de' Medici*?

A. No.

Q. Are they visible on the *Apollo Belvedere*?

A. No—they are not.

Thus we find that Mr. Knight rates statues not by their truth, their vigour, their beauty,\* their form, or their imitation of all the varied graces of nature, but by his being able to find on their surface some *remains* (we presume the learned gentleman means *marks*) of the chissel. Now we apprehend that we may safely say, that although the marks of the chissel may be found in first-rate works, yet, that, as *marks of the chissel*, they are, as far as they go, a defect—a small one, indeed; but a *defect*, as not representing any thing either in real nature or in ideal beauty; and yet this little miserable accident is the *sole* criterion by which Mr. Payne Knight rates the excellence

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\* Some of Mr. Knight's notions of human beauty and sacred history are a little singular. He expresses, in his work on Taste, p. 15, an opinion 'that the African black was the *true, original man*,' or in other words, that '*Adam, in paradise, was an African black*.'—Quere, whether Mr. Knight supposes Eve to have been of the same colour, —and that our black parents *degenerated* to *white* after the fall?

of those divine statues, which have hitherto 'enchanted the world!' It must be some little consolation to West, Nollekens, Westmacott, Chauntry, Flaxman, Rossi, Wilkins, Lawrence, Viscouti, and Canova, to find that the statues which they so much admire, are placed by Mr. Payne Knight only in the same subordinate scale in which the *Venus de' Medici* and the *Apollo Belvedere* stand.—We dare say Mr. Knight has in his library, and peculiarly values, some of those first editions of the classics, which are only distinguishable from the second by the prodigious superiority of some small error of the press.

This minute foolery is bad enough; but we regret to be obliged to produce a much more serious charge against him: we hardly know how to word it so as not to give more than literary offence, which we assuredly do not mean to do; we shall, however, venture thus to express it, that Mr. Knight's evidence as to the statements of Plutarch are not borne out by the actual words of the historian, and that he has, by some unaccountable mistake, laid before the committee statements not only unsupported by, but in direct contradiction to, those of the author whom he quotes. This we are aware is a very grave charge, and we shall therefore very gravely state the grounds on which we make it.

Mr. Knight, it seems, not only considers these statues as inferior from having no remains of the chissel, but he has discovered that none of them were executed by Phidias; and he thinks that most of them were of the age of Adrian, and added by him to the temple; and in support of the first of these assertions, he gives the following statement, not hastily, not casually, not verbally, but in a paper prepared coolly in his closet, and given in to the Committee as part of his solemn evidence.

'[The witness delivered in a paper, which was read, as follows:]

'*Such of the Sculptures of the Temple of Minerva at Athens, as are of the time of Pericles, are the work of Callicrates and Ictinus, or their assistants and scholars, to which the testimony of Plutarch, the only ancient authority, is precise—τοῦ ΔΕ ἱεροποιήτου Παρθενῶνα Καλλικράτους ἀγαγέτω καὶ Ἰκτίνος.*—Phidias only made the statue of the Goddess, and presided (ἐπιστάτω) over the works of Pericles in general.—*Plutarch's life of Pericles.*'—(Report, p. 39.)

And in a subsequent part of the examination, in allusion to this statement, we find the following question and answer:

'Q. In the opinion you gave as to the artists who executed the works of the Parthenon, you did not mention the name of Phidias, by whom they are most commonly supposed to have been designed?—A. No, I did not; and *Plutarch expressly excludes him.*'

Now really Mr. Knight must have believed (a supposition in which it is probable he was right enough) that those members of the

the Committee who had ever read Plutarch, had totally forgotten the passage; but he surely could not think that all the rest of mankind were, and would remain, equally ignorant. In truth we believe that he did not expect the evidence to be published, and that he came down with his great name and his scrap of Greek to bewilder the Committee for the moment, and create an impression, into the justice of which no one would afterwards inquire. For strange to state, Plutarch does *not* say what Mr. Knight puts into his mouth:—our readers shall judge.

‘πάντα δὲ διῆκε καὶ πάντων ἐπισκοπὸς ἦν αὐτῷ Φειδίας, καίτοι μεγάλους ἀρχιτέκτονας ἰχθύων καὶ τεχνίτας τῶν ἱερῶν τὸν ΜΕΝ ΓΑΡ ἱκαλόμπεδον παρθενῶνα Καλλικράτης εἰργάσθη καὶ Ἰεττιος, τὸ δ’ ἐν Ἐλευσίῃ τελεστήριον ἤρξατο μὲν Κόροιβος οἰκοδομεῖν, καὶ τοὺς ἐκ’ ἰδαίου κίρκας ἴδμεν ὅτος, καὶ τοῖς ἐπιτελείοις ἐπέβλεψεν.’—Περικ. 17.

Of the foregoing passage we will venture to give a translation as literal as we can make it:

‘Phidias directed and superintended all the works of Pericles, although each building had its own architects and artists, eminent in their professions; thus Callicrates executed the temple of Minerva called Hecatompædon, with Ictinus; Chorebus began the building of the Sanctuary at Eleusis; he fixed the lower row of columns, and carried them up to the architrave,’ &c.

Plutarch then proceeds with other details, all referable to mere *building* or *masonry*, and he concludes by saying that it was this same Callicrates who built the Long Walls.

We now call on Mr. Knight to shew one word about *SCULPTURES*;—and above all, about ‘*SUCH of the SCULPTURES of the Temple of Minerva as are of the time of Pericles.*’

We call upon him to shew any thing like a *precise* statement that these *SCULPTURES* were ‘the works of *Callicrates, Ictinus, or THEIR ASSISTANTS and SCHOLARS.*’

We call upon him to shew that ‘Plutarch *expressly excludes* Phidias.’

We call upon him to account for having selected eight words of a sentence, the preceding and subsequent parts of which were absolutely necessary to a right understanding of the passage, though absolutely inconsistent with the turn that Mr. Knight has attempted to give it.

And we further call upon him to acquit himself of the little miserable fraud of altering the *μὲν γὰρ* of Plutarch into *δὲ*, for the purpose, as it would seem, of concealing the allusion to the former part of the sentence.

The fact is, that Plutarch, so far from giving precise testimony on the subject of the *Sculptures*,\* does not even allude to them, or

\* In the beginning of the life of Pericles, Plutarch expresses some degree of contempt for the art of statuary: οὐδὲς εὐφρόνως νεὸς γινέσθαι Φειδίας ἐπιδύμενον.

any other of the extraneous ornaments. He is talking, in the large sense, of the *buildings*, and the whole passage relates to *architecture*. Suppose some future Mr. Payne Knight should have to explain the following passage in the History of London:—

‘After the great fire, Sir Christopher Wren was employed in the general re-edification of the city, and in the design of all the great public works, though able architects and other artists of the time were employed in the several buildings under his orders; for instance, Mr. Strong was the master-mason who built St. Paul’s, and it was finished under one bishop, Doctor Compton.’—

This the critic might thus render—‘Such of the *sculptures* of St. Paul’s as are of the time of Bishop Compton, are the work of Mr. Strong or *his assistants and scholars*; to which the testimony of the only ancient authorities are precise—“Mr. Strong built St. Paul’s.”—Sir Christopher Wren only made the Statue of Queen Anne, which stands in front of it, and presided over the building of the city in general.’—And then if some dabbish inquirer should ask him why he wholly omits to mention Sir Christopher as having any share in the design or execution of the Church, this candid antiquary would boldly reply, ‘because the historian *expressly excludes him*!’

But Mr. Knight, in his uncandid hostility, has not only garbled Plutarch, but has contradicted an author whom he considers, we believe; as much greater authority, namely, Mr. Richard Payne Knight, who, in his observations on the Specimens\* published by the Dilettanti Society, has these words:

‘We presume this fine statue of Minerva to be one of the numerous copies of that which Phidias wrought in ivory and gold for the celebrated temple BUILT BY HIM under the direction of Pericles, in the Acropolis, at Athens.’—*Specimens*, pl. xxv.

Not a word of Callicrates and Ictinus—not a word of *their* scholars and assistants—not a word of the *express exclusion* of Phidias; but *Phidias* BUILT under the DIRECTION of Pericles.

We should like to know how Mr. Knight will explain these points, which are certainly to him the most important, because they affect his *credit*. We have some other questions to ask him, which only affect his sagacity and learning.

\* ‘Specimens of Antient Sculpture, Egyptian, Etruscan, Greek, and Roman, selected from different collections of Great Britain by the Society of Dilettanti. vol. i. Lond. 1809.’

This fine book, which is a most flagrant instance of gaudy emptiness, seems to have been published for the mere purpose of exalting the fame of Mr. Knight; of the 73 plates it contains, 27 are of Mr. Knight’s own collection of little bronzes from four to ten inches long; 25 are of the Townley collection of which Mr. Knight is trustee, and the remaining 23 are, for the most part, only remarkable for the great names of their owners. The text to these plates is from the pen of Mr. Knight, and the price of the volume only 10 guineas.

And



And first, we ask him where he has ever read that Callicrates or Ictinus were *sculptors*? We know, as Mr. Wilkins remarks, that in early times statuary and architecture were sometimes practised by the same persons; but—besides the improbability of a man's attaining the *summit of excellence* in two such arts, and being at once the builder of the Parthenon, and the sculptor of the Theseus,—we would ask whether, of the thousand statues and statuaries mentioned in Pausanias, and the other writers of antiquity, Mr. Knight can produce one statue, the work either of Callicrates or Ictinus? Callicrates built the Long Walls—a kind of fortification, and of massive workmanship. Was the person chosen for *this* rude work likely to be preferred to Phidias, by Phidias himself, in Phidias's *own art*? But Ictinus, Mr. Knight will say, built the temple of Phigalia, which was adorned with low-reliefs, and probably statues: this is true, and, if it proves any thing, overturns all Mr. Knight's hypothesis.—In the first place, it by no means follows that Ictinus executed, or was capable of executing the *sculptures* on the temple which he built at Phigalia—but if he did execute them, (which Mr. Knight would, we presume, be glad to suppose,) it proves decidedly that he could *not* have been the author of those on the Parthenon; for we have the low-reliefs of Phigalia; and the least experienced eye, as well as that of the artist, can discern that, though the composition is fine, the execution is altogether different from that of the Parthenon, and vastly inferior. 'They are clever,' says Mr. Nollekens, 'but not like those of Lord Elgin.'—(*Report*, p. 30.) 'The marbles from the Parthenon,' says Mr. Flaxman, 'are very superior in excellence of workmanship to those of Phigalia.'—(*Report*, p. 33.) Mr. Westmacott says that the 'Phigalian marbles must have been executed by men of inferior talents to those who executed the Elgin reliefs.'—(p. 35.) 'The Phigalian marbles,' says Mr. Chantry, 'are, in point of execution, much inferior to Lord Elgin's, and, indeed, inferior in design.'—(*Report*, p. 37.) Mr. Rossi also considers them as materially inferior. 'The execution of the Phigalian marbles,' says Sir Thomas Lawrence, 'is generally inferior.'—(*Report*, p. 38.) And the President 'finds them greatly deficient in the just proportion of heads, legs, and arms, and the draperies much confused in their folds.'—(*Report*, p. 60.) These then are the only works that have the slightest pretence to the name of Ictinus: and, therefore, these coarser and inferior carvings must, in the opinion of Mr. Knight, be of the same hand that executed the graceful, delicate, and beautiful processions of the frieze, and the sublime groups of the pediments of the Parthenon!

The next instances of Mr. Knight's sagacity which we shall notice;

tice, occur in his \* valuation; and they are very amusing.—He values a block of granite, rudely carved into the shape of a *black-beetle*,—which, except as a mere ugly curiosity, is not worth six-pence—at the sum of £300.—But the Horse's Head, from the eastern pediment,—one of the noblest specimens of animal sculpture in the world, of which Visconti says that 'its execution is perfect, its surface is in good preservation, and it is admirable for that expression and life which only great artists know how to give to their imitations of nature' (p. 40.)—Mr. Knight magnificently values at £250!

A white marble soros, sarcophagus, or tomb, 'complete, but coarse,' says Mr. Knight, 'I value at £500.' It is not worth as many pence—it is a miserable work of the latter ages, and of such wretched carving that the *untouched* block of marble would have been of greater value: and yet Mr. Knight values it at double the Horse's Head. Lord Elgin and Mr. Hamilton are of so different an opinion from Mr. Knight on this point, that they set no value whatsoever on the sarcophagus, but throw it into the lump, after the rest had been valued; and no one (except Mr. Knight) has thought the *black beetle* even worth mentioning in the Catalogue, or in any other part of the evidence.

The next instance of Mr. Knight's sagacity is in his opinion that most, if not all these figures, are of the time of Adrian; and that the head of that emperor appears to have been on the great torso called by Visconti that of Neptune. Of the Theseus, Mr. Knight doubts whether it was of the age of Pericles or Adrian; the Hissus, he is of opinion, is certainly of the age of Pericles; but most of the others, he thinks, were added by Adrian.

Now, certainly, this would be a most important fact; and the learned authority of Mr. Knight—that these sculptures were not the work of Phidias, nor even of his old friends Callicrates and Ictinus, and *their* assistants and scholars, but of some nameless artist of the age of Adrian—would diminish greatly (not their merit, indeed) but their interest and value.

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\* On the subject of Mr. Knight's skill in valuation, a curious story is now current: Mr. Knight some years since bought an antique cameo of FLORA for 250l. and as long as our intercourse with the continent was restricted, his FLORA was undoubted; but lo! Sig. PETRUCCI, an ingenious Italian, comes to England, and discovers the supposed antique to be a modern gem: this, of course, Mr. Knight denies—Petrucchi insists—Mr. Knight blusters, and at last Petrucci, in his own defence, is obliged to confess, what he has since sworn before a magistrate, that he is *himself* the author of the *modern antique*, which he was employed to engrave by Sig. BONELLI, who paid him *twenty Scudi* for it, and of whom Mr. Payne Knight was fortunate enough to repurchase it, as an undoubted antique. Mr. Knight, one would suppose, is now silenced; but no! he as strenuously denies that poor Petrucci had any hand in his own cameo, as he does that Phidias had any share in the sculptures of the Parthenon: and we hear that Petrucci, in order to prove his assertion, is now making a fac-simile of the *two hundred and fifty pound Flora*, for which he expects the sum of 10l.

But let us see how Mr. Knight supports, in his examination, the bold *ipse dixit* of his paper.

Q. 'Upon what authority do you state, that a great part of these marbles belong to the time of Adrian?

A. 'From *no other* authority than Spon and Wheler having thought *one* of the heads to be of that Emperor, and later travellers having found no symbols of any deity upon it; also from the draped trunks, which seem to be of that complicated and stringy kind of work which was then in fashion; that is mere matter of opinion; there is no authority as to the time when particular articles were made.

Q. 'Upon which of the figures is it that you understand Spon and Wheler to have recognized the head of Adrian?

A. 'I can give no opinion on this point, having misunderstood Lord Aberdeen, from whose conversation I had formed an opinion.

Q. 'Have you ever seen Nointel's drawing of that pediment, as it was at the time when Spon and Wheler saw it?

A. 'I have seen a copy of it, but it is so long since that I do not recollect.

Q. 'Do not you recollect that Spon and Wheler's observations were exceedingly loose, and in some cases wholly inaccurate?

A. 'Very loose, certainly.

Q. 'And in some cases wholly inaccurate?

A. 'It is a long while ago since I have adverted to them.

Q. 'Do you recollect that Spon and Wheler mistook the subjects of the Eastern for the Western pediment, and vice versa?

A. 'Mr. Visconti says so, but I have never examined it.

Q. 'Do not you know that Stuart proves that fact?

A. 'I do not recollect it at all.'—*Report*, pp. 40, 41.

This really exceeds all the rest. He speaks very decisively as to *most*, if not *all*, the statues, on the *sole authority* of Spon and Wheler, who thought *ONE* of the heads to be that of Adrian—and with regard to even this *ONE* he does *not* speak on the authority of Spon and Wheler, whom he quotes, but of Lord Aberdeen, whom he misunderstood—and though he quotes Spon and Wheler, it is so long since he looked at their books, that he does not know what they say—and as to Stuart, the only respectable authority, he recollects nothing about him. We believe so striking an instance of presumption, want of information, self-contradiction, and confusion of ideas, was never before exhibited in so short a space.

The truth is that Spon and Wheler (whose cursory, loose, inaccurate, and false observations, we lament to see introduced into the report of the Committee) mistook, as we have already stated, the original entrance of the temple; this, Stuart in his minute and elaborate examination, and M. Visconti in his acute and just criticism, had demonstratively proved; though Mr. Knight 'does not recollect it at all.' The foolish story of Adrian we have already exposed, and shewn to be a dream of the old travellers, a

*dream,*

*dream* which, after half a century of refutation, becomes the *fact* of Mr. Knight.

Mr. Knight observes, that the state of mutilation or corrosion in which these marbles are, prevents him from forming any accurate notions about their merit. On this head Mr. Haydon remarks in a passage immediately following that which we have already quoted—

‘At last Mr. Knight hints they *may* be original, but are too much broken to be of any value! Far be it from Mr. Knight to know, that in the most broken fragment the same great principle of life can be proved to exist as in the most perfect figure. Is not life as palpable in the last joint of your forefinger, as in the centre of your heart?—Thus, break off a toe from any fragment of the Elgin Marbles, and *there* I will prove the great consequences of vitality, as it acts externally, to exist.’—pp. 6, 7.

Now really we are obliged in candour to say, that there are *two* Mr. Payne Knights; one who gives evidence on the Elgin Marbles, and another who writes on taste and edits *Dilettanti Specimens*; to the former Mr. Payne Knight, Mr. Haydon's observations certainly do apply; but the other Mr. Payne Knight is entirely of Mr. Haydon's own opinion, and in direct contradiction to his namesake, the giver of evidence. We select, in proof of this, his remarks on a mutilated head of Ajax:—

‘The unparalleled grandeur of character and expression in this head, has induced us to give it a place in this work, notwithstanding its mutilated state,—the *nose, chin, part of the lower lip and crest* being restored, and the *surface stained and corroded*; the *SUBLIMITY* of it is, however, *UNIMPAIRED*, and would be *felt and discerned IF ONLY A SINGLE BROW REMAINED*.’—(*Specimens*, pl. 54.)

So far for Mr. Knight's consistency and sagacity in matters of *taste*, and his evidence as to matter of *fact*; we shall say one word on a strange instance of his inattention to the Greek author he affected to quote; Mr. Knight's reputation as a scholar forbids our attributing his error to ignorance of the Greek language. It seems that some member of the Committee, who could not have read Plutarch any more than Mr. Knight, struck with the expression *εἰργάζετο*, as applied to the part Callicrates had in building the temple, asked Mr. Knight whether there was any instance in which the work of a *sculptor* is expressed by the word *εἰργάζετο*, and Mr. Knight answered—NO—. Now unhappily both for the honourable member's criticism, and Mr. Knight's acquaintance with Plutarch, there is in the same page of that author in which Mr. Knight found his quotation, the identical expression used in the identical sense, and on the very subject which these gentlemen were discussing, for it is said that ‘Phidias *εἰργάζετο* the statue of Minerva in the interior of the temple.’ And what is the most ridiculous

ridiculous part of this matter is, that of Mr. Knight's two Greek quotations, one comes a little before, and the other a very little after this very word, which Mr. Knight did not know to have been used in this sense. The member of the committee was certainly not bound to know this, as he, we presume, did not profess either to have lately read, or to quote, Plutarch; but that Mr. Knight, who pompously produced abstracts from the top and bottom of the page, should not have read the intermediate lines, does seem very extraordinary, and it is not less so that he must have read them in a *translation*, because in his misrepresentation of Plutarch's having said (which he does *not* say) that 'Phidias executed *only* the statue of the goddess,' he must have alluded to this identical passage which it appears he had not read in the *original*.

We have now done with Mr. Payne Knight: we leave him to a more careful perusal of his Plutarch, to his excavations among the rubbish of antiquity for the statues of Callicrates, to a critical examination of the authority of Spon and Wheler, to a concordance of his evidence with his publications, and to a better guess as to the shoulders on which he is to place the head of Adrian, which we apprehend he begins to feel rather heavy on his hands. We have only to say, that we have examined his evidence with a degree of severity merited only by the pomp and pretension with which he gave it. The truth of history was compromised by his errors, the value of the greatest works of the arts was deteriorated by his misrepresentations, and a system of little party cavil and splenetic criticism was pursued under his authority. To detect such errors, to rectify such misrepresentations, to overthrow such authority is the duty of candid and liberal criticism; and if we have in any degree succeeded in our object, we attribute it, unfeignedly, to the force of the facts we had to produce: and if we have failed, we as candidly confess that it must be owing to our inability, and not to any weakness in the cause we support, or to any strength in that of Mr. Payne Knight.

We beg not to be misunderstood as asserting, that all the sculptures which adorned the Parthenon are the works of the chisel of Phidias; no assertion could be more absurd. In works on so extensive a scale as those of Pericles, it is evident that but a small share of the *manual* labour of adorning even the most costly and sacred of his edifices—which the Parthenon undoubtedly was—could have been imposed upon the chief artist and general superintendant; and it certainly never occurred to us, nor, we believe, to any one else, to advance that the *whole* of these groups, pediments, frizes, and metopes, were worked by the very hands of Phidias himself; and it is neither a new discovery, nor one which diminishes the value of these objects, that other and inferior artists must have assisted in executing his designs.

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The idea, which Mr. Knight has been pleased to start, and which Mr. Wilkins has unluckily adopted, that Phidias never worked in stone, is so completely refuted in M. Visconti's work, and in the Appendix to the Pursuits, from the evidence of all antiquity, that we need not say any thing on the subject, except that—even if this supposition were as *true* as it is demonstratively *false*—it would not deprive these marbles of the honour of having been designed by that great artist, and executed under his eye; and it is but right to confess that, considering their size and extent, we think it hardly possible that Phidias (even if he did work in marble) could have had a much greater share in these sculptures in general. Some of them he probably touched; the naked figures now called the Theseus and Ulysses may have been finished by his own hand, because the master artist would naturally have employed himself in the higher branch of the art, namely, the representation of the naked human form, rather than on draped figures, which, though of a greater size, and representing superior deities, afford less opportunities for the exercise of the skill of the sculptor. The heads of the several figures may also have been touched with his own vivifying hands. It must, however, be admitted that the manner in which Pausanias, generally so minute and distinct on these subjects, mentions the statues on the pediments, and the statue within the temple, without any intimation of their being by different hands, and the well known and admitted fact that Alcámenes, the ablest scholar of Phidias, executed himself the pediments of the temple of Jupiter at Elis, create a presumption that Phidias may have had a very considerable share even in the manual execution of the ornaments of the Parthenon.

Upon the whole then, there seems no kind of reason to doubt that these sculptures are as much the works of Phidias, as any great mass of sculptures are, or can be, the work of an individual, and that they are, at least, to be looked upon as the productions of *his* school, and not of those imaginary scholars and assistants of Calliocrates and Ictinus, whom Mr. Knight has discovered in an author who says nothing that can colour or excuse such a misrepresentation.

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Nothing, perhaps, after all, will surprize the common observer more than the extraordinary praises which are lavished upon what appear to them to be little better than mutilated and shapeless fragments—to their eyes in no degree ornamental, and to their judgments of no kind of utility. It must be confessed that the details of those sculptures have been greatly and lamentably degraded; but there remains enough amply to gratify the eye of taste, and to guide and form the powers of the student. It should be

recollected, in considering this point of the subject, that not one of the great statues of the ancient world was found in a perfect state. Mr. Knight himself, in his *Observations on the Dilettanti Specimens*, says that an ancient bust of Bacchus 'has the *singular* advantage of being quite entire.'—pl. 16. The Venus de' Medici is in, we know not how many, pieces, and both the arms, at least, are modern—of the Apollo, the most perfect of ancient sculptures, one hand and one arm are modern, and both the legs were broken. Of the beautiful Ceres, one of the most exquisite remains of antiquity, the head, though undoubtedly antique, does not belong to the body. The Torso,\* every one knows, is a mere trunk without limbs or head. The Barberini Faun, which we have heard called the most perfect statue in the world, wants the legs and hands. The Laocoon has been restored; and, in short, all those admirable specimens of the arts, when first found, would have excited to the common observer the same disappointment, (though in various degrees,) which the Elgin Marbles have excited in some ordinary visitors; but it is with them as with the cartoons and frescos of Raphael—if disappointment clouds the first visit, it vanishes at the second, and by a more constant examination of those divine models, a purity of taste and accuracy of judgment grows up in the mind of the student, till at last—not his fancy, but—his judgment supplies the deficiencies, and repairs the damages of accident and time.

Who is there, however unskilled in the arts, who can, for any time, look on the representation of the Panathenaic Procession without the highest intellectual delight—that festival of the metropolis of the civilized world, connected with all the delicious remembrances of Athenian history, designed by the hand of Phidias, from the living procession in which Pericles, and Socrates and Aspasia walked,—and exhibiting on the marble which we may now call ETERNAL, the noblest moral recollections with the most exquisite forms of natural beauty;—who is there, we say, who can look at this admirable work without feeling that expansion of the heart, that exaltation of the mind, which it is the first and proudest office of the fine arts to create!

To our own feelings we confess that the contemplation of these objects is more delightful than even that of the Theseus and Ilissus. As mere works of art, these are, doubtless, superior even to the Procession; but they are not in the same degree connected with moral associations, and though they fill the eye perhaps more perfectly, they

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\* We cannot resist observing, that there is in Noirot's drawing of the west pediment a Figure, the second from the right, which bears a strong resemblance to the Belvedere Torso—the attitude of the Torso is so singular, and that of this figure is so accurately like it, that we have been led almost to suspect that the former may be a copy of the latter.

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convey less gratification to the mind. We cannot doubt, after the concurrent testimonies of the most excellent judges, that they are, as sculptures, equal, if not superior, to the Apollo Belvedere; and yet who but artists and students can look upon them with the same delight as upon the Apollo? This difference arises, we are convinced, less from the '*beau idéal*' which some critics see in it, than in the expression of real moral character and feeling. We have great doubts upon the truth of the theory of the '*beau idéal*,' in any instance, but we are sure that in the Apollo we admire the expression, not, perhaps, of *natural form*, but of *natural emotion*; the consistency of character, the mingled grace and dignity which pervade the whole from the forehead to the foot, and which delight us as a fine theatrical exhibition of the same high qualities, by some excellent actor, would do. It is this which, in their present state, the Theseus and the Ilissus want, and it is on this that is founded the distinction made with equal truth and exactness by Sir Thomas Lawrence, when, in answer to the question, 'whether he did not consider the Theseus on the whole as the most perfect piece of sculpture he had ever seen?' he answered, 'Certainly, as an imitation of *nature*, but as an imitation of character I could not decide, unless I knew for what the figure was intended.'—(*Report*, p. 38.) Superior, then, as the Theseus is to the Apollo as a model and school for artists, it never, from its want of character, can be a mere object of mental gratification, equal to the exalted divinity of the Vatican.

The acquisition of these marbles by the public has not been yet, it would seem, finally accomplished; but we hope that no reasonable doubt can be entertained that parliament will accept the recommendation of its Committee. The sum proposed, namely 35,000*l.* is moderate, we might almost say\* inadequate, to what we conceive to be their national value. It is known that the French had taken pains to assign certain values to the several articles of their Museum; two of those valuations are applicable to the Elgin collection.—The *Torso* of the Belvedere, a piece which no one will place above the Theseus or the Ilissus, or even, perhaps, the Elgin torso of Neptune, is valued at 12,000*l.*—These three articles, then, of the Elgin collection alone, may be said, at the French calculation, to be worth more than is to be offered for the whole. One piece of the frieze found its way to the Louvre, and though it is a fragment of one of the least interesting parts of the Procession, and hardly equal in preservation to the average of the 51 pieces of the same series in the Elgin gallery, its value is stated

\* Lord Elgin's expenses are proved to have exceeded 60,000*l.*; but we agree with his Lordship and the Committee that the *expense* is not a fair measure of *value*; we are at a loss, however, to discover what measure of value led the Committee to so low an offer.



at 30,000 francs, about 1300*l.* which would give for the Elgin *friezes* alone, the value of 66,000*l.*

There are times indeed in which economy is one of the first duties of the statesman; but he is a narrow-minded statesman who can mistake penury for economy, and who does not see that to encourage and extend the arts, is the most effectual mode of exciting labour, creating riches, and of spreading honest industry and a well-regulated affluence through all the various ramifications of society.—When Pericles himself was creating those glorious works which we are now about to purchase, he too was charged with profusion, and the narrow minds of his adversaries pressed upon him the specious argument of economy. The answer of that great statesman is recorded in Plutarch, and we can add nothing more strong, or more forcible, or more appropriate—not only as applying to the purchase of these marbles, *but as to the erection of national monuments*—than a quotation of his arguments, which, to save the space of a double extract, we shall lay before our readers in Langhorne's translation.

'Pericles answered this charge, by observing, that as the state was provided with all the necessities of war, its superfluous wealth should be laid out on such works as, when executed, would be eternal monuments of its glory, and which, during their execution, would diffuse an universal plenty; for as so many kinds of labour, and such a variety of instruments and materials, were requisite to these undertakings, every art would be exerted, every hand employed, almost the whole city would be in pay, and be at the same time both adorned and supported by itself. Indeed, such as were of a proper age and strength were wanted for the wars, and well rewarded for their services; and as for the mechanics and meaner sort of people, they went not without their share of the public money, nor yet had they it to support them in idleness. By the constructing of great edifices, which required many arts and a long time to finish them, they had equal pretensions to be considered out of the treasury (though they stirred not out of the city) with the mariners and soldiers, guards and garrisons. For the different materials, such as stone, brass, ivory, gold, ebony, and cypress, furnished employment to carpenters, masons, brasiers, goldsmiths, painters, turners, and other artificers; the conveyance of them by sea employed merchants and sailors, and by land wheelwrights, waggoners, carriers, ropemakers, leather-cutters, paviors, and iron-founders: and every art had a number of the lower people ranged in proper subordination to execute it, like soldiers under the command of a general. Thus, by the exercise of these different trades, plenty was diffused among persons of every rank and condition.'—*Plutarch in the life of Pericles.*

We cannot conclude without extracting the concluding paragraph of the report of the Select Committee, which (though it contains some trivial errors of composition, and cannot be quoted as a model of style) expresses, with force and truth, sentiments in the highest

highest degree liberal and enlightened, such as become the representatives of a powerful, an enlightened, and generous nation.

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